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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER;

OR,

THE NATIVITY, EXPERIENCE, TRAVELS, AND MINISTERIAL LABORS

OF

REV. JACOB YOUNG,

WITH

INCIDENTS, OBSERVATIONS, AND REFLECTIONS.

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men."

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY L. SWORMSTEDT & A. POE,
FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT THE WESTERN BOOK CONCERN,
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C. E. Perkins memorial.

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PREFACE.

"WHAT! another autobiography of an itinerant?" Yes, my friend, another autobiography. And why should there not be another, and even still another? Biographical sketches have been written of very many of our Revolutionary patriots; and yet, who feels that they are too many? Who would not greet with a glad smile the well-authenticated autobiography of an old soldier of the Revolution—describing the thrilling scenes of the great struggle for freedom through which our fathers passed? So with regard to those old veterans of the cross, who, by their sacrifice, toil, and fidelity to God, laid the foundations and reared the noble fabric of Methodism. Let them enter into history. Let their heroism, their devotion, toils, and triumphs be placed upon record. No class of men have been more overlooked in American history; and yet none have higher claims to a noble and generous recognition in that history, than the pioneer Methodist preachers. It is but just now that the substantial service done by such men to their country, as well as to their God, is beginning to be understood.

The name of "Father Young" is identified with both the earlier and later history of Methodism in the great west. His personal narrative is, therefore, a matter of interest to the whole Church.

The following, found in the "Excerpta from Correspondence," in the Ladies' Repository, is a beautiful picture of an old man retiring from the effective ranks, after



having served God and his generation. We scarcely need say that it was from a note written by the author and subject of this autobiography. "After having gone in and out before the Church for fifty-four years, I am now compelled to retire. I am now in the neighborhood of total blindness. My strength is ebbing out with great rapidity. I shall soon be done with life and its cares. While you are actively and successfully engaged in doing the work of your great Master, I shall be sitting in my lonely cottage, repenting of all my former wrongs, believing in Jesus Christ, and trying to love God with all my heart. How gloomy is the end of human life, unconnected with that which is to come! My highest enjoyment in time, next to religion, will be in going to the house of God. It is not likely you will ever see my face again. I have spent a long life in trying to do good, and I am anxious to do good to the very last hour of my life. My trust is in my Redeemer."

Though the author still lingers on these mortal shores, the calm assurance and trust here evinced betoken that his sun of life will sink calmly and gloriously to its repose.

It is due to state that the general editor, in consequence of other and imperative official duties, has been able to give little editorial supervision to this work. But he has been fortunate in being able to commit the matter to Rev. Charles Adams, whose high character as a scholar and writer, as well as a Christian minister, is an ample guarantee for the manner in which the work has been executed. The manuscript was also carefully examined by the Rev. Dr. Thomson, and the work was highly recommended by him.

D. W. C.

WESTERN BOOK CONCERN, JUNE 1, 1857.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE venerable man whose autobiography is here introduced to the public, is a few months older than the Declaration of American Independence. Native American citizens, born under colonial jurisdiction, are becoming scarce among us, and will soon entirely disappear. For this reason, if no other existed, the personal history of Rev. JACOB YOUNG, D.D., is a matter of interest to this generation. The labor of getting it up, at his advanced age, must have been onerous. Having been long afflicted in his eyes, and for some years nearly deprived of vision, he labored under the disadvantage of having to employ an amanuensis. This was embarrassing. Dictating for another to write, is similar to preaching through an interpreter; it disturbs the regular current of thought and language, and checks the inspiration of the theme. Still, the reader will be well entertained with this book, and the Church generally will realize a favor conferred by its publication. The revision of Dr. Thomson, and editorial scrutiny of Dr. Clark, are ample security for its literary character, while the well-known claims of the author to candor and veracity are a sufficient voucher for its truthfulness.



Dr. Young was born and reared on the western frontier, and became accustomed to privation and hardship, toil and peril, in early life, all of which were favorable to that power of endurance so important to him in his subsequent calling as a pioneer evangelist, as well as to his mental vigor and moral courage. He was more than half a century engaged in the arduous duties of the regular itinerant ministry, sometimes forming new circuits, then enlarging old ones, and a large proportion of his time he was presiding elder on extensive and laborious districts. The first few years of toil and exposure, with some severe attacks of fever, nearly broke him down, but his constitution rallied, and he regained his health, and continued in his high and holy calling to a good old age.

He was well adapted to the times and country in which Providence placed him. He belonged to a class of citizen ministers, called of God from the masses of the people, converted, imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and by Him sent back to the masses with the glad tidings of salvation, which they proclaimed in language familiar to the common people, who heard them gladly, as such people formerly heard the Savior. If the Gospel rule be applied to these ministers, "By their fruits ye shall know them," they will compare very favorably with those who come from universities and schools of divinity. College instruction is a privilege, but not indispensable to the acquisition of ministerial qualification. There are other means of obtaining useful knowledge, and such

as diligently use them may become learned without college instruction. Many of our American statesmen, and not a few of our itinerant ministers, are living examples of this truth. Persevering application to books and study will generally insure success.

Dr. Young evinced an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge at a very early period of life, and, in the absence of school privileges, used such means as were within his reach. The second book he read was the New Testament. This shaped his course, fixed his principles, and secured his success in after life. Though he grew up amid patriots, soldiers, and the exciting scenes of the chase, incident to a new country, he never lost his thirst for knowledge. Though he was led, by the force of example and evil association, out of the path of life in which he had resolved in childhood to walk, yet he ever retained his desire for mental improvement. Having arrived at adult age, experienced a change of heart, and become exercised in mind as to having a dispensation of the Gospel committed to him, he embraced the first opportunity of studying under a competent teacher; but the call of the Church, the pressing demands of the work, and the persuasion of influential brethren, induced him to break off and take the field before he completed his academical course. This he subsequently regretted, feeling embarrassed for want of a classical education. Yet, perhaps, a man reared in college, if placed on his frontier circuit, would have been quite as much embarrassed for the want of



his practical knowledge of men and things in general. After all, he was not so deficient as many. He had acquired the elementary principles of an English education; and before he entered the ministry, he was well read in philosophy and ancient history, still better in theology, and, best of all, he was quite familiar with the holy Scriptures. On this foundation, he proceeded to build; and, being always studious, he has read as much, and retained the substance of his reading as well, as any man of my acquaintance. Better judges than I have pronounced him one of the best theologians and historians in our country. That he has retained some provincialisms, contracted in early life, is admitted; but the same is true of some doctors of divinity, nearly of his own age, who were regularly graduated both in literary and theological institutions. Improper habits of pronunciation, acquired in youth, are not easily reformed.

I became well acquainted with Dr. Young, when he was probably at the maximum of his physical and mental vigor. He was my presiding elder from the spring of 1816 to the autumn of 1819. He was then regarded as one of our strongest men in the work. Multitudes of people attended his quarterly meetings, expecting to witness displays of awakening power and saving mercy, and were seldom disappointed. He was generally respected as an able minister and esteemed as a good man. The junior preachers especially, of whom I was one, looked up to him as a preceptor, and loved him as a father. His manner,



it is well known, was peculiar; the intonations of his voice were monotonous, and, in any other individual, would have been objectionable; but, in him, we thought them commendable, as identifying the man we all liked so well, and we should have regretted the absence of his own peculiar tone. In those days, he began his day's study at 4 o'clock, A. M., and allowed himself no needless loss of time. The first few days I was in his company, in 1816, he was critically reviewing Dr. Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric, and though he could readily recite most of the rules, they did not, in the least, interfere with the modulations of his own voice, which, at his decease, will be finally lost, for no man ever did, or ever will, imitate them; any attempt to counterfeit them would be easily detected. With him, however, they were natural, not affected, and soon became familiar and agreeable to habitual hearers. But, with all his peculiarity of manner as a speaker, he was, in his best days, generally popular and successful, for he preached and prayed in demonstration of the Spirit, and many souls were saved under his ministry. He freely identified himself with the Methodists, when the entire connection in America embraced less than one hundred thousand members, and less than four hundred traveling preachers; but he lives to see the same connection with eight hundred thousand communicants, and over five thousand effective traveling preachers, exclusive of the Southern organization, which, if added, would swell the membership to over a million and a quarter, and



the itinerant ministry to some eight thousand—a glorious result for one lifetime.

A faithful record of the incidents of his life, protracted to fourscore years, can not fail to interest readers in general, while his numerous friends and brethren will enjoy a choice entertainment in its perusal. He remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; but his youthful impressions, like the morning cloud and early dew, soon passed away. When he became a man, was reawakened, and resolved to be decidedly religious, his conflict with sin and Satan was terrible, showing that reclamation is more difficult than original conversion. This part of his narrative will deeply interest all who seriously inquire what they must do to be saved, while his protracted struggle of mind over his divine call to the ministry, will prove instructing and edifying to all interested in knowing the truth on that subject. Before our blessed Savior commenced his public ministry, he was led into the wilderness and sorely tempted; and it is not uncommon for those whom he calls to preach the Gospel, to experience fiery trials prior to the opening of their mission, or soon after. But the Lord affords them supporting and delivering grace. Taken altogether, this work is a valuable addition to our biographical department, and well deserves, what, I trust, will be awarded to it, an extended circulation.

T. A. MORRIS.

HOME LODGE, MARCH, 1857.



FIFTY YEARS IN THE ITINERANCY.



FIFTY YEARS IN THE ITINERANCY.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

I WAS born, in what is now called Alleghany county, in the state of Pennsylvania, March 19th, in the year of our Lord, 1776, of poor but respectable parents. My father was brought up in the Church of England, my mother in the Presbyterian Church. Neither of them was converted to God, till after I came to years of maturity, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and obtained salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. I was the humble instrument in the hands of God of bringing them both to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. They united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for many years adorned their profession. Their lives were tranquil, and their deaths peaceful. My father was born in Anne Arundel county, Maryland. My mother was born in Berkley county, Virginia. They were united in marriage in 1769, and settled on a stream called Back creek, Berkley county, Virginia. There they remained till God blessed their union with two sons, Samuel and Benjamin. From thence



they emigrated to the western country, at that time called the backwoods, and settled near the Ohio river, about twenty miles below Pittsburg—not very far from where Adam Poe had his famous conflict with the Indian chief, called Big-Foot. There the subject of this memoir was born.

Few children ever came into the world surrounded by more perilous circumstances than myself. It will be remembered by all who are acquainted with the history of the country, that at this time the Indian war was raging with dreadful fury.

The log-cabin in which I was born, stood right on the frontier. My uncle, Richard Young, built a strong log-cabin about thirty yards distant from my father's. The Indians could come to the very doors without passing the habitation of any white man. But these houses were remarkably well secured. The shutters to the doors, were made of strong white-oak puncheons, made smooth and put together with such skill that it was impossible for the Indians to force them. Between the logs of the cabin were small holes called port-holes, through which we could project the muzzles of our guns. The ground was so well cleared between the houses that the Indians could not approach without being discovered, and if they made an attack on one door they could be shot at through the port-holes of the other.

My father, being an excellent woodsman and sharp-shooter, relied upon his skill, activity, good gun, and faithful dog—for the protection of his family. While

I was sleeping in my cradle, watched by my careful mother and two little brothers who were kept within doors for fear of the savages, my father and uncle were clearing ground to raise bread for their families. While one worked the other watched with a loaded gun in hand, his dog being always near to give the alarm.

In this way I spent the first year of my life. At the end of that year, my mother became so much alarmed that she was unwilling to stay there any longer. They removed to a settlement on the Youghiogheny, near where Connelsville now stands. Here I spent another year of my life. During that period I learned nothing from my parents worth recording.

The third year became more interesting. Of many interesting and important events that transpired during this year I have a distinct recollection. My father purchased a pretty little farm near the base of the famous Laurel Hill, Fayette county, Pennsylvania.

I learned from my mother in after years that I was remarkable for my activity and natural courage. These two qualities never forsook me even in old age.

A few of the incidents of my early life I will relate. First, the beauty and pleasantness of my habitation, the kindness of my father and mother, and my two brothers. My mother's relations lived near and had a great partiality for me and conferred on me many favors. I was placed under the care



of a negro girl, who was remarkable for her faithfulness and kindness. This year, I began to take great delight in walking through the fields and meadows with my two brothers. I used to spend hours in the delightful sylvan scenes, while pleasant groves, and singing birds, always charmed my youthful heart. This pleasant year soon run by. The next was a gloomy one. My father and mother made great calculations on my happiness and usefulness, but their prospects appear to have been blasted in a day.

I was attacked with a bloody flux which brought me very low. My father sat, for many a dreary night, with me in his lap when I could not turn my head. This year appears like a blank in my life, as I remember scarcely any thing of it but the misery I suffered. I recovered slowly. Before I was entirely well I was attacked with a confirmed asthma, which lasted till my fifteenth year. Sometimes it was almost impossible for me to breathe. It was attended with a very severe cough, which brought on a bleeding at the nose. I often sat for hours when the blood was flowing, and I fully expected I should eventually bleed to death. I recollect hearing my father say that I bled so much at one time, that the last bleeding would hardly stain a white pocket-handkerchief.

In consequence of my afflictions I was unable to go to school. While my brothers were acquiring an education I was confined at home; but, at this early period, I was resolved that I would not live and die

in ignorance. My father bought some books for me, and my mother became my preceptress. I studied faithfully under her instructions for many a long day.

The second book I read was the New Testament; and while reading it, God applied the word to my heart. Often did I leave my mother's presence lest she should see my flowing tears. I loved the Savior, and used to think if I had lived in the days of his incarnation, I would have followed him at the risk of life. These convictions continued for several years, when one night, after the family were all asleep—I was about ten years of age—I became greatly alarmed; I arose, and sat for some time by the fire, in distress of mind almost beyond endurance.

But suddenly a change took place, and my burden appeared to fall off; something whispered in my ear "be of good comfort, your sins are forgiven." I then went to bed with great comfort, and for a number of months was a very happy boy.

I opened my mind to no one, for this was a dark time in the Church, and I knew of no one to whom I could go for instruction. I continued to read the Testament and repeat the Lord's Prayer when I went to bed. But having no one to guide me my good impressions wore off, and I returned again to the follies of the world. My fall was very sudden. I met with considerable persecution from my brother older than myself, who was not willing to lose my company. He possessed a great flow of animal



spirits, and often made sport for the whole family. Under these circumstances, my mind became painfully exercised, the enemy often tempted me, and having no religious instructor, I did not know how to resist temptation. I was one day riding a very unruly horse, and it appeared that an evil spirit had entered into the animal. Being greatly provoked, I swore profanely, and it seemed as if the good Spirit left me immediately. I left off saying prayers and reading the holy Scriptures, and in less than one year I was far worse than I ever had been before. I had been a child of affliction the greater part of my life, my disease was a confirmed asthma, which was removed by taking tar-pills, or by the assistance of nature.

I was now about fifteen years of age. In a short time, I became very healthy and remarkable for strength and activity. It may be truly said that "evil communications corrupt good morals," as well as good manners.

About this time I learned to dance, and was exceedingly fond of the ball-room, and charmed with the sound of the violin. In a year or two these things became *stale*, and I sought for and found a variety at the card-table. I spent my long winter evenings in pernicious places, surrounded by the very worst kind of company, and when I became tired of the card-table I would return again to the ball-room.

About this time my father emigrated to the state of Kentucky, and settled on the frontier in what is now Henry county, near where Newcastle at present

stands. But after my father had concluded to go to Kentucky, several things transpired that are worthy of notice. Previous to this time, General Harmer and General St. Clair had both been defeated by the Indians. These victories inspired the savages with an expectation of general success, and the war became more bloody than it had been before. My father and mother having suffered so much from Indian war in days of other years, were afraid to venture themselves and family on the frontier again. Having sold their farm, and lost part of the price in Continental money, they were a good deal reduced in their temporal circumstances. While the family remained in an unsettled condition, the subject of this memoir had to labor very hard to help support his father's family.

Finally, the Indian war came to a close, and with buoyant spirits we left Pennsylvania, took water at Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, and floated to the mouth of the Kentucky river. There were very many persons in the boat in which we descended, and a goodly number of them women, that were very much afraid of Indians. Though there was no real danger, there was a great deal of uneasiness experienced by the crew. Perhaps I was more exposed than any other individual during the whole voyage. There were fifty-two persons and fifteen horses on board, beside a great deal of furniture which sunk the boat very deep. As it was late in the season, the weather was very stormy.



It fell to my lot mostly to steer the boat. I was often put to my wit's end, not knowing what to do. The horses prancing and trying to jump out of the boat, the women screaming at the top of their voices, and cowardly men standing on the bow crying to the right and to the left, all at the same time, made perfect confusion.

One gloomy afternoon we came in sight of an island—some cried to the right, others to the left, and in this confusion the boat took the wrong side of the island. All were in danger of being lost. The channel being narrow, and the water running with great force, the boughs of the trees leaning over brushed our horses, and it was feared they would jump out. The women, crying aloud and praying for mercy, had a dreadful time. The steersman became very angry, and to his own shame, swore horribly. Having thus quieted the whole crew, by great exertions he got the boat straight, and we glided smoothly through, and in a short time were in the broad river again.

It often fell to my lot to furnish fuel. I would take a canoe and go to the shore, and let the boat float on, cut and fill my canoe with wood, and then, by hard rowing for several hours, come up with the boat again. On these occasions, my mother was very fearful that lurking Indians along the shore might murder her son. But by great care and hard toiling, we ran our boat into the mouth of the Kentucky river.

Here, my father left the boat and traveled, on an Indian path, thirty miles to Loudon station, where he had relatives living. They came with all convenient speed, took the light furniture and family on horses, conveyed them to their new home, and stored the heavy furniture, to be afterward conveyed by water to Drennon's Lick.

A house being provided for the family, all went to business, and soon became acquainted with the manners and customs of the country, and found them bad enough. Although I had departed far from the good and the right way before I left Pennsylvania, yet these Kentuckians had gone so much farther than any thing I had ever known in wickedness, that I was horrified at seeing and hearing them. The very sight of them was painfully disgusting. Their costume was a hunting-shirt, buck-skin pantaloons, a leathern belt around their middle, a scabbard and a big knife fastened to their belt; some of them wore hats, and some caps. Their feet were covered with moccasins, made of dressed deer-skins. They did not think themselves dressed without their powder-horn and shot-pouch, or the gun and tomahawk. They were ready, then, for all alarms. They knew but little. They could clear ground, raise corn, kill turkeys, deer, bears, buffalo, and, when it became necessary, they understood the art of fighting the Indians as well as any men in the United States. Here I will give the reader a specimen of their manners and customs, which will convey some knowledge of their real character.



Shortly after we had taken up our residence, I was called upon to assist in opening a road from the place where Newcastle now stands, to the mouth of Kentucky river. That country, then, was an unbroken forest. There was nothing but an Indian trail passing the wilderness. The Indian warriors were in the habit of crossing the Ohio river, and leaving their bark-canoes in the mouth of the Kentucky river; and, following the trail into the white settlement, where they murdered the inhabitants, indiscriminately, men, women, and children, then stealing a number of horses, and making their escape back to their own country.

Pursuant to previous notice, I met the company early in the morning, with my ax, three days' provisions and my knapsack. Here I found a captain, with about one hundred men, all prepared to labor—about as jovial a company as I ever saw, all good-natured and civil. Had a man been there who had ever read the history of Greece, he would have thought of the Spartans in their palmy days. This was about the last of November, 1797. The day was cold and clear. The country through which the company passed was delightful. It was not a flat country, but, what the Kentuckians called, rolling ground. It was quite well stored with lofty timber, and the undergrowth was very pretty. The beautiful cane-brakes gave it a peculiar charm. What rendered it most interesting was the great abundance of wild turkeys, deer, bear, and other wild animals. The

company worked hard all day—were very quiet, and every man obeyed the captain's orders punctually.

Just about sundown the captain called us to leave our labor, and, after a short address, he told us the night was going to be very cold, and we must make very large fires. We felled the hickory-trees, in great abundance, and made great log-heaps, mixing the dry wood with the green hickory. And, laying down a kind of sleepers under the pile, we elevated the heap and caused it to burn rapidly. Every man had a water-vessel in his knapsack. We searched, and found a stream of water, and, by this time, the fires were showing to great advantage. We warmed our cold victuals, ate our suppers, and spent the evening in hearing the hunter's story relative to the bloody scenes of the Indian war. We then heard some pretty fine singing, considering the circumstances.

Thus far, I enjoyed myself well, but a change began to take place. They became very rude, and raised the war-whoop. Their shrill shrieks made me tremble. They chose two captains—divided the men into two companies, and commenced fighting with the fire-brands—the log-heaps having burned down. The only law that I can recollect for their government was, that no man should throw a brand without fire on it, so that they might know how to dodge. They fought two or three hours in perfect good nature, till brands became scarce, and they began to violate the law. Some were severely wounded, blood began



to flow freely, and they were in a fair way of commencing a fight in earnest.

At this moment, we heard the loud voice of the captain ordering every man to retire to rest. They dropped their weapons of warfare, rekindled the fires, and laid themselves down to sleep. Suffice it to say, we finished our road according to directions, and returned home in health and peace.

Now let us return to our own narrative. We purchased a tract of land, in an uncultivated state—erected a log-cabin, and moved into it the eleventh of May, 1797. There was no floor to the cabin, nor shutters to the doors. The tall oak-trees overshadowed it, and the howling wolves made music for us by night. Our money was gone. Our only chance to raise bread was to clear the forest in the wilderness. The reader will say this was a gloomy prospect. And so it was, but we were all in good health and fine spirits, and went to work, my father furnishing us with meat, from the woods, with his gun. Buffalo grass and pea-vine were then nearly knee-high in every direction. We bought some milch cows, and made a large quantity of sugar early in the spring. Although we could not say our land flowed with milk and honey, it flowed with milk and sugar. The experienced hunter—my father—brought us loads of fat turkeys and venison every day. He being a mechanic, as well as a hunter, erected a small mill, called a hand-mill. Early, every morning, we ground the meal to make our daily bread. In a short time

we had a fine field planted with Indian corn, large patches of melons, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, and all kinds of vegetables common to that climate. We were truly a happy family.

In the midst of all these changes I had no religious impressions—it appeared as if the subject of this memoir was given to hardness of heart, and blindness of mind, and being surrounded by a bad population, I soon formed unhallowed associations. Although the people were generally illiterate, there were some learned men mingling among them. But unfortunately these learned men were, most of them, desperate characters. They had emigrated from New England, and others of the old states in the Union; but I feel it my duty to say there were some exceptions. In these frontiers there were some noble families, honorable gentlemen and ladies, trying to bring up their families in the good and right way, but as I was a sportsman I had little communication with them. As the region was soon densely populated, dancing-houses and gambling-rooms were erected and race-grounds prepared, and I recommenced the bad practices I had followed in Pennsylvania. I spent my Sabbaths in a very improper manner. Seeking the deepest and wildest shades, I spent the Lord's holy day in gambling—my mother weeping at home, and my father looking melancholy and heart-broken on my return. In a short time I became a desperately-wicked man, associating with bad characters and often getting into dreadful rook-



eries, where personal safety and even life were in danger.

One of these scenes of danger I here relate. Being one day at the mouth of Kentucky river, I fell in with a company of sharpers, headed by a desperate character from New England, who cheated me out of a very fine horse. And as appeals to honor and law were all in vain, the horse being concealed, I resolved to chastise the villain and let him go; but he pleaded that he was under size and could not settle the quarrel in that way. But he had many strong and able-bodied coadjutors in this affair. I proposed to let any one of them take his place, and settle the matter according to Kentucky custom. This offer they all declined; but I saw that by maneuvering, two or three were about falling on me at once, and as I had no one to help me but a brother who was a weakly man, I had to rely upon my own resources. Fortunately, I saw a large number of brickbats lying near the place where I stood, and I used them to great advantage. They all ran into the house and locked the door. After a few minutes, the Yankee reappeared with five or six behind him. I was informed that he was armed with a dirk, and I was farther informed that this rascal had been in the habit of stabbing men before. But the coward and his company soon discovered that a dirk was a poor instrument to defend a man against brickbats. They retreated again hastily and locked their door, and sent a messenger to let me know that

I might have my horse again. So the affray ended. Thus passed a dreadful day, and without taking shame to myself, or giving gratitude to almighty God.

CHAPTER II.

AWAKENING AND CONVERSION.

About this time Methodist preaching came into the neighborhood, and I began to have serious thoughts again; but I had come to the conclusion that my day of grace was gone forever, having spent five or six years since the Spirit of God seemed to have left me. Sinning with a high hand and an outstretched arm, I thought I had traveled so far from God that I never could return. I therefore settled in this dark conclusion, "I will make the best I can of a short life; I will enjoy all the pleasures the world can afford."

At this time there certainly was a change for the better. Instead of spending the Sabbath days as before described, I spent them in the house of God. I did not attend the Methodist meeting, but the Seceders' Church with my father and mother. Here I appeared to derive very little benefit, and finally concluded I would go, for once, and hear the Methodists. I thought it was a very feeble sermon, and said to my companions, on my way home, that I could preach a better sermon myself. I rashly concluded that all the evil reports I had heard about the Methodists were true, and that I would pay no more attention

to them; and as I received no benefit from the Seceders' meetings, I thought it better to stay at home and read the Bible. I read the old Westminster Confession of Faith, in the light of the Bible, with a view to know if the doctrine of Calvinism was a doctrine of Scripture. I thought if I could satisfy myself that Calvinism is true, I would then be at ease; but this I could not do. I saw as clearly as that two and two make four, that if the Bible was true, the old Confession was false; and I had been taught from early youth, that the Bible was the only and sufficient rule both of our faith and practice. My heart began to cleave unto that blessed book. My convictions increased slowly but steadily, till my feelings became intense, and at times the hope sprang up in my heart that God would have mercy at last.

One evening I opened my mind to my mother upon these subjects, for the first time in all my life. As well as I now recollect, her mind appeared to be rather dark, but she gave me some good instruction and some good advice. She told me that I was under conviction—that conviction always preceded conversion, and that if I continued to seek the Lord he would be found of me. The Methodists, at that time, were preaching in a little log-cabin near where I lived. The house belonged to a very good man by the name of Hugh O. Cull, with whom I was on intimate terms, and who often invited me to come and hear preaching. But I would not go; I thought my life had become intolerable, and then I returned again to



folly, and for several months led a desperate life. Restraining grace seemed to have been taken from me.

About this time the circuit preachers were changed. Of the two new preachers one was a middle-aged man, by the name of John Page, the other a young man by the name of Lewis William Hunt. They were preceded by the venerable Henry Smith, then in the morning of life. The preacher in charge was a very superior man—he was acknowledged by all to be of the first order of talents. The young man was a fine singer and truly eloquent. Curiosity led me to go and hear the new preachers. While the preacher in charge was making the first prayer, I became convinced that he was a man of God. During the sermon I saw things in a new light from what I ever had before; my heart became tender and I wept freely. I returned full of good desires, and here a struggle between nature and grace began in good earnest. I had a clear proof that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," etc. During that week, it appeared that all the powers of darkness rallied, and the fallen son of Adam yielded to temptation. I had a horse-race on hand with a desperately bad man. I went on to the ground and was very near losing my life. This day never can be forgotten by me. I ever regarded it as one of the most important epochs in my life. I often trembled while reflecting on that eventful day. Here ended my wild career.

On Sunday morning, I went to hear the young

preacher, and when the sermon was over I went out and wept bitterly. After the congregation retired they held class meeting. It appeared to be an excellent meeting. In the evening I went again to hear preaching in a private house—for by this time they had a small log church built. The house was crowded with attentive hearers. I took my seat on a large chest near where the preacher stood. An aged minister by the name of Daniel Woodfield preached. The circuit preacher exhorted, and a glorious display of Divine power followed. The congregation was melted into tears; I could compare it to nothing but a storm of wind. As well as I now recollect, the congregation nearly all rose from their seats, and began to fall upon the floor like trees thrown down by a whirlwind. In a short time nearly all the congregation were upon the floor, some shouting for joy, others crying aloud for mercy. I became very uneasy, and changed my position; while standing on my feet, a pious man approached me and addressed me in the following words: "Jacob Young, I suppose this appears to be enthusiasm to you." I attempted to reply, but had lost the power of speech—my tears flowed freely, my knees became feeble, and I trembled like Belshazzar; my strength failed and I fell upon the floor—the great deep of my heart appeared to be broken up. But alas, for me, I knew not what to do, my cry was, "Woe is me; I am undone." The preacher exhorted and prayed for me, for several



hours, but it appeared to avail nothing. The meeting over, I went to bed with a heavy heart. The next morning was the time to try my moral courage; I had to meet my parents. My father, who was an overbearing man, was violently opposed to the Methodists. I met with a very cold reception, for they all knew where I had been. This was a dark and dreadful day to my poor soul. I soon retired to the solitary grove and sought the Lord with all my heart—wandering from tree to tree, moaning like a dove that had lost his mate, and crying like the crane in the desert. Thus I spent the day, and in the evening returned to the house where I had received my death wound. The lady of the house, who was very pious and gifted, appeared exceedingly glad to see me. I took my seat near the fire and continued to weep. She inquired how I had spent the day; I gave her no answer, only said, "If I could hear singing and praying it would afford me some relief." Without any ceremony, she arose and commenced giving out a hymn, and while they sung the first verse, my physical powers gave way. I fell upon the floor, and there I lay many hours, having no recollection of any thing that passed, only that my mind was dark and my soul greatly distressed. Toward midnight, the light appeared to shine from the south part of heaven, and God, in mercy, lifted up the light of his countenance upon me, and I was translated from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and rejoiced

with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I arose from the floor praising God with a loud voice.

After some time spent in delightful conversation, I retired to bed and had a comfortable night's rest. The next morning I arose early, took a walk up a long lane, and, turning, took my stand on a high eminence—directing my face toward the east. The morning was cold, clear, and beautifully bright; the sun arose in all his splendor; the heavens appeared new; in fact, the earth and the heavens all appeared new—reminding me of the "new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

This was the first day of my spiritual existence, and it was a happy day. Having some temporal business to attend to, I did not return to my father's house till the evening. The family where I transacted the business were related to my own, and as they were aware that I would meet with great opposition at home, they thought they would make the way as easy as possible. So they sent for my father and mother to come over and dine with them that day. The old people not knowing what had taken place, and the company being pleasant, they enjoyed themselves well. The lady of the house being quite a manager, knew how to turn every thing to the best advantage. She embraced the propitious opportunity to tell them what had happened with regard to their son Jacob. My mother appeared to listen with attention and interest, but my father became angry. They saw the



storm was gathering, and all remained silent. The old gentleman finally broke silence, and said he was sorry that his son, whom he had raised with so much tenderness, should disgrace him and his family in a strange country—for we had lived but a short time in Kentucky. The gentleman of the house tried to pacify him, but all in vain; he left the house in a great rage, and went home very angry indeed. My mother soon followed, and left the family bathed in tears.

In the evening I returned as happy as a prince. While passing the gate on the way home, the gentleman whose house I had left in the morning, saw me and requested me to come in. He related what had taken place in the course of the day, and advised me not to go home that night. I knew I should have to breast the storm, and the sooner the better. I bade them all good evening and passed on. Before I reached home I kneeled down and prayed. I soon arrived at the house, but met with a very cold reception. I do not recollect that one word was spoken for hours. The family Bible lay near where I sat; I opened and commenced reading. I then kneeled down and made a short prayer. They all looked as if they were astonished—and no wonder that they should be surprised to hear their wicked Jacob pray—they had often heard him swear, but never had heard him pray before. In that moment the cloud broke—they all became friendly and kind—father, mother, brothers, sisters, all began to

cluster around me, and thus the dreaded storm passed over.

My mother's only fear now was that I was deceived—that I had taken conviction for conversion. She was a sensible woman, and very honest, and very frequently entered into long and pious conversations with me. I spent several weeks in a very happy frame of mind. One day, riding by myself, my mother's remarks bore heavily on my mind, and I was led to take a retrospective view of my past life. My crimes appeared before me in very dark colors, and doubts began to arise in relation to my conversion, and, in one hour from that time, I appeared on the verge of despair. My mind grew darker and darker, and I came to the dreadful conclusion that I was a deceived man—that I had made a profession of religion, and had none; and now my condition was worse than it ever had been before. I was not acquainted with the devil's devices. While on my way home, I passed the house of a very pious family; they hailed me, and invited me to stop. There were several members of the Church there, and they thought it best to have a prayer meeting. When they came near, they saw the tears streaming from my eyes. I told them I was a deceived man, and rode off with great speed. I left them, as I suppose, weeping.

By this time, nightfall had come on, and I sought for the deepest, wildest shade. I left the road, and passed into a dense forest. Then I dismounted, and



let my horse go, saddle and bridle. As well as I now remember, I kneeled down by the root of a large tree, and tried to pray, but all in vain. I rose from my knees and went to another place, and kneeled again. I cried to God in the bitterness of my spirit, but received no answer. I then arose and wandered through the dark forest for some hours. After many fruitless efforts in this doleful place, I resolved to try to find my way home. I arrived there a little before daylight, and found the family all asleep. My mother heard my well-known step and dismal groans, and asked me, with great emphasis, what was the matter. Some time passed before I answered. During this interval, my parents both arose, and took their seats near the fire. I related to them my tale of woe, and told them I feared I had been deceived with regard to my conversion. My mother told me this was what she had been fearing all the time—that she saw I was too confident. During this interview, many things passed between my parents and myself that I can not now recollect. While engaged in conversation, my heart became tender, and tears began to flow plentifully, which gave me some relief. My mother advised me to lie down and try to sleep. I complied with her request, and laid myself down on a little pallet by the fire.

To my great surprise, my dear old father fell upon his knees, to pray to almighty God for his afflicted son. Being overcome with fatigue, I fell asleep. While sleeping, I had a very singular dream.

In my dream, Satan made his appearance, with a large black book in his hand, and urged me, by many considerations, to write my name in it. But I resisted him with all my powers, and felt that I would rather die than comply with his request. During this conflict with the enemy, the Savior appeared with the book of life in his hand. It appeared to be the book described by John, in the Apocalypse, in these words, "There is another *book*, which is the book of life." He opened the book, and showed me my name there recorded. Here the dream ended.

I slept some time, when I awoke and felt refreshed. I took my morning walk, and the dark cloud under which I had been laboring passed off, and the Sun of righteousness arose upon my soul, with healing in his wings, and I went on my way rejoicing. I have never been attacked on the same ground from that day to this. Prayer meeting night soon came on, and I hasted away to tell my brethren the joyful news, as many of them had heard of my severe conflict. They had the meeting opened with singing and prayer. I then arose, and gave them my simple narration, which gave a fresh impetus to the meeting, and they had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

About this time, I spent several very pleasant weeks. Almost every body, saint and sinner, appeared glad that I was converted. I spent the most of the time in visiting; going from house to house, I met with many a smiling face and warm shake of



the hand. Some few, however, were disappointed; but they comforted themselves by saying, "We will soon have him back again." Their prediction was, that I would not remain in the Church six months; but they were mistaken. Fifty-three years have rolled away, and I still stand, a monument of God's mercy. I had a beloved brother, Benjamin Young. He was a school-teacher. Having heard what had taken place, he came to hear and see for himself. At the first meeting, he appeared greatly agitated, and asked me to walk with him alone. We had not conversed an hour, before conviction fastened on him; the great deep of his wicked heart seemed broken up. He sought and found pardon, through the blood of the Redeemer. Two weeks after his conversion, the circuit preacher came round, and I went to meeting. The congregation was unusually large. The day being cold, they held their meeting in a private house. Shortly after I reached the place, the venerable man of God rode up to the gate, and I thought I never saw such a man before. He rode a large black horse, was very neatly dressed, but very plainly. He wore a broad-rimmed hat. He was tall and elegantly built, and his hair hung in beautiful ringlets on his manly shoulders. He entered the log-cabin, gave out his hymn, the people sung, and he kneeled down and prayed. Such a prayer I never heard before. He preached an excellent sermon. The people were greatly excited. He dismissed them while they were bathed in tears, and told them he was about to hold

a class meeting. The people nearly all remained. This was the first class meeting I ever saw. Some wept, others shouted, and others talked very prettily. At length the preacher came round to me. I told my experience, and received some good advice. He then opened the door for Church members. I arose, among others who went forward and gave their hands. He wrote my name on the class-paper. He was not willing to let me go home, and he spent the afternoon with me. I was greatly edified, and not a little comforted, by his godly conversation.

At this time, a glorious revival of religion commenced, which lasted about three years, without intermission, if I remember correctly.

My brother Benjamin joined the Church and commenced preaching. Father and mother, and almost the whole family, embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.



CHAPTER III.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

THERE was now a general expectation waked up in Church and neighborhood, that God would call me to preach. In the prayer meetings, almost every one whose voice was heard, would pray that God would call me to the ministry. The ministers and old members urged it upon me, but I thought it impossible, and paid little or no attention to what they said either in their prayers or counsels.

About this time, our aged presiding elder, Francis Pythos, came round, preached, and administered the sacraments. His text was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." As my father and mother were divided in their creed, one a Presbyterian, the other an Episcopalian, I had never been baptized. The old elder baptized me just before he administered the Lord's supper. This was the first time I had ever taken the sacrament of the Lord's supper. I had great fears and scruples about approaching the holy table. I now considered myself in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and went on my way rejoicing; and, from that day to this, I have always had an undisputed place within her sacred pale.

Now, having laid aside all vain and sinful pleasures, I began to feel an intense thirst for knowledge, particularly and especially the knowledge of the holy Scriptures. Having but few books in the family library, I began to search for new books. The first that was put into my hands was Freeborn Garrettson's Journal. This I read with great delight, and, I humbly trust, with much profit. I thought it was one of the finest little books I had ever seen. The second book I read was John Nelson and Thomas Walsh's Journal. This was a handsome volume. I read it through in a short time, and was much edified and instructed, especially in reading the last part. The desire to improve my mind increased daily. I read the Methodist Discipline and doctrinal tracts, and rejoiced greatly to know that I was truly a sentimental Methodist. I continued to read the Bible, with other good books, such as Fletcher's Appeal, and Baxter's Saints' Rest, Wesley's Sermons, and Fletcher's Works.

While I was reading, studying, and praying, it was impressed on my mind that I ought to call sinners to repentance. But this I thought I could not do; therefore, I concluded the impression must have come from the wicked one, and I resisted. About this time the leading members began to urge me to exhort, which alarmed and really terrified me. I steadfastly resisted their invitation, and the internal convictions, for one whole year. During this time I lost my comfort, and fell into doubts and darkness. No one could give



me any comfort. Sometimes I appeared on the brink of despair, and was strongly tempted to take my Bible and go into a hermitage. I thought about crossing the Ohio river, and seeking a lonely cave in the wilderness, where I should see the face of man no more. But God, in great mercy, sustained me, and his returning grace prevented me from taking any wrong step. At times I found relief by reading the holy Scriptures, and praying in secret, and had some gracious visitations in prayer and class meetings. The Church watched over me with great care, and did every thing in their power to help me forward. The Baptist Church seemed to take a more lively interest in my prosperity than the Methodist.

About this time, I began to yield to what I understood to be a divine call. There were two other young men in the society exercised in the same manner. We often spoke, one to the other, and I believe the Lord often heard and answered us. We agreed, one evening, that we would appoint a meeting the next evening, at a certain place. The ensuing morning, without eating or drinking, we all met in a retired grove, and spent the day in fasting, weeping, and praying, till two o'clock in the afternoon. At that time we all appeared filled with the Holy Ghost, and came together shouting the high praises of God, for each one had been by himself. We spent some time in delightful conversation, and then attended our previous appointment. One opened the meeting with singing and prayer, rose up, took a text, and

preached a sermon. It was his first attempt. The large congregation appeared delighted above measure. The other one rose and tried to exhort—had but little to say—sat down and wept. Then came Jacob's turn. I, like poor Ephraim, spoke tremblingly. I knew not that he exalted himself in Israel. The congregation were bathed in tears. When dismissed they clustered around me, shook my hand, and some of them wished me God-speed. I went home happy enough. I thought I was delivered from the snare of the fowler—that I should learn war no more. But the devil had not given me up yet. His next attack was from an unexpected quarter. A number of the brethren heard of our meetings, and success, and concluded they were called, also, and would go to preaching too. I thought they were deceived, for I felt confident that some of them never could preach, and, if they were deceived, in all probability I was deceived, also, and that I was going to injure the cause I had espoused, and I would make no farther attempt myself, and advised them all to be quiet. I laid my books all aside except the Bible, and went to hard labor. I read, and prayed, and sung, more or less, every day; but, in a few weeks, I lost my comfort, and had no access to a throne of grace. I moaned like the dove and chattered like the swallow. My desire for a hermit's life returned. While I was thus doubting, my brother Benjamin was preaching with great success. A revival had broken out under his ministry, at the mouth of the Kentucky river. He returned home greatly



elated, and, by persuasive arguments, almost compelled me to go with him the next week. We arrived at the place in good time, and met a large congregation. There was a venerable old minister there, by the name of Henry Ogborne; he had heard my name—by what means I know not. My brother delivered a short lecture, and the old gentleman arose, and, after looking over the congregation for some time, he made this curious remark: "I understand there is a man in the congregation by the name of Jacob. In ancient times there was a man of the same name—he wrestled with God, and prevailed—and, now we are going to call on our brother Jacob to pray; and we hope, while he wrestles in prayer, he may become a prevailing Israel." I was very much alarmed, but kneeled down, and cried unto God with my whole heart. When I closed my short prayer, the congregation seemed much excited—had no mourner's bench—but, while we were singing, they began to fall from their seats, till the floor was pretty well covered with weeping mourners. Several were converted, the meeting closed, and we went to our lodging-places. I spent a week here, and I had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. A very extensive revival commenced at that time, reaching up and down the Ohio river, and spreading out on the hills, till many sinners were happily converted to God. Hearing of the revival gave a fresh impetus to our own settlement, the good work increasing with energy, till I left home.

About this time a young man came into our vicinity, from Pennsylvania—one Samuel Parker—a man of rare abilities. Nature had done much for him, and his mind was highly improved by education, and, withal, he was a man of deep piety, and one of the sweetest singers I ever heard. He had been well trained in all the peculiarities of Methodism. He was soon appointed class-leader, and, indirectly, had charge of all the classes, belonging to the society. He took me under his special care, and took great pains to put my mind under proper training. During the first winter of his residence near Newcastle, I spent the most of my time in his shop. He was my preceptor, and I was a willing student. The winter soon passed off, spring came on, and I was compelled to go to work to make an honest living. I was engaged in building brick-houses—labored hard through the day, and studied in the evening.

During all this time my mind was painfully exercised on the subject of preaching. Mr. Parker, and many others, urged me continually to take up the cross, sometimes coaxing, and sometimes telling me the fearful consequences if I continued to resist the Holy Spirit. But I endeavored to turn a deaf ear to all their entreaties. Sometimes, when Parker crowded me hard, I would retaliate, and ask him, "Why do you not preach, yourself? I know you can preach, and I know I can not." To that question he never gave me any answer, but would turn away and leave me. Amidst all my trials I was very attentive



to secret prayer, reading the holy Scriptures, and going to meeting. I rarely missed my class meeting, and was often greatly blessed. I made one attempt to exhort, in the spring, but was greatly embarrassed, and resolved never to attempt it again. During the summer my friends ceased to say any thing to me on the subject.

By the time the summer ended, I was nearly rid of these impressions, and began to think seriously of settling myself in the world. I made my home at this time with a Captain Masterman, a wealthy man, who owned a very large farm on the Ohio bottom, and a great many negro slaves. He and his wife appeared to love me as they did their own son. He wished me to take charge of his farm, and all of his hands, on such terms as I could not fail to make a fortune in a few years. The prospect being so flattering, I concluded to comply with his wishes. My old class-leader having heard this, entered his solemn protest against it. He told me, in an authoritative voice, it would be my final ruin. He talked to the Captain rather severely, and we concluded to dissolve the contract by mutual consent.

One Sabbath morning I went to the house of God, as usual,—walking with my old class-leader—Whitehead, a venerable old man—by my side, carrying a Bible in his arms. When we came near the house, we found a large congregation, and no one to preach. The leader turning to me, said, "Take the Bible and go up into the pulpit, and preach them a sermon."

Hardly thinking what I was doing, I immediately took the Bible.

After I had gone into the house, I shuddered at the thought of what I had undertaken, but it was too late to draw back. I ascended the sacred desk with trembling, sung a hymn, kneeled down, and tried to pray that the Holy Spirit might give me understanding. I arose, and read my text, which was John iii, 26: "He that believeth in the Son." It is right to say the Holy One gave me great freedom of speech, and I felt as I had never done before. The Bible no longer appeared a sealed book; my soul entered with great delight into the heavenly mysteries and glorious privileges of the kingdom of God. While I was trying to preach, the people wept and shouted. I could adopt the language of the poet, and say—

"My dungeon shook, my chains fell off," etc.

For several months,

"Not a cloud did arise, to darken my skies."

Although I had no license to preach I became the servant of all, holding prayer meetings, exhorting, and preaching whenever I was called upon, both among the Methodists and Baptists.

The Lord, in some small degree, blessed my feeble labors, and, after many a painful struggle, I consented, if the Lord would help me, to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But I thought I never could preach without a



liberal education. How to obtain this I knew not. By the providence of God I became acquainted with a gentleman from Edinburgh, Scotland. He had been educated for the ministry, but declined, owing to an impediment in his speech. He used to come and hear me exhort and preach, and soon became one of my best friends. Although he was a rigid predestinarian, he was very anxious I should succeed as a Methodist preacher. He opened a school in the town of Newcastle, and invited me to attend. He prepared to take me through a literary, scientific, and theological course, which, according to his notions, would prepare me for the ministry. I saw it would take some time to arrange my temporal matters so that I could go through without any embarrassment.

While I was thus engaged, by some means, I never could fully ascertain the cause, I lost my comfort. God appeared to hide his countenance from me. The Bible became a sealed book; but my mind was steadfast, and I was still determined to acquire a good education. I made myself ready, purchased some books, and took my place in the seminary, surrounded by a company of young men. I pursued my studies for some months; every thing appeared to go on delightfully, till one evening, I went with my friend Parker to hold a meeting. After services were over, I went to bed in my usual health. I was attacked with a violent fever, and severe pain in my head, which I thought would ter-

minate my earthly existence, and I expected, in a short time, to stand before the bar of God.

After taking a retrospect of my life since my conversion, there was only one thing that lay heavily on my mind, and that was, refusing to obey my call to the ministry; although, during the several months of prosperity I had labored considerably. I had taken a long tour into what is now called middle Tennessee—traveled four weeks on Nashville circuit, two weeks with my father in the Gospel—Rev. John Page—and two weeks with my brother Benjamin. They were amidst the great western revival which took place in 1799. The Presbyterians and Methodists appeared then to become as one people. I saw as many as ten thousand people assemble in groves, and continue their meetings ten or twelve days. They had no tents, but lodged in the neighborhood at nights, and repaired to the grove early in the morning. Hundreds and thousands, from different parts of the country, were converted. This revival extended a heavenly influence throughout the state of Tennessee, south-western Virginia, North Carolina, and Kentucky; in fact, throughout the United States. But as there will be occasion to refer to this again, I will now return to my own narrative.

I went home, and found our circuit preacher dangerously sick. I filled some of his appointments, and was greatly blessed of the Lord. The Rev. L. W. Hunt came on to our circuit, and, for a time,



filled the appointments till the circuit preacher recovered. We had a most glorious summer. Brother Hunt's labors were too hard, and he went home, and died of pulmonary consumption in the fall.

Our circuit preacher—the Rev. John Sale—went to conference; brother Parker returned to his shop, and I to my school. The conference was soon over, and the new preacher came on to the circuit. His name was Hezekiah H——; he was a small, feeble man to all appearance, but could endure as much labor, and preach as many sermons in a week, as almost any man I ever knew. When he was preaching and praying, it often seemed as if the heavens and earth were coming together.

About this time I was a very happy man. At the last quarterly meeting of the conference just closed, I was licensed to preach, in September, 1801. The day I received my license was a precious day to my soul. I think I shall remember it in time and in eternity. We had a new presiding elder as well as a new preacher. The elder came on first. Our former elder having failed through age and infirmity, his place was filled by the Rev. William M'Kendree, who was then in his forty-fifth year, in the vigor of health. He was a distinguished minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I suppose, from the imperfect knowledge I then had of Church matters, that he found the district in bad order. It covered the whole of Kentucky and Tennessee. The elder that preceded him was a very

old man. The roads were bad and the rides very long; there were few religious people, and few places where they could stay with comfort. The burden was too heavy for the good old man, and he sunk under it.

M'Kendree had been but a few months on the ground till he understood perfectly his field of labor—moving, day and night, visiting families, organizing societies, and holding quarterly conferences. It was his constant practice to travel from thirty to fifty miles in a day, and preach at night. All classes of people flocked to hear him—statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and theologians of all denominations clustered around him, saying, as they returned home, "Did you ever hear the like before?" Some, indeed, were so captivated, that they would say, "Never man spake like this man." He saw that the harvest was truly great and the laborers few. Early in the morning and late in the evening, with streaming eyes he prayed God, with hands and heart uplifted, that he would send forth more laborers into the harvest.

He was actively engaged in forming new circuits, and calling out local preachers to fill them. Whenever he found a young man of piety and native talent, he led him out into the Lord's vineyard; and large as his district was, it soon became too small for him. He extended his labors to every part of south-western Virginia, then crossing the Ohio river, he carried the holy war into the state of Ohio; and there he formed new charges and called



out young men. He did not say, "Go, boys;" for in almost every case he went before them. They found that he gloried in doing the hardest of the work, and his example inspired them with the same spirit.

There was no seeking for good stations and easy circuits among those hardy pioneers. If there was any competition among them, it was for the hardest circuits and poorest pay. These servants could truly say with St. Paul, "We glory in tribulation also." These were prosperous days for the Church of God in the great western valley. M'Kendree, like a noble general, was always in the first ranks, followed by such men as Thomas Wilkinson, John Page, Lewis Garret, and Jesse Walker. Under the supervision of these men, the preachers were stationed. Throughout the length and breadth of the west, as far as the country was settled, M'Kendree was first in counsel and first in action. If he appeared on a camp-ground every eye was upon him, and his word was law. In private circles, quarterly conferences, and annual conferences, he was the master-spirit.

The circuit in which I lived was very large, extending from the mouth of the Kentucky river, on the Ohio, all the way to the sinks of Green river, with only one preacher. He was not able to do all the work. The people being poor could not support him. I was then going to school, enjoying myself well—a willing servant to almost every one that called upon me. I tried to preach every Sabbath, studying my sermons on Saturday evenings under



the direction of Rev. Samuel Parker. My neighbors loved me and I loved them, and in some degree my labors were blessed.



CHAPTER IV.

ENTERS THE ITINERANCY.

Some time in the month of December, I received a summons from the presiding elder to meet him at the mouth of the Kentucky, on a certain day. On the next morning, quite early, Parker and myself were on our horses and on our way to the above-named place. We arrived in town early in the afternoon. The presiding elder was at Captain Masterson's, three miles up the Ohio river. We made an appointment for Parker to preach at early candle-light, and intended to go up and hear the presiding elder Sabbath morning. Before night the Captain and elder came down and attended our meeting. It was the second or third time Parker ever attempted to preach. The cross was very heavy but he succeeded well. Sabbath I think we had a love-feast; at eleven the elder gave us one of his best sermons. We had a feast of manna and fat things. To my surprise, when he had closed his sermon, he gave notice that I would preach at early candle-light. I thought I could not sustain myself under the cross. I spent the afternoon in prayer and meditation.

The hour arrived. I took the stand, felt a good deal as if "I had been sent for and could not go."

The house was well filled. M'Kendree seated himself before me, looking me full in the face; the Captain sat on one side of M'Kendree, and his wife on the other. I sung, prayed, and read my text. The cloud broke—I felt nothing more of the cross at that time. My text was the first Psalm. Parker exhorted, M'Kendree lectured, prayed, and dismissed the congregation. M'Kendree then invited Parker and myself to go up stairs, where he had a comfortable fire. There we spent some time in secret prayer, and conversing on religious experience. He then gave us his views on what he considered a Divine call to the Christian ministry. He then asked us if we did not think we were called to preach. We answered him in the best manner we could. He told us he had heard the reports with regard to our religious exercises and success. There were two vacancies in the district he wished us to fill. He urged his request by many weighty arguments and exhortations. We declined giving a decisive answer; the conference closed and we went to bed.

The conversation was resumed the next morning, and continued for several hours. Parker came to a decision first—it was that he could not go. He was so decided that M'Kendree gave him up. He turned to me with redoubled energy; told me the fearful consequences of disobeying a Divine call. The last effort that I made to resist his argument was that I was not qualified. He replied, "I know you are not qualified, but we must do the best we can to supply



the work—go and try." I said, "I will." He seemed pleased and told me to meet him on the 17th of February, at Tolbert's meeting-house, in Shelby county, Kentucky. This was in 1802.

I hastened home and made preparations to go on the circuit. From December 20th to the middle of February, was a time that tried my soul. My temptations were new and strange. At times I could adopt the language of Beatta: "My thoughts went to roam from shade unto shade, destruction before and sorrow behind." All my friends, both in and out of the Church, said, "Go;" but it appeared to me it was a work I could not perform. I spent the most of my time in prayer.

At length, the clouds dispersed and I saw my way clear, under pleasing impressions that God had called me to this high and holy work. I entered into a calm, settled peace—not a shallow stream, but like a river, deep and wide. At the time appointed, I met the elder at Tolbert's meeting-house, heard him preach an excellent sermon, and was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gabriel Woodfield.

The preacher in charge received me very cordially. Some of the gray-headed members of the quarterly conference looked and acted as if they were disappointed. I had a youthful appearance, having scarcely any beard. Their looks seemed to say, "What can that boy do?" Several fine local preachers rallied round me and said—as I was after-

ward informed—"He will do very well;" among whom was Philip Taylor, Edward Tolbert, Charles Sherman, and Joseph Ferguson. These men were my steadfast friends during my sojourn among them.

The conference closed, and I went to my lodgings with a cheerful heart. On Sabbath morning we had a love-feast. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. M'Kendree appeared filled with the Holy Ghost, tears flowing from his eyes. His voice was sweeter than a dulcimer. The minister appeared clothed with salvation, and the saints shouted aloud for joy.

It was ascertained on opening the door, that the house would not contain more than one-fourth of the congregation. The day being clear and very mild for that season of the year, M'Kendree took up his books and walked into a beautiful lot near the church. A large crowd followed him. Herriman was on one side, Parker on the other. He stepped upon a large stump, read a chapter, gave out his hymn; Parker led the singing. He was, without exception, the best singer I ever heard. The congregation joined, and it was heavenly music. M'Kendree preached. I have heard him preach many fine sermons, but that was the best I ever listened to from his mouth. Meeting closed, and we retired full of joy and peace. Much lasting good was done on that day.

I returned home on Monday, settled all my little affairs, procured me a pair of saddle-bags, and filled



them with clothes and books. On Wednesday, I took my leave of my father's family. I went to an old log meeting-house, near Newcastle, Henry county. Here I preached my first sermon as an itinerant minister. My text was, "Lo, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have, therefore?" During this hour, I felt that I had forsaken the world—father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all my friends, to follow Christ. This was one of the happiest days of my life. I went to brother Samuel Parker's boarding-house, spent the evening in receiving instruction from his sanctified lips. At a late hour, we retired to rest. I arose early the next morning, spent some hours in secret prayer and meditation. I prayed with the family, breakfasted with Hugh O. Cull and his beloved Rachel. With this kind family, I spent many a happy day. I started to my next appointment. I could truly say, "Great peace have they that keep thy law: and nothing shall offend them." I was at peace with God and all mankind.

About 11 o'clock, I arrived at Nathaniel Tolbert's meeting-house. There I found a congregation waiting for me, and I tried to preach. I left early the next morning, and their prayers and good wishes followed me. I then rode to Edward Tolbert's meeting-house, where the quarterly meeting had been held the week before, and had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I staid all night with Rev. E. Tolbert, who gave me much good advice. The next morning, with a smiling countenance, he shook

my hand and bade me farewell. Saturday, I had a long ride, and came to the house of one Wright, and preached. We had no preaching-place here, but Mr. W. had a large dwelling-house, of which he gave up the largest room. He built a pulpit, and seated the room. I tried to preach, but had not much liberty. My friend, Gabriel Woodfield, followed me. We were met, in the evening, by Rev. Philip Taylor. Woodfield rose above all his clouds, and, in the afternoon, preached a most excellent sermon. We rode home with brother Taylor, and found every thing in fine order; and, after tea, the two theologians sat down to discuss important subjects. I took my seat as a tyro, to listen to the conversation. We had a pleasant evening, and a comfortable night's rest. Woodfield returned home, and I went on my way rejoicing. I rode to Chaplain's Fork, where was a great revival. They said my congregation would be large, and that I would have many critics to deal with. The cross was exceedingly heavy. I arose very early on Sabbath morning, went to the grove, studied hard till 11 o'clock, came to the meeting-house, and preached. I had great freedom of speech. The congregation was deeply affected, and several joined the Church. In this place lived Samuel Duncan. He was like John the Baptist, both a burning and shining light. He appeared to take a very lively interest in me. He saw that I was young, had little experience, and not much learning. I suppose he thought I had a mind worth cultivating, therefore he took uncommon



pains with me. On Monday morning, I left this delightful neighborhood, traveled through a broken country, and put up with a gentleman by the name of Head. He had a large family, was a very clever man, and had a very pleasant wife. Although I was an entire stranger, the family clustered around me as if I had been a relative. The next day, I preached to a small congregation. Went to a little town called Springfield, in Washington county. I put up with a Methodist local preacher, by the name of Moody. Here I was introduced to the far-famed Felix Grundy. He was then a distinguished man at the bar, and, afterward, a distinguished politician, and was one of the steadfast friends of General Jackson. He took a very active part in raising the General to that pre-eminence he held in the affections and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He removed from Springfield, Ky., to Nashville, Tenn., where he lived long, and acquired great popularity, fought many a hard battle with his political enemies, and died lamented by his friends. Here, too, I learned something of the Hon. Robert Wickliffe. He was the antagonist of Grundy. This antagonism first appeared in a paper war; secondly, at the bar—they were both eminent in their profession; thirdly, they took opposite sides in politics. Wickliffe and Grundy lived long, and flourished in their day; but, with all their strength and influence, they have past away like a tale that is told. This little Springfield was a distinguished place, and ornamented by some great men. I found a pleasant

home in the house of John Springer, and spent some happy days in his domicil. His family were grown up, very pleasant and lovely. His sons entertained me with many good things. The young ladies kept my clothes in good order. The most distinguished man I met was Barnabas M'Henry. I may truly say he was a man by himself. He was, at least, fifty years before the time in which he lived. He had not a collegiate education, but was one of the best English scholars I ever saw. I feel myself greatly indebted to that good man for the instruction I received from him at that early period of my life.

My next appointment was at what is called Thomas's meeting-house. I went to this place with fear and trembling, for I had heard many things of old father Thomas. He was very severe on the young preachers, often telling them, if they could do no better, they had better go home. I prayed much on my way thither. He met me at the door, and gave me a very cool reception. He was a large man, of rough features, stern countenance, and of great decision; withal, he was very rich, and felt his own importance. He sat down and looked at me as if he would examine my head and heart, and I felt very uneasy. Mrs. Thomas entered the room with a smiling countenance, shook my hand, and gave me a hearty welcome. She was a fine figure, and reminded me of what I had read of Lady Huntingdon. Her mind was filled with good sense, and her heart overflowed with charity.



The congregation soon assembled. As the day was cold, and there was no stove in the meeting-house, they concluded to have preaching in the house, which was large enough to accommodate them. I arose under a heavy cross, and went to a little stand. My Bible being in one pocket, and my hymn-book in the other, I was not dependent on any one for books. My congregation was gay for those early days. The above-named Wickliffe sat before me. I read my hymn, they sang, and I kneeled down to pray. The clouds dispersed, and in the light of almighty God I saw light. I had studied my text well, and the Lord gave me great liberty. Old father Thomas wept freely, his brother shouted, and his wife praised God with a loud voice. Brother Thomas was never cross to me after that day. I had a pleasant night and most delightful morning.

I took a long ride to a place called "Level Woods," on the sinks of Green river, met with a local preacher—Rev. John Baird—and a large society, under the influence of a large revival. I went on to Sovereign valley; preached in a house of Mr. Rollins's; found a small society, very low in religion. I now bent my course north, and went by a tributary stream of Salt river, called Nolind, arrived at my preaching-place in good time, and found a good congregation. They had had a revival the year before, and its influence was still felt. I went on my journey, reached the neighborhood of Dry Licks, and put up with Mr. Gravill. I found him a

perfect gentleman. His wife was pious, and his eldest daughter a pattern of good works. I felt as if I had found a paradise. I formed an acquaintance with a family in this place, which was a source of comfort and profit for many years. A branch of the same family resided in Montgomery county, Maryland; and afterward moved to Mercer county, Pennsylvania. The name of the family was Crow. I shall have occasion to speak of them hereafter.

My ministry was much blessed of the Lord in this place. My next appointment was at one Simmons's, near Salt river. He was a man of very few words, but sound in principle. His wife, and one of her sisters, were very sprightly. They were members of the Baptist Church, but were really thorough Methodists in principle and practice.

I crossed Salt river, and went to a little meeting-house called Hall's Chapel, where I met with the Rev. Alexander Cameron. I never think of this man without some regret. He locked arms with me, and walked the grove. After some conversation, I invited him to preach for me. He said, with a smile, "I have come to hear *you*." I insisted. He said, "O, well, I will preach." His text was John i, 14: "The Word was made flesh," etc. It was a masterly sermon. I gained some new ideas from that sermon that I retain to the present time. Mr. Cameron was a native of Scotland, and received the best education that Edinburgh could afford in his day. He belonged to the Presbyterian Church,



and after he entered into holy orders, emigrated to America, and settled near Shelbyville, Kentucky. There he opened a high school for young men, in which he intended to train them for the ministry.

From this place I rode to Floyd Fork, and preached, and met a class of a hundred members—held prayer meeting nearly all night, and received several to the Church. Thence, the next day, I reached old Mr. Harriman's — an old Methodist, and a very pleasant family—preached, and, having spent the night, and received much instruction from my kind host, rode on to Rev. Jacob Lurtins, a local preacher. Thence I went to Harrod's creek—found a large society, and a glorious revival. I continued my round to John Locke's, where was a settlement of Virginians, and the next day I rode to the mouth of Kentucky river; and, having had sundry excellent meetings in these parts, I found myself once more at my father's house.

I had now just completed my first round on Salt River circuit, and had been gone six weeks. During that time I suppose I traveled five hundred miles, and preached about fifty sermons—held many class meetings and prayer meetings—visited many families, and still I had much time to read and study. The first man I met in this little village—Newcastle—was my preceptor, Dr. Prindle. He was still in his school, surrounded by a fine company of promising Kentucky boys. I found the door into the school still open for me; and he was still very anxious to

carry me through a literary, scientific, and theological course.

I met with many friends glad to see me, and I was equally glad to see them. Among the most distinguished was my instructor, Samuel Parker, Rolland Thomas, James Bartlett, Anthony Bartlett, Esquire Rue, Hugh O. Cull, Jacob Meek, with many others equally beloved and worthy.

I now began to feel myself pretty well harnessed for the battle. My soul had caught missionary fire, and I felt disposed to go on. I could adopt the language of the poet—

> "The vast, the unbounded prospect lay before me,
> But no shadows, doubts, or darkness, rested on it."

I felt that I was an itinerant minister; but, O, how little did I think I should travel fifty-five years! I had but little time to stay at home, my appointments having been given out at Cull's meeting-house, where I commenced my second round.

Monday was a resting day, and was a day of much thought and anxiety to my mind. All this day I was halting between two opinions—whether to follow the convictions of my own mind, or the opinions of M'Kendree, Parker, and the members of the Methodist Church, in general, as far as I was acquainted with them. When I first became pious, and concluded that I was called to preach, I had no thought of embarking in that great work, till I had obtained a liberal education. It appeared as if Providence



had put it into my power to obtain this with very little expense. Prindle's Academy was still anxious to receive me. Mr. Cameron was teaching a superior academy, in Shelby, where I could receive instruction nearly gratis, under the care of a man who seemed to love me as a father. I was then a strong, active, laboring man, and could do as much work as any young man in either of the counties, and could have cash for it every Saturday night. I could meet all my expenses, and, in the course of five years, become a scholar. But my presiding elder, my colleague, with many others, advised me to go on with what knowledge and experience I had. I went in the name of the Lord. Although I have been unfaithful to God in many things, yet, so far as the peculiar duties of a Methodist preacher are concerned, I have done my very best. I have made every other pursuit bend to this. I have sacrificed ease, worldly comfort, and the accommodation of my family—received but small temporal compensation, and, part of the time, lived in poverty. I have spent fifty-four years in this glorious work, and, though I feel great reverence for the opinions of my early friends in the Methodist Church, yet I am constrained to say, that my early convictions on this point were right. While I have been endeavoring to do the work of an evangelist, and make full proof of my ministry, no human being but myself knows what I have suffered. If my embarrassments, anxieties, mortifications, and disappointments, in carrying out my great plans for doing

good, were written in a book, it would make a large folio. I advise all Methodist preachers, presiding elders, and bishops, when they find a young man thirsting for knowledge, that they let him pursue his own course, and encourage him in it.

I traveled this delightful circuit eight months, and, at a large majority of our preaching-places, the revival continued all the time. The Lord blessed the labors of my colleague in a very extraordinary manner. He had an elastic body and an untiring soul. His zeal sustained him under his almost unparalleled labors. He held three days' meetings almost every week, greatly assisted by the local preachers living on the circuit. There appeared to be a union of feeling between the traveling and local preachers on this circuit. They were really men of God, thoroughly furnished for every good work. I will name a few that seemed to take the lead, Barnabas M'Henry, Elijah Sparks, both lawyer and preacher, Gabriel Woodfield, Henry Ogborne, Joseph Ferguson, Edward Tolbert, Philip Taylor, Charles Sherman. These men will never be forgotten by me while life lasts. I trust to renew their acquaintance in heaven. To God be all the glory!

It fell to my lot to keep up the regular appointments. I received a letter of instruction from my colleague almost every day. He still continued to take in new preaching-places. When we closed our labors here we had about fifty-eight appointments. These I endeavored to fill regularly, beside preach-



ing often at night, holding prayer meetings, and visiting and comforting mourners.

Many things took place on this circuit worthy to be recorded. Some I will mention. The revival became very extensive in Henry and Gallatin counties. Our Baptist brethren took a very active part in this good work. Their able preachers used to come down from what were then called the upper counties of Kentucky, and preach over the above-named counties. Some of them were very able ministers—such as Ambrose Dudley, Moses Bledsoe, and many others.

Bledsoe was one of the best I ever heard of that denomination. I used to hear him frequently before I began to travel. At times I was so charmed with his sweet eloquence, that when the sermon was over I could hardly rise from my seat. They had one or two able preachers living in these two counties. We worked for a while in great peace and harmony, and when they came into our settlement, if Parker and myself did not attend their meetings, they would send for us.

At a certain time old Joseph Cragg, in company with a brother Ashur, put up at Mr. James Bartlett's. They sent for Parker and myself—this took place before I began to travel—and told us they had come to visit the county generally, and wished us to go with them. We agreed to do so as far as practicable. We began our meetings that evening, and continued them for a number of days. Old father Cragg was a very eccentric man, who could not preach much. Brother

Ashur was a plain man, of little preaching abilities. Having arose to preach, one day, in the Methodist meeting-house, he stood and looked over the congregation a long time and at length said, "I believe we are nearly all Baptists to-day. As this is a meeting-house belonging to the Methodists, I had thought they would be here; but, I am informed, they have not come. And, as for brothers Parker and Young, I want them to be Baptists. I hope they will come forward, give in their experience, and be baptized, that they may be useful to the people."

He stood waiting for a reply, and the congregation turned their eyes upon us—brother Ashur still standing in the pulpit, and old brother Cragg almost shouting happy. Parker bowed his head nearly to his knees, his face being covered. I jogged him several times, but could not make him stir. At length, I was compelled to arise myself. I told the congregation that they knew we had been very friendly to our Baptist brethren, and had taken great pleasure in attending their meetings. We rejoiced to carry on the revival in union with them, but if they expected to make proselytes of us they would be greatly disappointed. We were Methodists, and well satisfied with the Church of our choice.

The poor brother looked as if he were frightened. Cragg saw that he had gone too far. He seized our hands, and began to say, "I am sorry, I am sorry, brother. I hope you will not be hurt." This made such confusion, that they had hardly any meeting.



The congregation retired, to all appearances, very much mortified. This was our last union meeting.

The Baptists then began to try to make proselytes throughout both counties. They preached hardly any thing else but baptism by immersion. Our elder came round to hold his quarterly meeting at the mouth of Kentucky river. On Sabbath, he preached a sermon on baptism. There were a great many Baptists in the congregation; among others, a very respectable old lady by the name of Cragg, who became so deeply affected that you could hear her breathe all over the house. The friends had to carry her out, else she would have fallen on the floor. An aged man rose up, and addressed the preacher in the following words, "Sir, you have preached lies this day, and I can prove it from the word of God." The elder replied, very mildly, "You had better take your seat and be still. I am sorry the lady's feelings are hurt. I will do any thing in my power to allay them." Confusion became so great that he did not finish his sermon.

The circuit preacher arose, and gave, what I would call, a very severe lecture, in which he reproved the Baptist brethren for beginning the controversy on baptism, reminding them of the caution he had given them at the commencement of the year. The meeting closed in great confusion. Some left the house weeping, others left laughing, and some very angry, declaring that they would never come back again.

This day's work gave rise to a long and trouble-

some controversy. Men of the best talent in the Baptist Church were engaged in trying to prove that there was no Christian baptism but immersion, and that infant sprinkling, as they termed it, was sinful in the sight of God. Our elder and a Baptist preacher, by the name of Keller, had a public debate on the subject, before a very large assembly. Mr. Keller was an able man, a good debater, and well versed in the subject. He came into the congregation with nearly as many books as he could carry, but he appeared to feel the keen edge of the elder's logic, and to be embarrassed with his eloquence. There was no decided victory gained, for the congregation were divided in opinion.

Shortly after this controversy, my colleague came on to the circuit. He found it in great confusion in relation to Christian baptism. The subject had engrossed the public mind, and was the topic of conversation in all public meetings. He took it up and handled it in a masterly manner in every neighborhood within the bounds of his work, so that he convinced thousands. The Baptist brethren, finding they were losing ground, were glad to be silent. My colleague moved on like a noble general, preaching, exhorting, watching, and praying, night and day. Sometimes I would travel across the circuit, and help him with his protracted meetings. We held a grove meeting, of great interest, on Floyd's Fork. Hundreds and thousands attended that meeting. There were many ministers, of different denomina-



tions, present. Among the rest, a young Presbyterian, Rev. Joshua Logan Wilson. He was tall and elegant, and as fine a figure of a man as I have seen for many days. He had just been married. He led his young wife into the congregation, and was called to the stand. He stood and looked over the audience in profound silence for a long time, then covered his face with his handkerchief and wept freely. Many were shedding tears, throughout this vast assembly. Some were crying for mercy, others praising God. He gave a very appropriate exhortation. It appeared at that hour that the minister was clothed with salvation, and the saints shouted aloud for joy. This young minister rose to great eminence in the Presbyterian Church. He was settled in Cincinnati, as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, where he remained somewhere about forty years, and was both a burning and a shining light in that place.

I closed my labors on this circuit with much comfort, and, I humbly trust, some profit to my own soul. The elder and my colleague went to conference, and left me to take care of the circuit till the succeeding preachers should come on; but I traveled with them a hundred miles of the way, and heard William M'Kendree preach several sermons before I left them.

CHAPTER V.

NEW GROUND—WAYNE CIRCUIT—1802.

THE conference met, that year, at a place called Strathers's meeting-house. I felt a great desire to go with them, for I had never been to an annual conference, but M'Kendree would not hear to it at all; so I turned back and resumed my work.

Before, however, I commenced preaching again, I retired, and spent several days alone, taking a retrospective view of my labors, enjoyments, and sufferings, while traveling Salt River circuit. This has been my practice from that time to the present year, when leaving a circuit or district. Frequently, five or six times in the year, I have reviewed my work. This is the reason I can run over my history nearly as accurately as if I had kept a regular journal.

Time passed away rapidly. My successors were soon at their posts. Benjamin Lakin and Ralph Lotspiech, were our successors — men of precious memory. I was appointed to help form a circuit on Green river. The Rev. James Gwyn was my colleague, then called Colonel Gwyn, afterward General Jackson's chaplain at the famous battle of New Orleans.

I went to see my new presiding elder, who was the



Rev. John Page, my father in the Gospel. He was a mill-wright, by trade, and was building mills and traveling, both at once. As my circuit lay very remote from his home, I expected but little help from him that year. I then went to see brother Gwyn who was to have charge of the new circuit. On examining the map he found the vacant territory too large to be embraced in one circuit. Big Barren, Little Barren, Green, and Cumberland rivers, all ran through this territory, beginning at the line that divided Kentucky from Tennessee, extending eastward to near the old Crab Orchard. My colleague proposed to divide the ground. He would take the western part, and send me to the eastern. He was a good man, and I cheerfully submitted to his judgment. I went in the name of the Lord.

In two days, I arrived at Manoah Lasley's, where I spent a few days, rested my horse, and recruited my wardrobe. I found myself at a very great loss to know how to form a circuit, in that vast wilderness, and had no one to instruct me. I preached, on Sabbath day, in father Lasley's house, and set off, on Monday, on my great and important enterprise. I concluded to travel five miles, as nearly as I could guess, then stop, reconnoiter the neighborhood, and find some kind person who would let me preach in his log-cabin, and so on till I had performed the entire round.

I set out early, but had to travel ten miles before I found a preaching-place. I was directed to call

on an old gentleman by the name of Step. I found him cribbing his corn; two large negroes were doing the work, and he was keeping count. I spoke to him, but he gave me a very cold reception. I told him my business, but he was more intent on measuring his corn than talking about preaching. I felt determined not to be discouraged till I had pushed things to the bottom. I then said to him, "I am a Methodist preacher, sent into this country to try to form a new circuit." He rose up, looked me full in the face, exclaiming, "You are a Methodist preacher?" I responded, "Yes." "Come into the house," said he. I walked in, and found a very neat log-house, pretty well furnished. "Now," said the old gentleman, "this is your home." He then went on to say, "I thought, when you first spoke to me, you were a Baptist preacher." He then informed me that he had no fellowship with the Baptist Church, nor did he believe the doctrine they preached; neither did he think they were doing any good. I staid all night, and enjoyed the brother's society well.

The next day, he sent out his servants and gathered in a good congregation. I preached, and had a delightful meeting. A Presbyterian elder attended the meeting; his family were converted, and he caught the spirit of revival. I went home with him, and spent the evening at his fireside, much to my own satisfaction. This gentleman's name was Kelsey. He was an intelligent man, a devoted

Christian, and was a great advantage to me through the year.

The next day I traveled five miles, and stopped at the house of Mr. Guthrie. Here I found a congregation waiting for me. The most prominent man in that neighborhood was George Taylor. With his assistance, I immediately formed a society there, which flourished all the time I remained on the circuit.

Next day, I had a long ride through a dreary country. Late in the evening I came to a little log-cabin, standing in the woods, with no stable or out-buildings of any kind. Seeing a woman in the door, I rode up and asked if I could stay all night: she seemed to think not. I paused a few moments, thinking what to do. I was afraid to go any farther, lest I should have to lie out all night. That I was afraid to do, as the weather was very cold, and there were always a great many ravenous wolves in the barrens. My life would be in danger, and there was nothing to encourage me to stay at this place. I knew I would have to tie my hungry, tired horse to a tree, without any shelter or food. The cabin looked very dreary, and the woman was unwilling to let me stay. She was not entirely alone, but had several children, and one daughter partly grown, which inclined me to think I could stay with safety. I finally concluded to let her know who I was, and what business I was on. I said to her, "I am a Methodist preacher, sent by Bishop Asbury

to try to form a circuit." This information appeared to electrify her. Her countenance changed, and her eyes fairly sparkled. She stood some time without speaking, and then exclaimed, "La, me! has a Methodist preacher come at last? Yes, brother, you shall stay all night. Mr. Carson is not at home, but we will do the best we can for you, with a glad heart."

I alighted from my horse, and went into the house. The children clustered round me as if some near friend had come. After having gone through with the usual ceremonies, my next concern was to take care of my horse. Their oldest daughter—a pleasant girl—provided me with a halter, and directed me to a suitable tree where my horse could stand. I soon found I was to have a comfortable night's rest. They furnished me with plenty of good sound corn for my horse. The cabin, and what little furniture they had, was neat and clean. Supper was soon served up—just such as suited me—corn bread, fried venison, and crop-vine tea.

Mrs. Carson then gave me her history. She and her husband were both raised in North Carolina. They both experienced a change of heart when young. Her husband had been class-leader, for some years, before he left his native state. They had emigrated to the state where they then lived, in order to buy land for their children. They had purchased a pretty large tract on one of the tributaries of Green river, lying about ten miles from



where they then lived, and her husband was then at work on their own land. He had cleared out a small farm, and built a tolerable large house, which he was then finishing. By the time I came round again, they would have it ready for me to preach in.

I spent the evening pleasantly, and by the time day dawned, was on my way in search of another appointment. My ride was along the dividing ridge between Green river and Salt river. In the evening I stopped at the house of a man by the name of Hennel; he was in pretty good circumstances, for that country, had a convenient house, and very willingly opened it for preaching. I staid all night, and, the next day, preached to a small congregation; had some encouragement, and in the afternoon went on my way rejoicing.

Late in the evening I came to a Mr. Cooper's. He was a local preacher, but from the manner in which he received me, I thought he took me for an impostor. In family prayer, he officiated himself. The family were reserved, and I had nothing to say. They fed my horse, gave me my supper, and a place to sleep. Next morning, they told me I might preach. The word was circulated, and at eleven o'clock, the congregation began to come together. The first man that came was a Seceder; I having been reared among Seceders, he became much attached to me, and gave me all the encouragement he could. I tried to preach, and God gave me great

freedom of speech; and we had an excellent meeting; and brother Cooper wept much. Here we organized a small class; and, having tarried one night longer, the next morning I started early. Brother Cooper and his wife went with me. About ten o'clock, we halted at Mr. M'Cowan's; here I was astonished to find a large congregation assembled, waiting for the preacher. This being the Sabbath, they had come, hoping to meet the preacher, hearing there was one on his way to form a circuit.

The house was a large, double cabin, with both rooms full, and a good many in the yard. I saw many Methodists among them, and they were singing Methodist hymns in a revival spirit. I spent most of the afternoon in class meeting. This was truly a good day to my soul, and to the souls of many others. Here I found a class, of about fifty members, ready formed to my hand.

I took some pains to learn the history of this society. It was formed by a local preacher who had resided several years in that vicinity. His name was M'Mellen, a very extraordinary man—I may say truly, a splendid man; but, like Ephraim of old, he was unstable as water, therefore he did not excel. I regulated the society, appointed a class-leader, etc., and went on, bearing toward the Crab Orchard. I preached at Mr. Samuel Stewart's, and found a small class. Here I regulated matters, and appointed a class-leader. In this neighborhood, I found a great many Baptists, who received me as the Lord's mes-



senger. I felt myself at home, and would gladly have spent days in the place, but my work was before me. Before night, I met with a man, who gave me a cordial invitation to preach in his house, where, finding a small society already organized, I made them a class-paper, appointed them a leader, etc.

Here I became acquainted with a young man by the name of Joseph Williams, having a tall, slender form, a thin visage, and red hair. In a private interview, he told me he believed he was called to preach, and that he wanted to travel with me and assist me. He had his horse, saddle, and saddle-bags in readiness. I thought he looked rather unpromising, but, as I was a young man in a strange land, traveling through a thinly-settled country, I accepted his offer. I found him very companionable, and willing to do any thing that I told him. We traveled about twenty miles on a large creek, called Fishing creek, and put up with an old gentleman by the name of Chappel. This was a curious neighborhood. Several things, worthy of remark, came under my observation. There was a Methodist society in the neighborhood, the preacher of which was a colored man, by the name of "Jacob." I believe every member had been awakened under his preaching; and, by the assistance of Mr. Chappel's daughters, he had organized them into a class. One of the girls made out a class-paper, and they appointed Jacob leader. He was both preacher and leader; and, although he could not read a word, he could preach a pretty good sermon. He

had a kind master, who would read for him Saturday evenings, and when a text was read that suited Jacob, he would ask his master to read it again, memorize the text, book, chapter, and verse; then he was ready for his work.

The next day was the Sabbath. The congregation was large, and I found his society in excellent order. I preached several times, and left this delightful place on Monday morning, crossed the Cumberland river, went out into a beautiful valley—Elf Spring valley—and stopped at Mr. Walker's. Mrs. Walker looked rather distant, and seemed to say she thought all was not right. She told me to sit down, and informed me that her husband was not at home. I determined to stay awhile, at all events, tied my horse to the fence, and commenced reading my Bible. After I had read a few chapters, the gentleman of the house came in. His wife rose and said, "Here is a stranger, who says he is a Methodist preacher." He smiled, and observed, "We are very suspicious of strangers in this country." I soon found he was a real quizzical character; and, to make my situation more critical, there was a gentleman boarding in the family, who professed to be a Presbyterian, who followed pettifogging for a living. I soon found they were determined to take me through a very severe course of examination. My horse was put away, and I was invited to dine. The family were quite merry, and full of sport.

Dinner being over, the examination began. I found



but little trouble in putting them to silence on the subject of the Bible. I had read the Scriptures, for many years, with marked attention, had memorized many texts, that I had at perfect command in all cases of emergency. They shifted their ground, and began to question me on English grammar. I answered them as well as I could, and presently turned the tables upon them. I then commenced on history. I had read Rollin's Ancient History as one of my school-books, and could quote so liberally, that they soon thought I knew a great deal more than I really did. We then took a jaunt among the poets, and the conference adjourned. Upon the whole, I had rather an unpleasant time, but they never undertook to examine me again.

I took my departure, rode about eight or ten miles, and called at the house of Elliot Jones. In him I found a friend. He was eminently qualified to be a father to young preachers. He was a local minister — not what is generally called a great preacher, but his preaching talents were respectable, and he was well read in the holy Scriptures, and tolerably well acquainted with the rise and progress of Methodism. We had several meetings together, and he gave me much wholesome advice. I became acquainted with a goodly number of excellent men — some were Methodists, others were not, but all were well-wishers. We formed a large society and kept up a fine state of religious feeling throughout the year. Many were added to the Church in this

place. The next day I rode eight or ten miles, and stopped with a person by the name of John Francis. He was sheriff of Wayne county, and a backslidden Methodist, but his wife was a very pious woman, and the children were well-disposed. He took me in and made his house my home. I had ten happy meetings in that house. Poor old John would weep when I preached, treat me kindly when I tarried with him, and always gave me a hearty shake of the hand when I left; but his worldly prospects were good, and he would not give up all for Christ, therefore I fear I left him in his sins.

I left that vicinity and moved on toward the west. Some time after dark, and while stopping at a tavern, a man called at the door. Being asked what he wanted, he inquired if there was not a Methodist preacher there. I heard him and was soon on the porch. He said he understood I was forming a circuit through that country, and wanted me to take in his house for one of the appointments. I asked him how far off he lived. "Ten miles." I replied, "I will go with you to-night. He told me I had better stay where I was—warm and comfortable, and he would go home and give out the appointment for the next day- I feared I might be puzzled to find the way alone, and insisted on going that night. At a very late hour we arrived at a small log-cabin. He kindled a fire on the hearth—the light shone brightly, and I took a close view of every thing within. I am sure it would have fright-



ened any body but a backwoodsman. There was no floor in the house. They had leveled off the ground, and made it somewhat smooth. There were hickory poles laid across in the place of joists. Some clapboards laid on these poles constituted the upper floor. There was neither bedstead, chair, nor table in the house. Some small stakes or forks had been driven down in the west corner, of the cabin, they laid two round poles in the forks, and placed clapboards on these poles. This was their bedstead. Some bedding, such as it was, formed all the sleeping-place I saw for the man and his wife. The little negro boy slept on the ground floor with a deer-skin under him. I saw no cupboard furniture, excepting some earthern bowls of inferior quality. The woman of the house was badly crippled.

I felt rather melancholy, and my mind began to run back to days of other years, when I was dwelling among my own people in ease and plenty; here I was in a strange land, without friends or money. The squalid appearance of the inside of the house made an impression on my mind that never can be erased.

Surrounded by these gloomy circumstances, I had no friend to fly to but the Redeemer. I kneeled down and prayed, and the Lord blessed me. I felt happy and resigned to my lot. The next thing was to make my bed, and lay me down to sleep. I spread down, for my bed, a blanket that I kept under my saddle, and took a stool for my pillow. I had another

blanket on which I rode; this I used for a sheet. My saddle-bags on the stool made my pillow soft—my overcoat became my covering. I thanked God that I had a pretty comfortable bed. I thought within myself, I am better off than my Savior was, for he "had not where to lay his head;" and far happier than the rich who roll on beds of down, and enjoy all the elegances and luxuries of life.

I had a comfortable night's rest and rose in the morning much refreshed, and prepared for my day's labor. Breakfast was soon served up, on a board bench. It consisted of corn-bread and milk — no spoons. I had to bite and sup. When I turned up the bowl to drink, a black ring would make its appearance from the sediments in the bottom. Breakfast being over I retired to the woods and spent the forenoon in reading and praying, till preaching-time. Returning, I saw the cabin pretty well filled with men and women. Although it was late in November, many of them had neither hats nor bonnets on their heads, nor shoes on their feet. I took my stand opposite the door, read a hymn, began to sing—and while I was singing a remarkable man made his appearance. He was so distinguished from other men, that I will give some account of him.

First, he was a very large man, with strongly-marked features. From the muscles of his face I perceived that he was a man of strong, natural courage. He had a high forehead—very wide between the eyes, with a broad face; his whole form was well



proportioned, his eyeballs remarkably large, showing a great deal of white. He fixed his eyes upon me and looked as if he were scanning my whole person. Had I not been used to seeing rough men on the frontier of Kentucky, I should have been frightened. I looked him fully in the eyes and scanned him closely. His hair appeared as though it had never been combed, and made me think of old Nebuchadnezzar, and his head "like eagles feathers." He wore no hat; his collar was open, and his breast bare; there was neither shoe nor moccasin on his feet.

I finished my hymn, kneeled down and prayed, and took my text to preach. The man looked for no seat, but stood erect, gazing on the speaker. Before I was half through I saw the tears roll down his rough cheeks. I closed and told them that on that day four weeks I would be there again. I rode away, but could not forget the big man. I was sure he had distinguished himself some way, which made me anxious to find out his history. I soon found out he was brother-in-law to the infamous robber, Micajah Harp, a character so well known in the history of the west. No doubt they had been together in many a bloody affray. On my next round he joined the Church, and soon afterward became a Christian. He could neither read nor write. I procured him a spelling-book. His wife taught him to read, and he soon learned to write. On my third or fourth round I appointed him class-leader. He trimmed off

his hair, bought a new hat, clothed himself pretty well, and became a respectable man. I heard of him several years afterward, and he was still holding on his heavenly way.

I went from this place into Stogdon's valley, and called on a gentleman by the name of Talbot. He received me cordially, and gave up his house for a preaching-place. His wife was a Methodist. During this year I spent many a happy evening with this family. I left, and went to Sprowle station; left an appointment, rode that afternoon to Burkesville, and staid all night at Burke's tavern. He was the proprietor of the town; he had been a Methodist, but was now in a backslidden state. I made some inquiry about preaching; he replied very promptly, that if I would preach, he would fit up a large room to accommodate the congregation.

Here I met with the old politician, Matthew Lyon, who had emigrated from New England to Kentucky. He treated me with a great deal of politeness. The next day was the Sabbath. I preached in the bar-room, and had a very solemn time. I came the next day to Mr. Wisdom's. He called in his neighbors, who filled the house. Some came into it shouting happy. Among them was an uncle of the Rev. James B. Finley. I think his name was Samuel Finley, and for the want of a seat he stood during the services. Before I was done he shouted at the top of his voice, shouted on, rode away shouting, saying, "Young Whitefield! young Whitefield!"

The next day I rode six or seven miles to Dulin's meeting-house, where I found a large congregation waiting for the preacher. It was beautifully ornamented with hoary heads. From the expression of their countenances I thought they were in the way of righteousness. They were very attentive, and there were much weeping and some shouting. After preaching they held a prayer meeting, which lasted nearly all the afternoon. They were principally Presbyterians, and an extensive revival was in progress among them. They had no settled minister, but had a good supply from a distance. Rev. David Rice, Rev. Mr. Howe, and Rev. J. Abel spent much of their time there. Rice was a profound theologian; Howe an eloquent orator; Abel was like the weeping prophet. Rice thought there was much Methodism and enthusiasm here. Sometimes, when they would get very high—which they often did after sermon—he would rise to his feet, look over the assembly with great solemnity, and exclaim, "High sail and little ballast!" then gather up his hat and cane, and take his departure.

Next morning I prepared to leave the neighborhood. The people gathered round me; some talked, others shouted, I wept. I mounted my horse and rode away. While passing through a dense forest, I said to myself, "These are great and glorious days!" I was thankful that I had left father, mother, and all the world to preach the Gospel to perishing sinners. Coming to a little cabin standing in the barrens, I tarried all night there, preached next morning, and in

the afternoon rode to the Rev. Noah Lasley's, the place where I began to form a circuit. I had been gone three weeks, and had formed a full four weeks' circuit. Not having one resting day in the whole plan, I sat down, wrote out my plan, and, having reviewed and corrected it several times, felt well satisfied. I compared myself to a man settled in a wilderness, who had built his cabin, surveyed his land, and was preparing to clear his farm. I laid aside my books and papers, and, like Isaac, walked into the woods to meditate. I thought I was one of the happiest mortals that breathed vital air.

This was Saturday evening, and I had now to begin my second round. I preached twice on Sabbath, and the Lord blessed both preacher and people. At this time I made the acquaintance of Rev. David Rice, a Presbyterian, who was one of the most venerable-looking men I ever saw. He had then been a regular clergyman for upward of fifty years. He belonged to an obscure and poor family in the interior of Virginia, but was remarkable for good qualities from a very early period. He was very fond of divine services, and there being no preaching near his father's, he used to rise early on Sabbath morning, put a piece of corn-bread in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and travel thirteen miles on foot to hear President Davison preach. After hearing two sermons he would return home, and be ready for hard labor on Monday morning. The minister, noticing a little ragged boy sitting near the door so regular in his attendance, detained him. On



examination, finding him a pious boy with fine talents, he took him under his supervision, and gave him a first rate education for those days. He graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey. After finishing his theological course he emigrated to Kentucky, where he spent a long and useful life. He made one of the strongest and most manly efforts to abolish slavery in that state that I ever knew. Although he succeeded in almost every thing he undertook, in this, I am sorry to say, he failed. He shone like a star in the west; and when he had attained to an exceeding old age, he died, lamented by all the pious.

I left this place and pursued the same round described above, preaching almost every day, and often at night—reading Discipline, organizing societies, visiting, and trying, in my weak manner, to expound the holy Scriptures around the fireside. The good work increased at almost every appointment on the circuit. Many were converted and joined the Church, and then they wished to be baptized; parents wanted their children to be baptized, and as I was not ordained I could not comply with their request. The Baptist brethren were very friendly, and sought to take advantage of this circumstance. I became very much perplexed, and did not know what to do. Some of the most distinguished Baptist preachers traversed my circuit in every direction, preaching baptism by immersion. While they talked about John, I talked about Christ; and when they talked about water, I talked about the Holy Ghost and fire. There were a

great many Baptist preachers living within the bounds of the circuit, but they were very feeble men. I found no trouble in managing them. But when the strong men came along, I thought it not prudent to meet them in public debate, lest the truth should suffer in my hands for the want of ability.

I expected great relief, at the first quarterly meeting, from my presiding elder, the Rev. John Page. During this round I had several revivals, one in Step's settlement, at Guthrie's, Chappel's, Elf Spring valley, Burkesville, Dulin's meeting-house, Lasley's, Carson's, and Abel's.

From Chappel's I pursued my regular round till I came to Wayne court-house. There we had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Our little flock, in that place, was greatly increased. At Burkesville, we found Mr. Burke dangerously ill. The thought of dying in his sins alarmed him very much. He remembered what God had done for him in days of other years, and he thought he had crucified the Savior afresh, and put him to an open shame. In his great extremity he cried unto God, but his prayers seemed to be neglected. He called in Mr. M'Mellen to pray for him. This man had once been a Methodist preacher of some note, but was now in a backslidden state. When he entered the sick room he was horrified, and could not pray one word. He sat down by the bedside, and, with weeping eyes, wrote the sorrows of his heart upon the floor.

In this hour of distress, Rev. John Page and my-



self called. This was truly a fearful sight. A backslider dying in despair, and the fallen minister had not a word to offer him. The venerable Page, a man of great sympathy, entered keenly into the feelings of the two men. Being a man of God, and divinely qualified, always ready for any emergency, he knew exactly what to say, and what to do. He began with the sick man, and, having cleared away all difficulties, in a very forcible manner he pointed him to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." He prayed. The sick man appeared somewhat comforted, but not yet satisfied; his heart was melted into tenderness, but his evidence of sins forgiven was not satisfactory. The elder retiring, I was left alone with the two men. The backslidden minister asked me to take a walk with him. We walked a long distance, and not one word passed between us. He stopped suddenly, turned, and, looking upon me with a dreadful countenance, opened his mouth, and said, "I do not want religion. I don't wish you to pray for me. My day of grace is gone." Having a stick in his hand, he threw it toward heaven. "My condemnation," he added, "is sealed; but I advise *you* to be faithful; go on and preach, and preach Scriptural holiness."

I gave the poor man the best advice I could. When we parted he wept freely. In the morning the sick man was better. My elder left me, and I went on my way rejoicing. I preached several times before I came to Dulin's. Here I met a large congrega-

tion, and attempted to preach, but the people shouted so loud that I could not be heard. We spent the day and a great part of the night, in religious exercises. The next day I formed a large society, and came to this conclusion, that Presbyterians will remain Presbyterians, and Methodists will remain Methodists. The young converts were advised to make their own choice. Nearly all chose to be Methodists.

I left them and passed on to Rev. N. Lasley's. A revival had begun during my absence, and was going like fire in dry fuel. Young Thomas Lasley was converted, and afterward became an eminent minister. He was one of the first missionaries to explore Louisiana; he lived long and did much good.

I had now completed my second round. On my third I exchanged with Lewis Garret. He was then traveling Danville circuit, in the interior of Kentucky. He had heard of my situation—the revivals, and the annoyances to which the Baptists were subjecting me. Brother Garret came down—took my place—and sent me on to his circuit. He passing round mine, regulated all the classes I had formed—baptized all who wished to be baptized—adults and children—preached many sermons on baptism, and answered all the Baptist arguments to the general satisfaction. On my return, I found every thing in a prosperous condition. This was a very eventful year. Hundreds were converted, and, many, I trust, are now safely housed in heaven.

Two facts I will here mention. First, I had no



enemies on any part of the circuit—every body appeared to love me—old and young—rich and poor—religious and irreligious. Secondly, I do not remember one temptation worthy of being named, during the entire year. Truly—

> "I rode on the sky,
> Freely justified I,
> Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

I received but little money—not quite thirty dollars—for my whole year's labor. The women made me cotton clothes, and I wore them quite contented.

This was the best year of all my life. I performed ten entire rounds on that circuit—closed my year with a protracted meeting, on a delightful eminence, near the Rev. Noah Lasley's, assisted by Rev. L. Garret and W. Thompson. The Presbyterians united with us—doctors, lawyers, etc. On Friday, brother Garret preached the opening sermon—the windows of heaven were opened, and God poured out such a blessing that there was not room to contain it. The meeting continued till dark. The congregation was so large that we held prayer meetings in many places under the shade-trees. The work went on, with increasing rapidity, till the middle of the next week, when I gave them my valedictory. I had never seen such a meeting before, and never expect to again. I mounted my horse and rode away—left them shouting and praising God, and have never seen them since.

One thing I have forgotten—Rev. Thomas Wilkinson came on in the place of the presiding elder, and

took the supervision of this meeting. He preached like an apostle, often falling on his knees. Wilkinson and Garret were two of the greatest and best men I ever knew. Had I the ability I would delineate their character, but must leave this for an abler hand. They were among the early pioneers of the west. What these men did and suffered for Methodism, in the west, will never be known till the books are opened at the last day. I met these men of God, at the house of a friend—dined with them—received their blessing, and took my departure.

I was now leaving my new circuit, while, as yet, I had given it no name; and, as I would have to report it at conference, it must, of necessity, have a name. I called it Wayne circuit, after General Anthony Wayne. I had taken three hundred and one members into Church this year.

I soon fell into the circuit I had traveled the year before. I met with many friends—preaching in the evenings as I went along, till I came to Talbot's meeting-house, the place where I received my license, and where I began my itinerant career. A quarterly meeting was in progress. The Rev. W. M'Kendree was present, with many of my best earthly friends. My beloved brother Joseph met me as soon as I alighted from my horse—hung on my neck, and shed many tears. He was truly a lovely man. Meeting over, I rode to my father's, where I spent a few days to comfort my father, mother, brothers and sisters, then left them for conference.



CHAPTER VI.

CLYNCH CIRCUIT—1803.

I ARRIVED at the conference Tuesday evening. This was my first attendance at an annual conference. I felt as if I had entered on new business. At my boarding-house, they directed me to a large room, up stairs. I spread out what few books I had, and engaged in my studies as usual. The conference was held in the house of Benjamin Coleman, near Cynthiana, Kentucky. Next morning I repaired to the conference-room, which was about eighteen feet square, and up stairs. I was met at the door by Mrs. Burke, wife of William Burke. She has long since gone to her reward, and he has since followed. She was an accomplished lady. I was dressed like a backwoodsman. My manners and costume were answerable to the description given of "Rhoderick Dhu," of Scotland, by Walter Scott. I was pretty much such another looking man. Mrs. Burke told me to walk up, but I hesitated—she insisted—at length I yielded—ascended the stairs, and entered the conference-room. There, for the first time, I saw the venerable Asbury, seated on a chair elevated by a small platform. He was writing—his head white as a sheet. Several of the preachers said, "Come in,



come in, brother Young." The Bishop raised his head, lifted his spectacles, and asked who I was. The Rev. W. M'Kendree told him my name. He fixed his eye upon me as if he would look me through. M'Kendree saw I was embarrassed, and told me kindly to take a seat.

Business went on, and I sat as a silent spectator. I thought they were the most interesting group of men I had ever seen. M'Kendree appeared the master-spirit of the conference. Burke, very neatly dressed, was secretary. His auburn head, keen, black eye, showed clearly he was no ordinary man.

I still remember most of the members' names—Revs. Thomas Wilkinson, John Watson, Benjamin Lakin, Samuel Doughty, John Adam Granadd, Lewis Garret, William Crutchfield, Benjamin Young, Ralph Lotspiech, Anthony Houstin, and some few more not now recollected.

These were members of the great Western conference, comprehending Kentucky, Ohio, south-western Virginia, old Tennessee, and the Mississippi territory. This year they sent missionaries to Illinois and Indiana. In a beautiful grove, a mile from Mr. Coleman's, they erected a stand and seats to accommodate a congregation. The conference adjourned every day, that the preachers might attend public services. As I was not in full connection I had no seat in conference; but I was free to go and come as I pleased. We kept up prayer meetings nearly all the time. There was a great deal of good preaching during the session,



and I have no doubt but much good was done at that time. There was an extensive revival all through Kentucky.

On Sabbath, Bishop Asbury preached one of his masterly sermons to about ten thousand listeners. This was a very solemn and profitable day.

On Tuesday I was appointed to preach. The congregation was still very large and the cross was heavy. I mounted the stand in my rough costume; every eye was fixed upon me. A lady in the congregation, with whom I afterward became acquainted, said that when she saw me rise in the pulpit she felt indignant, and said to herself, "Why do they put up that fellow to preach? he looks more suitable for mauling rails than preaching." She thought she would stay and hear me out. I sung, and prayed, and tried to preach. My voice was both strong and clear. I preached upward of two hours, and wound up with a very pleasant gale. Many of the preachers hung round me and wept, and bade me God-speed. It seemed as if the whole assembly wanted to shake hands with me. I sat long in the pulpit weeping and praising God, feeling that I should learn war no more. These were days of the Son of God with me.

Conference over, and my appointment given, I bade my loving friends a long farewell, and started in company with Samuel Dowthet. I tarried all night in Lexington; tried to preach, but was bound in spirit. This was the first real dark time I had for two years. My success at the conference had doubtless lifted me

up a little, and the Lord had measurably withdrawn to let me know my own weakness.

Next day found me at Richmond, Madison county, Kentucky. I lodged in the same house with Bishop Asbury. Early we started for the Crab Orchard wilderness, lying between Kentucky river and Powell's valley. The Bishop was in feeble health. Riding on horseback, in this hilly country, fatigued him very much. He often wished to change awhile and walk, but could not walk up hill. When he came to the top of a high hill, he would dismount, give me his horse to lead, and walk down, till we came to our stopping-place in the evening. Here we fell in with very rough company. There were plenty of whisky, and persons drinking it freely, taking the name of God in vain, and playing cards. The landlord, a low-bred man, had goodness enough to give us a room to ourselves, where we felt rather more comfortable. An old Englishman came into our room to talk with the Bishop on religion. He had a great deal to say which did not interest the Bishop much. He had long been seeking religion but never found it; but he said he had succeeded in one thing—a certain Baptist preacher had broken him off from swearing profanely. He finally left us and went into the gambling-room, where he soon began to talk very loud and swear one oath after another. The Bishop recognized his voice, arose, opened the door, and looked in. "You told me a certain Baptist preacher had broken you off from profane swearing, but I find you can lie and



swear both." They all quailed under his reproof. The Englishman came to him, crying, "Ah, Bishop Asbury, pardon me if you please, sir!" The Bishop told him he had better ask pardon of his God—gave him suitable instruction, and left him. The house became very quiet; we had an early supper, which, being ended, the Bishop called them all into our room, read a chapter, gave them a short lecture, sung a hymn, and prayed. We then went to bed, rested well through the night, rose early, and began to prepare for our journey. The Bishop continued long on his knees, and just as he rose from his devotions the landlord came in with a bottle and glass. "Mr. Asbury, will you take a little whisky this morning?" The Bishop replied in the negative, adding, "I make no use of the devil's tea." We mounted our horses, rode hard all day, and in the evening we stopped with a gentleman by the name of Ballinger. He was really a gentleman, and his wife was a lady.

The landlord expressed considerable anxiety to have a circuit formed. The Bishop asked me if I would be willing to undertake the task. I told him I was at his service. He then replied to Ballinger, "We will try to accommodate you." Each one was to do his part. The Bishop was to supply my place with a preacher, in the spring, on Clynch circuit. I was to come on and form the circuit as best I could by the providence of God, and Ballinger's house was to be the nucleus around which I was to arrange my plan of operation.



We staid all night with the kind family, and breakfasted with them, next morning. The Bishop read the word of God to us, lectured on the same, prayed for them, and we departed in fine spirits. A few hours' ride brought us to Cumberland Gap. Here we parted—the Bishop and brother Dowthet took the North Carolina road, I turned up Powell's valley. The Bishop got off his horse while he gave me the parting blessing. His last words were, "Pray as often as you eat and sleep, and you will do well."

I now traveled on alone, and in the evening put up at a public house. The landlord appeared like a decent man; but I soon found his house was a place of dancing, gambling, and drinking. I concluded to make the best I could of my circumstances—became quite cheerful, talked fluently, told him my business, and asked him what he thought of my prospects through the country where I was going. He gave me all the encouragement he could and some good advice. Although he was not religious, he was a man of good sense. He brought his large Bible and proposed worship before I retired to rest. I slept but little that night.

The inhabitants of this valley were, for the most part, desperate characters. They dressed alike and looked alike, so that if a person of observation had met one of them in New York he would have known they belonged to Powell's valley. They wore short hunting-shirts, leather belt round the waist, shot-pouch, powder-horn, rifle gun, and had a big dog fol-



lowing closely behind. It is said they watched the road leading from old Virginia to Kentucky, and when they saw emigrants going on to the above-named place they changed their costume, dressed like Indians, by a near route through the mountains passed ahead of the travelers, watched them till they pitched their tents and were all asleep, then fell upon them, murdered them, and took their money.

I will here give one case which will illustrate all the rest. There was a spot in that wilderness known by the name of Hazel Patch, where travelers stopped at night. At a certain time—date I do not recollect—a large company of wealthy Virginians started for Kentucky to buy and take up lands. They were well armed and equipped to defend themselves, put up at the place, pitched their tents, placed their sentinels, and went to sleep. Some time in the night they were attacked by a party of—as they thought—Indians; it was generally believed they were Powell's valley men. The Virginians defended themselves in a masterly manner. It was said the conflict was long and severe; but the Virginians were all killed with the exception of one, and many thought he turned traitor. Two facts led the public mind to this conclusion: First—he was very poor when he joined the company; after that he became immensely wealthy, buying farm after farm. Secondly—he could give no rational account of his escape. He said, when the Indians had killed all the rest he walked off quietly, and they let him alone.

I felt as a stranger in a strange land. I had to travel one hundred miles among these people, and I looked back with mournful joy, and pleasant grief, on the good circuit I had left behind.

I had some imperfect knowledge of what I had passed through, but what lay before me I knew not. I arose very early, and before daylight, I was on my way, ate but little, slept but little, till I arrived at my circuit, on Saturday, about noon.

I came into a settlement called Rye Cove, which took its name from the abundance of wild rye growing there. I put up with Esquire Gibson, a man of intelligence, piety, and sociability. Looking over my plan, I found my circuit to be an odd-shaped concern, lying between two mountains—Clynch and Cumberland—upward of a hundred and fifty miles in length, and not more than twenty-five in breadth.

This Clynch mountain was a curiosity; first, it was very long, taking its rise near the ridge that divides Holston and New rivers, and running all the way till it came near to a junction of Holston and Tennessee; in the second place, it is an exceedingly high mountain, distinguished from all others by a great number of sharp peaks. Although it lies in a southern climate, it is a very cold mountain. I have often seen its summit covered with snow, while vegetation was flourishing at its base. On my plan of this circuit, I had about thirty appointments. From Rye Cove, I went to Stallard's, on the ford of Clynch river. Here I found trouble



on hand. Two local preachers had been expelled, and were making fearful inroads in the society. I preached, and regulated the concerns of the Church in the best manner I could, and left them in the hands of their Maker, and, turning my course to the south, came to Mocasson Gap. This was a natural curiosity—a large creek, running directly through the high mountain I have just described. The source of the creek was on the north side of the mountain, which run parallel to the Clynch river for some miles, then turned short to the south and emptied into Holston river.

Here I found a large society of Methodists. The most of them of the name of Lynn. They lived in very small houses, cultivated poor land, burned pine knots, and lived poor. They were very pleasant, and I enjoyed myself among them.

I shall satisfy myself with giving a mere outline of this circuit. I made my way, as best I could, to Russell court-house, preaching in several neighborhoods as I passed along; found many pleasant people, and had delightful meetings. Within about five miles of the court-house, I found a large society of intelligent and pious people. I could have taken up my abode here with great pleasure, but duty called me, and I must go. I found no society at the court-house, and very few people lived there.

From this place I went to Henry Dickenson's, who was a distinguished man in that country. I became acquainted with the Ellingtons, one of

whom afterward became a traveling preacher; traveled a few years, married in Fairfield county, Ohio, near Rushville; then emigrated to Georgia, where he ended his days.

From Dickenson's, I rode to a place called Elk Garden, where I found a very large society of Methodists, of the very best sort. Mr. Price, the principal man, was dead before I went there, but his widow and a large family of sons and daughters remained, and I could form some idea what kind of a man he was—a self-taught, practical man; and, after all that is said about refinement and education, these are the most efficient men in the world.

Another distinguished man was Mr. Browning, he had a large family, and trained them well. He was a man of considerable wealth, and his influence was great both in state and Church affairs. He was a strong, practical, matter-of-fact man. I will give one illustration of his character: A lawyer Smith was in the habit of putting up with him in going to and from Russel court-house. This Smith was a man of great wit, and very fond of displaying it by criticising religious people, especially by making sarcastic remarks on the sermons of the ministers and prayers of the faithful. On one occasion he was teasing Browning about his unskillful ministers and ignorant members. Browning having borne his sallies of mirth and humor, as he thought, at least, long enough, determined to test Smith's skill in preaching and praying. One day, in friendly con-

ersation, he said, "Mr. Smith, you appear to be
well skilled in theology; I suppose if you were to
attempt to preach or pray, we should have something
like perfection." Smith replied, "He would be very
sorry if he could not perform a great deal better
than some he had heard." Browning said no more.
Smith was full of hilarity, not knowing the trial
awaiting him. Supper over, the family was pleas-
antly situated in the parlor. The old gentleman
laid his Bible on the stand, and with a great deal
of solemnity, said, "Squire Smith, will you attend
to prayers?" Smith looked as if he was "sent
for and could not go." It was as much as the
young people could do to command their risibles.
There sat the dignified lawyer with his head in his
hands. The family waited a long time. The Squire
made no move toward the stand, and, I suppose,
Browning was too full of mischief to pray himself.
A poor man, very shabby in his appearance, was
working for Browning, and Mr. Browning said,
"Brother Reeve, will you go to prayer?" Reeve
dropped on his knees. He was a man of deep piety,
and gifted. The force of his prayer was felt by all,
but by Smith more than any other. He retired to
rest, but rose early, and before prayer-time made
his escape. He told some of his friends at the
court-house that he never had heard such a prayer.

I spent several days here, and moved toward
Tazwell court-house. I preached several times on
my way, among the Garrisons, Hickumbottoms, an

Youngs. They received me as the Lord's messenger. Mr. Whitten lived here, who afterward became the father-in-law of Rev. James Quinn. He was quite a gentlemanly man in his appearance and manners. He invited me to go home with him, and, when I reached the house, I was surprised to find he had a large family, for I thought him but a youth. His family was one of the most pleasant I ever met with. He was reared near the city of Baltimore, and emigrated to this country at an early day. He became a very extensive landholder, and, entering largely into the stock business, accumulated much wealth. This settlement was near Clynch river. The neighborhood was made principally of the two families, Whitten and Ligsel. They were pleasant people, and nearly all became Methodists. Here Heaven smiled upon me. I was strongly solicited to give up traveling, and settle down. My natural inclination led me to comply. I suppose I would have secured a great amount of earthly happiness, but the providence of God and the dictates of the Holy Ghost suffered me to assume no such responsibility.

I passed over the dividing ridge between the waters of the Tennessee and Ohio. I went down a stream called Blue Stone, formed several societies, and saw some happy days. I recrossed the dividing ridge, went down the valley of Clynch about a hundred miles, preaching in a great many places as I went along, night and day, till I came to my starting-place, Rye Cove. I went up this valley in the



same manner as described before. When I came to Mr. Whitten's, my quarterly meeting came on. I met with my presiding elder, Rev. John Watson, Rev. Thomas Milligan, and Dr. Jeptha Moore.

These were all distinguished men. Watson was not a great preacher, but was an excellent Church officer, possessing a great amount of sanctified wit, and he knew how to use it to advantage. Milligan was a man of strong mind, but lacked cultivation—notwithstanding, he was an able minister of the New Testament. Moore was truly a great man, and an eloquent pulpit orator. He entered the ministry in early life, and was one of the first colleagues of Thomas Scott, of Chillicothe. He traveled a few years with great success, then located, and went into the practice of physic. He lived long, and, notwithstanding all that the Lord had done for him, his sun went down partially under a cloud. When a man is divinely called and put into the ministry, it is a dangerous thing for him to leave the Lord's work to accumulate riches or worldly honor.

Brother Watson preached on Saturday morning; brother Milligan on Saturday night; Dr. Moore on Sabbath morning, at 11 o'clock. They all had great freedom of speech in preaching the word of the Lord. Our quarterly conference was pleasant; a delightful love-feast after the 11 o'clock services. They left me alone to manage the meeting as well as I could. The Lord was with us in the outpouring of his Spirit, and I expect to see the fruits of that quarterly meet-

ing in the day of eternity. I performed four rounds on this lovely circuit, and these were among the happiest months of my long life. I loved the people, and they loved me. God gave me souls for my hire, and added seals to my ministry.

I took a kind of missionary tour out on New river, more properly called great Kanawha. I was out several days, tried to preach several sermons, delivered many exhortations, had good success, and returned to my circuit under a shouting latitude. I felt like proclaiming salvation to the ends of the earth, and then flying away to heaven.

On this circuit, I first met the curious, eccentric, and talented Lorenzo Dow. I heard him preach a number of sermons, and spent several days in his company. His preaching and his private conversations were rendered a lasting blessing to my soul. Whatever Dow may have been in the latter part of his life, at that time he was truly a man of God. He appeared to read, to think, and pray under the influence of the Holy Ghost. At that time, I believe he thought he was under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit in every thing he did. I met him several years after, on the banks of the Mississippi; but, O, how changed!

On my fifth round, Rev. Joab Watson was sent from North Carolina to take my place on Clynch circuit. I was to go into the wilderness, between Powell's valley and Crab Orchard, Ky. This arrangement was made on my way from conference to



Clynch circuit, by Bishop Asbury. The elder entered his protest against my leaving the district, alleging that the Bishop had no right to remove me without his consent. I submitted to his decision, and have never been sorry but once, and that was from that day to this. According to our economy, the Bishop *had* the right, and, I believe, I sustained a heavy loss by not going. Watson took the charge, and the presiding elder did not tell me where to go. I kept on with Watson, preaching by turns, and the Lord worked with us, confirming the word with signs following. We became so united that we were loth to part.

Though I had great peace and general prosperity on this circuit, yet I met with some great and severe trials. One I will mention, as a specimen. At a certain time, the elder passed through my circuit, and preached for me. We went home with a brother to pass the night. Supper being ended, we sat down to converse around a comfortable fire. The man of the house soon began to inquire after my predecessor. I believe the elder told him he was well and doing well. He then said, with great emphasis, "I wish we had him here again, for brother Young is doing no good, and I don't believe he will do any." He went on to say a great many hard things. I made no reply or defense. He and the elder talked over the matter till, I suppose, they became tired. At the usual time, we went to bed, but I had a sleepless night. The morning came, and I thought the elder

treated me very coolly. We left, after breakfast, and went on to another appointment. I discovered that the conversation of the brother had made a deep impression on his mind. As the elder knew but little of me, I began to look out for breakers, but I resolved still to keep my cause in the hands of God, to pray, read, study, and preach in the best manner I could. I suppose Esq. Gibson, the principal man in that neighborhood, and other good men, heard what this man had said to the presiding elder; for they showed me greater friendship than heretofore. My ministry was more blessed in the vicinity.

But I had another hard trial to encounter. Two men had been expelled from the Church a year or two before—one a local preacher, the other an exhorter. They were at this time bitter toward the Methodist Church, trying to make fearful inroads in the society. Their theme was baptism by immersion, and they were drawing off a goodly number of the Church members. I thought it my duty to encounter them. Though I was very deficient in point of information on that subject, I thought it would not do to let the good cause suffer in my hands. My mind ran back to young David and his sling and pebbles, with which he encountered the giant of Gath, and obtained the victory. I took courage and resolved to meet my antagonists. I studied the subject well for four weeks, and when I came again to that preaching-place, I found a large congregation assembled; for I had given notice before, that on this day,



I would preach on baptism. My opponents were both present, prepared, as I suppose, to encounter me. I arose and preached three hours without any intermission—talked very fast and very loud. Then my antagonist replied at full length. I gave an exhortation after he had sat down, and prayed, and closed the meeting. The people went silently away. Which gained his point, I can not tell; but we had no more trouble on the subject of water baptism from that quarter.

I will mention one more. Near Tazwell court-house there lived a very respectable man, a member and an elder in the Presbyterian Church—a man extensively read in theology and many other subjects His wife was very pious and intelligent. They invited me to preach in their house, as they had no minister. As I passed by their habitation several times in my rounds, I frequently called and preached evenings. They received me cordially, and we had good meetings. It came into my mind that I ought to preach a sermon against Calvinism, when I had a very large congregation a little north of the court-house. My Presbyterian friends and many others were present.

My Presbyterian friends, with others, became offended, among whom was Mr. George and his wife. He was a respectable merchant in Tazwell. Their influence was great, and they became my bitter enemies. Many of the Methodists were grieved—they thought I had done wrong in stirring up a spirit

of controversy when they were all living in peace and harmony. This gave encouragement to the ungodly; they threatened to lay hands upon me and beat me severely.

Next week I was preaching in a private house not far from the same place, and the house was very much crowded. Two of these ruffians entered just after I had read my text, and as they could not reach my stand without interruption, one of them pressed through, pushing men and women aside till he came near enough to lay his hand upon me. The congregation expected to see a fight, or to see him beat me. The best way to keep a lion from pouncing on you is to keep your eye fixed right on his eye. I saw his courage failed him, and he took his seat. I did not intend or wish to disgrace my ministry, but I knew if it came to the worst, I had nothing to fear for personal safety. A man that will lay violent hands on a minister of the Gospel is always cowardly. When they see a preacher possessed of physical power to defend himself, they rarely proceed farther than threats and vapor.

Another of the same kind became offended at one of our revivals. He was behaving rudely while the work was going on, and I reproved him. He declared he would *beat* me the next day. He, with his brother, came to Mr. James Whitten's early in the morning, with an intent, doubtless, to carry his threats into effect. Mrs. Whitten being a woman of great influence and authority, took the matter in her own hands



before I came in. I suppose she whipped him with more severity with her tongue than he could me with his fists.

Although there were some very respectable families, at an early day settled in this valley, the great majority of the first settlers were of the lowest class. They were rough in their manners and rough in their appearance. They had but few schools and brought up their children in gross ignorance; and as they had neither law nor Gospel in many neighborhoods, they became desperately wicked, and addicted to mean, low, vulgar vices. Horse-stealing was the prevailing vice in that country. It was found impossible to bring the offenders to justice, as they were harbored by families living along under the peaks of the mountains.

I will give one example to illustrate the rest. A man came into the valley, stole two very valuable horses, and went over into North Carolina. He was followed by one of the citizens, who recovered the horses and brought them home. The thief followed, and the next week hired himself to work for a farmer near Russel court-house. A few nights after he came there, he took a large and valuable stallion out of the stable and went off. The owner of the horse took a couple of his trusty neighbors, armed themselves with rifles, and pursued him. The second day, they found him in a deep, dark ravine. He had tied his horse to a sapling, and was shelling corn with all his might—his gun loaded and standing by a tree,

and he almost ready to take his departure. So soon as the men showed themselves, he sprang behind a tree, or, in their language, "he treed himself." His pursuers all stepped behind trees, having their fingers on the triggers of their rifles, waiting till they might see some part of his body. After some time he made an attempt to look, and in so doing he leaned his body a little. One of the men fired and shot him through the hips. He fell to the ground. The other two men walked up to him, put the muzzles of their guns to his head and blew out his brains, leaving him to rot on the ground, and then took their horse and returned home.

This practice of horse-stealing became intolerable; and as they could not bring the law of the land to bear upon them, they resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and to drive horse-thieves and those that harbored them out of the country entirely. A Captain Bolin, a man of respectability, united with thirty more, pretty much like himself, to enforce "Lynch-law" throughout the country, and mutually bound themselves, if suit was brought, to meet the costs. They passed through the land, and took hold of every man that was strongly suspected of harboring horse-thieves, and gave him thirty lashes, pretty well laid on. They then gave him eight or ten days to leave the country.

One very cold night, I lodged in a very small cabin on the waters of Blue Stone. Long before day I heard some one rap at the door; I opened,

and a man entered, with a woman and three children. I was surprised to find a man traveling with a woman and children. I stirred up the fire, and told them to come near and warm themselves. I asked the man why he was out such a desperate night; he told me that Bolin had been at his house, and whipped him almost to death, and he expected the next time they would kill him, although he was as clear of harboring horse-thieves as Bolin was. I thought that might be true, but did not believe it. Bolin and his company had done their work effectually; for I never heard of any horse-stealing in that country from that day to this.

Two or three years before I went on that circuit, they had a great revival under the pious labors of the Rev. Ezekiel Burdyne, and many of those ignorant and wicked men and women professed to become converted. As might be expected, they became great enthusiasts, and very superstitious in their notions—looking for miracles and things out of the common order. They expected God to tell them every thing that they ought to do.

I will give one specimen, and let that suffice for all: A class-leader became dissatisfied with the baptism he received when he was an infant, and began to think he ought to be baptized by immersion; he talked to the preachers and to the brethren, but concluded he would lay it before the Lord. One morning he arose early and went upon the mountain, and continued in prayer till late in the afternoon.



But before sundown, the family heard him crying at the top of his voice, and he came down from the mountain, in full speed, crying, "Baptism, baptism, baptism by immersion." He thought he had received the revelation right from heaven; others thought so too, and away they went and were immersed—then they felt that all was well.

But notwithstanding their enthusiasm and ignorance, many of them were pious people. I was often informed by the preachers that they were doing well. I suppose that at this time they are nearly all dead, and I have a pleasing hope that I shall meet many of them in heaven.

Here I take my leave of Clynch circuit. The authoritative letter came; and being a law-abiding man, I gathered up my little affairs, and bade them a long and final farewell.



CHAPTER VII.

HOLSTON CIRCUIT—1804.

I WENT on to Holston circuit—found it in a poor condition. I was again in the midst of strangers, and, after leaving so many warm-hearted friends, I felt cast down, but not in despair. I had made two visits within the bounds of that circuit, and, as a matter of course, I went to those places where I had formed short acquaintances. I spent several days in the family of Widow Russel. She was a distinguished lady in that country. She had been married twice: first, to General Campbell, then to General Russel; but what distinguished her most was that she was sister to Patrick Henry. She was eloquent, like her brother; a woman of exemplary piety and great zeal. She had three daughters—one, Miss Campbell, two Miss Russels. The family were converted to God under the influence of the venerable Asbury. In the General's day, they were burning and shining lights in the Church, both in life and in death.

Miss Campbell was married to Colonel Preston, a man of great wealth and splendid talents, but a skeptic. One circumstance which took place after their marriage is worth relating. After he had married the pious Sally Campbell, and taken her to

his magnificent mansion, they must give a large party, and Madam Russel—as she was called—must needs be there. The aristocracy were collected and every thing was in the first style, and, to use their own expression, there was "a great flow of soul." The evening spent, the guests began to retire. Madam Russel thought it would not do to part without prayer. She ordered the Bible to be laid on the stand, and then, with great solemnity, rose to her feet. "Colonel Preston, go to prayer!" Poor Preston! He thought it would never do to disobey his mother-in-law. Being a fine scholar, he took a new Bible, read a chapter eloquently, and, to the surprise of all, kneeled down and made, they said, an excellent prayer—after which the company dispersed.

Mrs. Russel and her daughters saw that I was young and bashful, and they gave me great attention. One of the Miss Russels married lawyer Smith, of whom I have spoken previously. He was as polite as a Frenchman, and treated the young preacher with his usual etiquette. Mrs. Russel had some writing to do, and she insisted on my doing it for her. This was to me a great cross; I was a poor scholar, and but a poor scribe. I knew it would have to meet the scrutiny of Esquire Smith and the ladies. But they examined it, and pronounced it very good.

I was now in the neighborhood of King's salt works, Washington county, Virginia. Salt-making was a lucrative business in that country at that day—salt selling for two dollars per bushel. Mr. King



had accumulated a vast fortune. Colonel Preston had as good a well as King, but the latter gave Preston twelve hundred dollars a year to remain idle, so that he might have the whole trade. I was informed by the old settlers that King was a very poor man when he came to this country. He was from Ireland, and followed peddling for a living.

One circumstance, related to me by an old gentleman, I shall never forget. The first time Mr. King passed along, he was driving before him a little sorrel mare with a pretty heavy load of goods on her back. She sunk down into the mire. He ran up to a farm-house to get help. Seeing a gentleman in the yard, he addressed him in true Irish style, "Hev ye a mattock by which ye can dig out my mare out of the mire?" The man lent him a mattock, and he, having extricated his mare, went on his journey. Let this pass. Mr. King became rich, and did it by minding his own business. As far as I know he was, throughout the great western country, regarded as an honorable and useful man.

As I had no plan I remained in and about this place several days, preached in Union meeting-house, and with private families in the evenings. I became acquainted with General Tate and his lovely family. He was uncle to David Young. The neighborhood was then under a revival influence, and all went on pleasantly. I obtained my plan and left reluctantly; but I thought that, in the course of four weeks, I should return again. In this I was disappointed. I

received a letter from the presiding elder to go on to Knowlechucke circuit and supply the place of brother Johnson, who had been taken sick. As there were two preachers on Holston and only one on Knowlechucke, it was thought best not to leave it destitute, and I was sent to fill the vacancy. I came to Jonesboro, within the bounds of my new circuit, Saturday evening, May, 1804.

General conference was sitting in Baltimore, and my presiding elder had gone to attend it. About the first Sabbath in May I preached in Ragon's meeting-house, not far from Jonesboro. This chapel was built on the land of Mr. Ragon, one of the first converts to Methodism in old Virginia, who had moved, with a numerous family, within the bounds of east Tennessee. He was a man of wealth, and his family was very pious and intelligent. Three of their daughters were married to ministers—one to Rev. Jeptha Moore, another to George Wells, a man of talents and usefulness. These two amiable ladies died early, leaving their husbands and numerous friends to lament their loss. The third daughter married the Rev. Mr. Harrison, local preacher, and teacher in the academy at Jonesboro. Harrison was a good scholar, and a man of piety and fine preaching abilities. I esteemed the Ragon family for their work's sake; and this regard was reciprocated. An extensive revival influence was now working its way, having begun under the labors of the pious John Adam Granadd. This pious brother embraced religion when young in the interior of old



Virginia. In a short time, being led away by a gay community, he backslid. His person was large, beautiful, and commanding; his mind highly cultivated; and possessing, by nature, a great amount of practical wit, he had the advantage of other men for several years. To use the language of Dr. Young, "He reeled through a wilderness of joy, and endeavored to inebriate at fair fortune's fountain head." To use my own language, he luxuriated in all the pleasures of life as far as his circumstances would permit him; but having once tasted the consolations of religion, these worldly pleasures never could satisfy his immortal thirst. In the midst of his popularity he saw that he was most miserable; he knew that he had been a Christian; he knew that he had sinned willfully against God with a high hand; he took a view of the criminality of his course, and drew the worst conclusion; namely, that he had sinned against the Holy Ghost. His soul became horrified, and he sunk into dark despair, and remained so for five dreadful years. In this state of mind he left Virginia and wandered into what is called middle Tennessee. As far as possible he forsook human society, spending the most of his time among the large cane-brakes along the Cumberland river; sometimes, nearly starved to death. He mourned like the dove and chattered like the swallow. Kind friends would find him in the cane-brakes and take him to their houses, and keep him as long as they could; then he would wander away again till he was reduced to a mere skeleton. His bright

intellect appeared like an expiring lamp. Yet all this time he never gave up praying.

This interresting and painful narrative I learned from his own mouth, many years after he was restored.

About this time the great western revival of religion began near Nashville, which gave rise to camp meetings. The Presbyterians and Methodists were particularly instrumental in this revival, which spread a hallowed influence through the United States. Mr. Granadd was induced to attend one of these camp meetings. He remained two days in bitter agony, and the second morning, between midnight and day, God had mercy upon him, and pardoned all his sins. He at once received the witness of the Holy Spirit that he was a child of God, and because he was his son, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father. On that happy morning he composed one of his finest hymns, singing,

> "My dungeon shook, my chains fell off,
> Glory to God! I cried."

Being reclaimed, he, like Saul of Tarsus, conferred not with flesh and blood, but commenced preaching the next week. He joined the conference, and traveled four years, and God owned his labors above those of any other man in that part of the world. He preached nearly every day; and it was nothing uncommon for him to have from five hundred to a thousand hearers on a week-day appointment. He

generally began his meeting about 11 o'clock, A. M., and held till 11 o'clock, P. M., with very little intermission. I have neither space nor ability to give the world a correct account of the life and times of John Adam Granadd. He was a sanctified Christian, an able minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, a spiritual poet; but he soon wore himself out in his Master's work. When he could no longer travel or preach, he took a location, settled down in a little log-cabin, and, in a short time, died in peace.

Now I will return to my narrative. I spent three months of great prosperity on this circuit, and became acquainted with more good people than in almost any place I ever traveled. I will name a few with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. The family of Ernests: The old gentleman was from Germany, and owned large possessions on both sides of the Knowlechucke river. Like many Germans, he had a well-balanced mind, and an honest heart. He was blessed with a pious German wife, and, to all appearance, they walked together in all the ordinances of God's house without blame. They reared a large family. Both sons and daughters followed the examples of their father and mother. Their oldest son, Felix, was a Methodist preacher. The happy seasons I enjoyed with this godly family are not yet forgotten.

I formed a very happy acquaintance with the family of Judge Paine, who lived in the suburbs of Jonesboro. The Judge was a man of strong mind and

a good heart; his wife was a true specimen of southern ladies. The children were pleasant, gay, and sprightly; but pious Hannah was the star of that family.

The Rev. Mr. Cosson was a native of old England, brought up in the school of Lady Huntingdon, and trained in early life by Fletcher and Benson. He was well acquainted with Whitefield and Wesley, and used to relate many anecdotes of these great and good men. Fletcher was his favorite. After he came to America, he joined the Presbyterians. Mrs. Cosson—sister to Mrs. Hardin, consort of Gen. John Hardin, of Kentucky—was a professor of religion, a gay and sprightly member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but very unlike her sister Hardin. They reared a large family of daughters, well trained, of fine manners, and of great beauty.

In 1804, I first witnessed that strange exercise—the *jerks;* although I had heard much about it a few months previous. It prevailed, to a great extent, on every part of this circuit; but was more common among the Presbyterians than any other people. It was, however, no respecter of persons. Some of all denominations, and all classes in society, became its subjects. I will give a few instances. A Rev. Mr. Doke, a Presbyterian clergyman, of good standing, having charge of a congregation in the neighborhood of Jonesboro, was the first man of eminence, in this region, that came under its influence. It alarmed his family and congregation. The affection would often seize him in the pulpit, with so much severity, that a

spectator might fear it would break his neck, or dislocate his joints. He would laugh immoderately, stand and halloo at the top of his voice, finally leap from the pulpit and run to the woods, screaming like a crazy man. When the exercise was over, he would return to the Church as rational and as calm as ever. Sometimes, at hotels, it would visit persons, and cause them, in the very act of raising the glass to their lips, to jerk and throw the liquor to the ceiling, to the merriment of some and the alarm of others. I have often seen the ladies take it at the breakfast table, as they were pouring tea or coffee. They would throw the whole up toward the ceiling, and sometimes break both cup and saucer. They would then leave the table in great haste, their long suits of braided hair hanging down their backs, at times, cracking like a whip. For a time, it was the topic of conversation, public and private, both in and out of the Church. Various opinions prevailed. Some said it was the work of the devil, and strove against it. Sometimes it almost took their lives.

A young gentleman, for instance, some years before the jerks, and before his conversion, had been a dancing-master. He joined the conference, and was stationed on this circuit. When he came on, the jerks were at their hight. He said it was the work of the devil, and he was determined to preach it out of the Methodist Church. He commenced the work with great zeal and high expectations, but, before he had gone once round, he took the jerks, or they took

him. Whenever he began, he would say, "Ah, yes; O, no." At every jerk, he began to use his hands and arms as if he were playing the fiddle. One morning, being seized as he was going to his appointment, he let go his bridle, and the horse ran off, till he came to a gate. The rider dismounted, laying hold of the yard palings to steady himself; but, not being securely fastened, the palings gave way. The lady of the house came to the door, to see what was the matter. This mortified him more. He attempted to hide himself by running into the orchard, his long gown-tail flying in the wind. This attracted the attention of some hounds lying in the yard, and they took after him. Being afraid of dogs, he turned, and went into the house; then, running up stairs, he jumped into bed, and lay there till the fit was over. His proud heart would not submit, and the disease, as he called it, grew worse and worse. He gave up the circuit and retired, and his sun went down under a cloud. Poor man! I loved him. The enthusiastic part of community courted it, and often declared it to be the power of God unto salvation. It did them no kind of harm. They were happy when they had it, and happy when it passed off. The wise ones of the day, such as William M'Kendree and Thomas Wilkinson, said but little about it; but preached, exhorted, and prayed as though it was not in the country.

I attended a camp meeting at Carter's station, at which about ten thousand people assembled. A long controversy had been going on between the Presby-

terians and Methodists. The Presbyterians used to say some bitter things about their Methodist neighbors, calling them hypocrites, and saying they could refrain from shouting if they would. They were the aristocracy, and we the poor people. On Monday morning, I preached. I was preceded by the venerable Van Pelt, who, having preached a short and pithy sermon, sat down, with the congregation bathed in tears. There was no appearance of jerks. I took the stand like most of men who know but little and fear nothing, and undertook to account for the jerks. The preachers behind me looked as if they were alarmed, the audience seemed astonished at the young man. I viewed it as a judgment on that wicked community. This led me to take a compendious view of nations, to show that God's providence was just, as well as merciful. Though he bore long, his judgments were sure to come.

My next proposition was, the great wickedness of the American people. Here I took occasion to enlarge on an intolerant spirit and religious bigotry, and that middle Tennessee had gone as far as any other part of the United States, in that unchristian practice. I took occasion to dwell on the rise and progress of Methodism in that country, and the cruel persecution its professors had met from their neighbors. I quoted their taunting language, "How the Methodists are a pack of hypocrites, and could refrain from shouting if they would." I made a pause, then exclaimed, at the top of my voice, "Do you leave off jerking, if

you can." It was thought more than five hundred commenced jumping, shouting, and jerking. There was no more preaching that day. One good old mother in Israel, admonished me and said, "I had just done it in order to set them to jerking."

The summer passed away in great delight; and, I humbly trust, with some degree of profit, both to my own soul and to my congregation. It was in my heart to live and die with this good people; but, early in September, the voice of Providence called, and I obeyed—bidding them a long and final farewell.



CHAPTER VIII.

MARIETTA CIRCUIT—1805.

DURING the past year, I had been afflicted with a very painful disease, also severe pain in my breast, burning in the palms of my hands, and soles of my feet, and copious night-sweats. These afflictions, I apprehended, were brought on by my incessant labors, on Wayne circuit. I crossed the Clynch mountain, and assisted Samuel Dowthet to hold a two days' meeting in Powell's valley. Here I met my presiding elder, and other brethren on their way to conference—passed Cumberland Gap, where I parted with Asbury eleven months before. This gave rise to a train of grave reflections. I thought on the many sermons I had preached—the many books I had read—the many thousand prayers I had offered both publicly and in private—the prosperity attending my ministerial labors, and the kind treatment I had received from the Lord's children. This was, to me, truly an eventful year. I had had some trials and conflicts; but, when viewed with reference to the goodness of God toward me, they were not worth mentioning.

I arrived in safety to where the conference was to sit. The providence of God toward me seemed to undergo a wonderful change. I passed under a dense

cloud. Very many things transpired to depress my spirits. They appointed me to preach the first sermon, at the opening of conference. I had been so happy in that place, the year before, that the expectations of the preachers and people were raised; they came out expecting to hear some good, if not great, things. But I was greatly embarrassed—my sermon disgraced me, and mortified my friends. I retired to my lodgings, and bore my grief in the best manner I could.

Another thing cast me down still more—we heard that Bishop Asbury was sick—lying at Captain Beck's, Brooks county, Virginia—and, it was thought he, by that time, was dead. We came together like sheep without a shepherd. We took our seats, looking wistfully at each other, not knowing what to do. At length the Rev. William Burke broke silence, saying, "We must elect a president, by ballot, to fill the chair." All agreed; and, the votes being counted, William M'Kendree was found to be elected without one dissenting voice. He wept freely, for some time, then arose and took the chair. Young Burke was elected secretary, and business began. Conference was organized, and proceeding smoothly, when bad news reached me. My brother Benjamin, who was then a missionary, in Illinois—had fallen into some improprieties, though nothing worthy of expulsion, or even of great censure, was brought against him. His conviction being keen and piercing, he deeply repented his follies. M'Kendree, not having



a favorable opinion of him, took a very strong view of his imprudences, and thought he had been guilty of immoral conduct. He was, accordingly, expelled from the Church—as I thought then, and think now—most cruelly. I was strengthened in my opinion the next year. Bishop Asbury being then present, gave it as his opinion, that Benjamin had been wrongfully expelled, and made an attempt to have the case reconsidered, but was overruled by the conference. Brother M'Kendree afterward went to Illinois, where my brother then lived, in a backslidden state. He was reclaimed under M'Kendree's preaching, who took him into the Church, and, I believe, had his parchments restored.

This circumstance of my brother's expulsion deeply affected my health, and shook my confidence in Methodism. I was strongly tempted to leave the conference. But I kept my mind to myself, and determined to have no counselor save my heavenly Father. Such men as Samuel Parker, Joab Watson, Lewis Garret, and James Quinn clustered around me, in order to administer comfort in woe. But I refused to converse with them on the subject. I had put my hand to the Gospel plow, and if I should look back I would not be fit for the kingdom of heaven. I resolved, if thousands should fall at my side, and ten thousand at my right hand, the Most High should be my habitation, his truth should be my shield and buckler. My poor heart has been like the needle to the loadstone from that day to this.

Before conference was over, I was attacked with typhoid fever. I applied to Dr. Hynes for medical aid, and he gave me no relief. Notwithstanding all my afflictions of body and mind, this was a glorious conference. We had a revival every night in my boarding-house. Dr. Hynes' two daughters were converted. I had fever every day, but was still able to work at night, and do my full part in carrying on the prayer meetings. I was appointed, this year, to the Marietta circuit. The morning after conference closed, I set out, in company with James Quinn, Joseph Williams, and others. I was riding a beautiful white horse. He carried me as easy as if I had been in a rocking chair. If he had not been a good animal, I never should have reached my destination. I called him Pilgrim. Although I was a very sick man, I traveled upward of thirty miles, with a burning fever, the first day. I put up with a very kind family. The old lady and daughter treated me with unbounded attention, did all they could to cool my fever and get me to sleep. It was all in vain. There must needs be preaching that night. Brother Quinn preached in the same room where I lay. The house being crowded, increased my fever. I became quite deranged, and thought brother Quinn was intending to preach all night. The congregation having dispersed, the girls sat by my bedside till my fever abated, and I fell asleep. The next morning, they nourished me as well as they could.

At an early hour we left the widow Barnes's, rode



to Maysville, and put up with John Armstrong, who received us as the Lord's messengers. Being sick they prevailed upon me to take a glass of wine, which increased my fever, doing me much injury. Dinner being ready I could not eat, and in the afternoon we pursued our journey. We crossed the Ohio in a ferry-boat, and were insulted and interrupted by a negro. Journeying toward the east we tarried, that night, with Mr. Brown; met with kind treatment, great attention being paid the sick man. We reached Governor Tiffin's. I thought he treated me rather rudely. Perhaps he thought I was an ignorant young man, and not worthy. Brother Quinn told him I was very sick, and he gave me some pills. Mrs. Tiffin came in, and I found her to be a mother in Israel. If I had been her own son, she could not have paid me more attention.

I suffered much through the night—arose early, parted with my brethren, Quinn and Williams, and went on my way alone. I made a large day's ride—put up with Jeremiah Spurgeon, in New Lancaster, where I tarried two days. Mr. Spurgeon, was a local preacher, and then out on his Master's business. I thought his wife and hired girl became tired of me, and when, on the third morning I left, Mr. Spurgeon did not ask me to stay longer. I made my way to old Edward Seals, who was a special friend of my father. I spent two or three days with them—was no better, and left and went to Rev. Nimrod Bright's. Here I spent the Sabbath and tried to preach, and

on Monday I was much worse, being unable to procure medical aid in this place. I started for Marietta. This day I reached the Falls of the great Hockhocking river, and tarried all night with a poor family in a little log-cabin. Poor dried venison, dried pumpkin, and corn-bread, were my diet. I lay on a hard bed, my fever ran high, and I was a good deal deranged. I left early—rode twenty miles, and stopped to feed my horse at a kind of public house. They gave me dried venison, dried pumpkin, and corn-bread. But I could not eat. I rode about fifteen miles on the old Marietta trace, put up at night in a little log-cabin, with a man by the name of Woodbury. My health being a little improved I consented to preach. I read the next day, rested, and in the evening, I grew worse. Mr. Woodbury alarmed for fear I would die on his hands, urged me vehemently to depart. I told him to be easy, I would leave him in the morning. Before daylight, he had my white Pilgrim saddled and at the door. I rode about thirty miles, and put up with Cornelius Hogland, who lived near where Barlow church now stands, on Marietta circuit. I made out to get off my horse and call for a bed, for I was not able to sit up. Higland was a gentleman, and had a genteel family. I had every attention, but my fever was higher than at any other time. My mind became stultified. I could neither pray to God nor exercise faith in Christ. I thought my life was ebbing out, and I was in a bad condition to leave the world. I was very much deranged



through the night, but in the morning was a little better. This was Sunday. I rode twelve miles, which brought me to Point Harmar. Here I stopped with old Esq. Fearing, father of the once celebrated Paul Fearing. He was a very old man. I thought it would not do to let him take care of my horse alone, so I went with him to the barn; found it so well filled with oats and hay I could hardly get hold of either to feed my horse. I had to climb to the top of the barn before I could get any loose sheaves of oats. The barn was high, and I light-headed. Mr. Fearing was afraid I would fall and kill myself—he dared not speak lest he should make a bad matter worse. I succeeded, got down safely, and went to the house. Old Mrs. Fearing prepared me a nice supper, but I had no appetite.

Methodism was a new and strange thing in Marietta, at that time. They had a kind of camp meeting there the preceding summer, and the preaching of William Burke had left a lasting impression on many minds. They were waiting with a great deal of anxiety for the Methodist preacher to come from conference. They heard I was there, and the house was soon filled; among the visitors was Dr. M'Intosh—he was overjoyed to see me, and soon had hold of my wrist, and then told me to let him see my tongue. After having made the examination, he said, "You have some fever, and are considerably exhausted. You need a little physic and some bracing up; come over to my house; I will cure you

directly. The company seeing I was too ill to converse, retired. I had a dreadful night, but in the morning was a little better. I crossed the Muskingum, to Marietta, and went to the Doctor's house. Here my physical and mental strength failed. I sunk down in the first room I entered. They lifted me into a bed and the Doctor commenced operations. Two Presbyterian girls across the way, hearing of my condition, came over to see me, and I don't know that they both left the room at one time for twenty days. These were the daughters of old Deacon Shepard — Anna and Huldah. They are both gone to the spirit-world. I still love their memory.

During three weeks, time was entirely lost to me. As far as I can recollect, I had neither faith, hope, nor charity. My sufferings during this time beggar all description. I was a stranger in a strange land, far from home, there being not one person in the place that I had ever seen or heard of before. My clothing pretty well worn out—but twelve and a half cents in my pocket—I was left to grapple with affliction both of body and soul. Soon I was so much reduced that I could not turn myself in bed. Huldah Shepard sat by me, day and night, thinking I would breathe my last.

All classes of citizens seemed to take a lively interest in me and my recovery. The room was often so crowded that the Doctor would have to request them to remain outside. One of my constant attendants was Esquire James Whitney, of precious memory.

He made it a rule to watch with me every other night, from bed-time till after midnight. If any thing was needed, he furnished me all the money necessary. Three doctors attended me for nineteen nights. They thought I could not notice; sometimes my intellect would arouse—I would see them sitting with their heads close together, talking in a low tone of voice. I knew they thought I was a dying man, and I thought so too. My clothing and room were kept in the best order. One day, Dr. M'Intosh came to me and asked me where my father lived—I understood him perfectly well, though he said no more.

On the twentieth day, the gloom that had enveloped my mind dispersed. It was done in a very singular manner. My hearing came back to me suddenly. I heard two persons talking in the adjoining room. One quoted this text, "I am the door: by me if any man enter, he shall be saved," etc. That moment my faith became operative. I saw Jesus Christ to be the door, and only door. I received the pleasing assurance, that I had now passed into that door, and was now in the kingdom. Tears began to flow—my strength returned, and I began to shout the high praises of God. I had never been so happy before. Dr. M'Intosh came early into the room, and, with a cheerful voice, said, "Brother Young, I have good news for you; you are going to get well." I replied, Doctor, I hope not; I have passed the conflict, and am now quite

on the verge of heaven. I do not want to go back into the wicked world. "Ah," said he, "you will live long, and do a great deal of good before you die." I told him I was sure of heaven now, and if I should recover, I might backslide, and be finally cast away. He replied, "No, never; a man that has gone as far as you have, never can backslide."

I mended rapidly. In a few days I could walk about my room, and in a short time I was able to cross the street, some one holding my arm. A gentleman and his wife, near neighbors, were extremely anxious for my recovery. So soon as I was able to ride, he came every day with his horse, and helping me on, would lead him for hours about the village. By the time I was able to preach my first sermon, my acquaintance in Marietta was pretty general. The Putnams, Tuppers, Gilmans, Commodore Whipple and his large connections, General Meigs, etc., all felt a lively interest in the young preacher. A fallen minister lived near my boarding-house, by the name of Story; he frequently came to see me in my greatest affliction, and often prayed for me. He was a doctor of divinity, of fine talents, and great gift in prayer, but alas! he died a martyr to *peach brandy*.

Among all my acquaintances, none stood so high in my estimation and affections as Captain James Whitney. He was then in the morning of life, a polished gentleman, tall and handsome, of well-cultivated mind, and as pure a man as ever I knew.



I knew him well. In after life, we kept up a correspondence for near fifty years. He was a man of deep-toned, heaven-born piety, and did a large share in planting Methodism in Marietta and Point Harmar. Although he always remained among the laity, he was, in a good degree, a bishop in the Methodist Church. For nearly forty years, he took the oversight of the flock, and provided for them temporally and spiritually.

Next to James Whitney was Jonas Johnson. Johnson was not a great man, but very popular; he was one of that kind that always pass for their real worth. He was a man of open countenance, and great urbanity of manners; he was a fine singer, and might be properly called a gay man of the world. Fond of parties, music, and dances, he generally took the lead in them; but, withal, he was a skeptic in religion — sometimes a Deist, and sometimes a Universalist. During a severe sickness, he became much alarmed, thinking he was on a sandy foundation. As soon as I was able to travel he sent for me to come to him. We would sit down in his snug parlor and talk by the hour. My mind was then pretty well posted on all these subjects. I was ready to answer all his arguments against revealed and experimental religion. Frequently I left him at eleven o'clock at night, nearly right, but next day found him an infidel. I leave him for the present.

I found that Methodism was unpopular in Marietta. The people loved me as a man, but not as a Meth-

odist preacher. The sons of the Puritans determined that Methodism should not be planted in their town. The happy morning arrived when I was permitted to open my mission. Dr. M'Intosh opened his large brick building, and, as I had no other place, I gladly accepted this. A large room was fitted up, accommodated with seats, and was soon filled with willing hearers. Dr. True and Dr. Hart, who had been very attentive during my sickness, sat near the table where I stood. Rev. Dr. Story took his seat near my side, as though he intended to help me, should I fail. Rev. Solomon Goss was also present. My congregation made an imposing appearance. I gave out a hymn, and we had delightful singing. I made a short prayer, and read my text, but my knees were too weak to sustain my body. By leaning on the table, I made out to stand and deliver a lecture about fifteen minutes long. Dr. Story took the business out of my hands, closed services, and we departed. I kept myself very quiet during this week. I felt greatly discouraged, and had grave thoughts about returning to my father and mother.

The next Sabbath, I tried to preach again. My strength was greatly increased, and the Lord gave me great freedom of speech. Next Sabbath was my quarterly meeting. The trustees of the academy kindly offered me their house to hold our meeting. I went down, Saturday, at 11 o'clock, but found no presiding elder, and received no information of the reason of his absence, which, however, I supposed,



was either the inclemency of the weather or the great distance of Marietta from his abode. The congregation gathered, and I tried to preach. In the evening, Rev. Solomon Goss preached to a crowded house. He was all the help I had. I preached several times, held love-feast, and had an excellent quarterly meeting for that place at that time. Meeting over, and my health being a little improved, I began to think about taking my circuit. On examining my clothing, I found that my shoes were nearly worn out; they would neither keep my feet warm nor dry. My old cloak was too thin for that very cold winter. Having got but little quarterage the preceding year, my money was exhausted. I was at a loss to know what to do. But man's distress is God's opportunity. A strange lady came at the right time, and handed me a dollar. Solomon Goss gave me four or five dollars. Some other friends, unknown to me, sent a few dollars more. I went and bought me a pair of shoes, a piece of heavy cloth, and employed a Miss Thankful West to make me an overcoat for one dollar. By the time my garments were all in order, my money was all gone.

The next thing that claimed my attention was a settlement with the doctor. He said he would be glad to throw in the whole bill, but he was a poor man, and it would not be doing justice to his family. The bill was twenty-seven dollars. I told him I could not pay it, but would, if ever I was able. He wanted to know if I had not better write to my father

and get help. This I did not like to do. Here I thought much of what Rev. William M'Kendree said to me when he started me on my first circuit: "Jacob, be a faithful minister, and the Church will take care of you." I thought I had been faithful, and, it appeared to me, the Church had really failed.

"God's providences ripen fast, unfolding every hour." There was a Methodist preacher living near Parkersburg, by the name of Reece Wolfe—a man whom I had never seen or heard of before. He had heard of my situation. He went out and gathered a pretty heavy load of corn, wheat, rye, oats, and potatoes, put them in a canoe, and, with his own hands, paddled that canoe from Parkersburg to Marietta. He sent for the doctor, settled off the whole account, and had money left. This circumstance has been of vast importance to me.

I now left Marietta, traveled twenty miles, on a very cold day; in the evening, came to old Mr. Samuel Miller. He was an honest old Englishman, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was blessed with a pious wife and good children. Next day, I tried to preach, but my journey on the day previous, and my preaching in a smoky house, nearly overcame me, and brought back my fever. I stopped with brother Callahan, preached in the evening, and rested the next day. In the afternoon, when my fever began to rise, I drew the conclusion that my end was come. Several, who had had the fever and taken a relapse, had died. I went to bed, turned my



face to the wall, and wept freely. I thought I should never see my friends again, father or mother. Like Hezekiah of old, I began to pray to God to prolong my life. While praying, I went to sleep. I awoke, late in the night, in a profuse sweat. Feeling a great deal better, I arose from my bed. The family were waiting for me. I prayed, went to bed again, and slept well till morning light appeared. I was comfortable both in body and soul.

While we were eating breakfast, some person rapped at the door. A tall young man entered, dressed rather slovenly, but of commanding countenance, noble eye, high forehead, and manly tread. He took his seat by the fire. The man of the house, who was very inquisitive, said, "Are you traveling?" "Yes, sir." "Where are you from?" "Clermont county, Ohio." "Where are you going to?" "Marietta." "What is your business?" "I am hunting for a Methodist preacher, by the name of Jacob Young." "Well, here he is, at the table." I asked him his business with me. He replied, "I am come to help you preach. I am sent here by Rev. William Burke, presiding elder." I inquired his name. "George C. Light." I suppose I had been glad to see men before, but never more so than at seeing this stranger. I told him I was just about starting for Marietta, and we would go together.

That night, we had meeting at Miller's. The next day, we rode to Marietta—to the old stockade. The people clustered round us, as though we were mes-



sengers of peace. Friendly Dr. M'Intosh was the first to meet us. With both hands lifted, he exclaimed, "Brother Young, I am glad to see you. When you left here, I thought you never would return." We stopped with the Doctor, and had a great deal of pleasant conversation.

I preached in the Doctor's house in the forenoon, sometimes in the court-house in the evening. Though we were driven from place to place, a large congregation still followed us. A man by the name of Carver who had a very large house invited me to come and preach there. My friend, Jonas Johnson, was still halting between two opinions, but his house became my home; I had a comfortable stable for my horse. The winter was very severe. But in my feeble state I put off on the circuit. I went round one part, and my friend Light the other, calculating to meet every two weeks in Marietta. As the Ohio river was impassable we could not go over on the Virginia side. My first tour was to the Long Reach, on the Ohio river. Here I fell in with Mr. Sargeant. He was preaching in the house occupied by Methodists. He preached very long, very loud, and, at times, with great eloquence. He was followed by a young man by the name of Parker. Meeting ended, he gave out several appointments for himself. I rose and gave out a list of appointments for myself on that part of the circuit. He spoke very kindly and said, "Well, if brother Young is going to preach in these places, I will withdraw my appointments." He

tarried; we dined together, and had some friendly conversation — and exchanged thoughts very freely on certain points of theology, but all in good humor; they took their departure and I tarried all night. I found the man that owned the house, very rough. He was an old hunter. Though a member of the Church, he professed no religion. I rather remonstrated against Sargeant's preaching in the same house we occupied. He told me very plainly that he was master of his own house, and would open it to whom he pleased, without asking any man.

I pursued my regular appointments, preaching night and day, till I came back to Marietta. There I put up with Jonas Johnson, and found him much farther in the right way than when I left him. I went from here to Esq. Fearing's to meet brother Light. We were both much discouraged—the prospect was still growing darker in Marietta, and there was nothing flattering on any part of the circuit. The weather was very cold, and we slept in the garret, on a linen cot. I did not know but we should freeze before day. We went together down the river, and preached at Noggel Town, now called Warren. We visited Belpre and called on Major Putnam, son of the old wolf-killer, trying to get a preaching-place. The Major said we could be accommodated if we would preach on Sabbath, but he did not think a congregation would turn out on a week-day. For the first time I now crossed the river, and passed round that part of the circuit as far as we

could, for we were often stopped by ice, and high water. I returned to Marietta. Mr. Johnson, after some hesitation, united with the Church, and was an ornament to it during life. I felt a little like St. Paul when he came to Appii-forum and the Three Taverns. I took courage and went forward. I felt now that I could, with some prospect of success, organize a society. This I regard as the origin of Methodism in Marietta. I made out a class-paper, for the first time, although I had but few names to put on it: Noah Fearing, Elihu Francis and wife, Mrs. Bell, Samuel Gearing and wife, now Jonas Johnson and his wife—this was our little flock. We soon appointed brother Johnson class-leader, and the work began to revive.

The weather having become settled, and the roads passable, we pursued our appointments with undeviating ardor, preaching day and night, wherever opportunity offered. Light, though very young, was an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures. By his manly eloquence and laudable zeal, he did good work for God. I could do but very little. He was truly a lovely young man, honest, confiding, sociable, amiable, and withal very pious. He was destined to make a popular pulpit orator, and we have realized in his future life, all we expected of him.

About this time we held a protracted meeting on the banks of the little Kanawha just below Parkersburg. Having cleared the ground with our own hands, built a pulpit and made seats, we



commenced operations on Friday, and held it till Wednesday. This meeting resulted in great good. Almost every body able to travel attended meeting night and day. Colonel Phelps, who was the most distinguished man in the county, and a great sportsman, attended with all his family, and was deeply affected under the work. When we closed this meeting, I thought the victory was won. The Kinclows, Kreels, Tom Taverner, Lewis Emmet, acted nearly as though the great deep of their hearts was broken up; but alas, for the poor men, very few of them ever were converted.

A few weeks after, the time for holding our third quarterly meeting came on; we concluded to hold a camp meeting in the town of Marietta, in a beautiful orchard, on the banks of the Muskingum, just below the *stockade*. Some of our warm-hearted Presbyterians, and others, opposed our holding a meeting in the orchard, advised us to hold it in a very large new building, belonging to Governor Meigs, then Colonel Meigs. We accepted the offer, and commenced putting the house in order. Many of our friends alleged it would not hold half the congregation. The Governor not then being at home, Mrs. Meigs—a timid woman—was afraid the house would be burned. So we went back to the orchard—erected a pulpit—made seats—and had every thing in ample order by Friday morning. Preaching-hour came; but no presiding elder appearing, we were very much discouraged, but not in despair. By this time many of our



country friends came in, and pitched their linen tents. At eleven o'clock, Young preached and Light exhorted; and at night, Light preached and Young exhorted. About ten o'clock the congregation retired, and those who had tents on the ground went to rest. We discovered a great many rude young men and boys, reconnoitering the ground, acting as though they intended to make a disturbance; so, placing our sentinels on guard, we retired to rest. All was quiet till morning.

At an early hour the trumpet sounded louder and louder. The people assembled around the tabernacle of the congregation, for morning prayer. Jonas Johnson led the singing to great advantage. There were a great many powerful prayers offered up to almighty God. The sons and daughters of the old Puritans gathered around and looked on as spectators, but could see nothing they could object to.

Late on the evening before, Rev. James Quinn and Rev. Londer Taylor arrived at Esq. Fearing's, although we did not know it till morning. They informed us the elder was not very well, and they had come to fill his place. They took the stand at eleven o'clock, and did the most of the preaching from that time till the meeting closed. Their sermons were a little like the letters St. Paul used to write to the Corinthians—weighty and powerful. The preaching of brother Burke made a fine impression in the town the year before; but the people thought Taylor far exceeded him. Brother Light was our principal



exhorter, and conducted the prayer meeting to great advantage.

We held this meeting about a week. A goodly number professed to be converted, and joined the Church. The morning we closed the meeting was a time long to be remembered. Many tears were shed around the stand, on that delightful morning. When Quinn and Taylor gave them their valedictories, the people clustered around them, sorry, the most of all, because they expected to see their faces no more. We spent the remainder of the week visiting through the town. Every body that spoke to us seemed pleased with the camp meeting. Here Methodism began to gain ground. We pursued our regular work during the last quarter, and there appeared to be more good done than all the year before. Our fourth quarterly meeting came on about the first of September, and we held it on the same spot of our former meeting. Elder Burke was there at an early hour, and looking like a hero well harnessed for battle. I suppose he made, then, some of the happiest efforts in the pulpit he ever made in his long life. Meeting over, I repaired to Esq. Kinclow's, in order to prepare my papers for conference. After I had every thing ready, I sat down and reviewed my work during the conference year. Although we had had a little good done, it was, on the whole, the most barren year I had experienced during my ministry.



CHAPTER IX.

LIMESTONE CIRCUIT—1806.

On Wednesday, in company with my presiding elder and colleague, we started for conference. We rode about twenty miles and put up in the town of Belleville. Here my beloved Light was attacked with bilious fever. We labored hard all next day to break the fever, and take him along with us. But the fever grew worse, and we were compelled to leave him. This was an hour that tried men's souls. He was a young man, only twenty-one years old, far from home, among strangers. I told Burke he would have to go on alone, I must take care of the young man. Brother Burke prayed for him—gave him some good advice—dropped a few tears, and left us. The landlord being a kind man, assured me there was no need of my remaining—the sick man should have every attention, and he, himself, would take him back to Parkersburg. Light then urged me to go, and Burke still lingered, as though he was unwilling to leave. I left my dear young brother with many tears.

On Tuesday we arrived at Portsmouth. This was then a very small place, hardly deserving the name of town. The Scioto was rising, and we had to cross it. As there was no ferry-boat we went on early in



the morning. Some told us it was too high to ride; but, we perceived wagons had gone over the evening before, and we concluded to venture. Brothers Burke and Williams were to remain on shore, and let me make the experiment. I ventured in, and found the current very strong—the water coming up to my saddle-skirts. I went about two-thirds over, and the water seemed a little more shallow. Just as I turned my head to tell my companions to come on, I came to a stepping-off place. The horse went under out of sight. I was covered all but my head. The horse soon recovered and began to swim, and in a few moments I gained the other shore. When I reached the bank and invited my traveling companions to follow, they thanked me kindly, but took another direction. I journeyed on alone, very wet. As I had just recovered from the ague, I expected it would bring on a relapse; and so it did. After traveling about two miles I came to a public house. By this time I was shaking as if I had a fit of the ague.

Here I met with a young gentleman who was keeping store. He took me into his sleeping-room, and furnished me with dry clothes from head to foot. He built up a large fire, and then handed my wet clothes over to be washed. In a short time they provided me a good warm breakfast. I felt more comfortable and laid me down to rest.

In the afternoon my traveling companions came on. They had gone up the river some distance, took a canoe, and, by the assistance of some boys, swam

their horses and came across. We went on our journey, but by the time I came into the neighborhood of Maysville I was shaking with the ague. The next morning Burke took the ague. Williams being well, went on without us. We staid upward of two weeks, and then went to brother Burke's house. A local preacher lived in the yard with him, Rev. Mr. Rogers. We had every attention, but we suffered much. The circuit preachers came in and took care of us. So soon as we were able to ride we moved on, and came to conference in good time. The conference was held in a large stone house belonging to old Anthony Huston. He had two sons preachers, William and Anthony. I had the ague every day, followed by burning fever and copious night-sweats. I was reduced to a mere skeleton.

Conference opened on Wednesday morning, as usual, Bishop Asbury in the chair, Bishop Whatcoat by his side, M'Kendree and other venerable men being seated around a little platform. They called the list, and when they came to my name I answered. The Bishop raised up his head, looked and said, "Where?" Though I had not seen him for two years, he still remembered my name, and said, "Jacob, you look very peaked."

This was the third conference I had attended. Business progressed with great peace and harmony. There was a revival going on in the neighborhood, and the meetings were very interesting. Several able ministers were then visitors from other confer-



ences. Among them was the Rev. Joseph Crawford, of New York. He was, at that time, the star of the New York conference. He preached with great liberty, and his sermons were blessed to the congregations.

During the last two years very many had been admitted on trial in the great Western conference. Though the room where we were assembled was more than as large again as the one occupied the year previous, yet it was crowded with preachers and visitors. Bishop Asbury's custom was to suspend conference business and give us time for spiritual exercise. I discovered in the conference-room a large, plain-looking man, by the name of James Axley. He appeared to take a very lively interest in the speaking exercise. At length he rose to his feet and said, "I feel that I have something to say." He gave us a plain and unvarnished narrative of his conviction and conversion, and of his call to the ministry. There was such a holy unction attending his words that it deeply affected every one in the house, from the Bishop down to the youngest preachers. M'Kendree appeared to be delighted into raptures. This was one of the best speaking meetings I ever attended in all my life. The exercises closed with his speech. We were too much overcome to hold it any longer.

I met with my long-tried friends, Parker, Watson, Garret, Lotspiech, and many others; they all appeared sorry to see my pale face, languid eyes, and trembling limbs. They thought my itinerant career was



over. But I still trusted in the living God and resolved to take another appointment, if they would give me one.

This was a peaceful and prosperous conference. The Rev. Joseph Crawford said it was the best conference he had ever attended. I was appointed, this year, to Limestone circuit. I left the conference and traveled to my circuit alone in very poor health. My night-sweats increasing, I was troubled with a little hectic cough. When I joined the conference I was a healthy young man, blessed with as good a constitution as any man I ever knew. Four short years of an itinerant life had, to all appearance, worn me out.

I felt a strong inclination not to go to my appointment, but to retire to my father's house; but after much reflection and many prayers I determined, by the blessing of God, I would try it another year. I went on to the circuit and found things in rather a bad condition. There had been very extensive revivals on that circuit for several years past, but their influence seemed to have gone by—many had backslidden, there was dissatisfaction in almost all the congregations, and the exercise of discipline was loudly called for. I was hardly able to travel from one appointment to another; my colleague was a very young man, of small talents and very little information, and when the people saw their preachers they became much discouraged. Many of them said we shall have very little good done this year. I spent several days in Maysville at John Armstrong's, try-

ing to recruit my health. I found but fourteen Methodists in the town at that time. I preached on Sunday, and had a lively class meeting.

From this place I went to Hadyn's meeting-house. Here I found a very large and flourishing society, and became acquainted with Jarvis C. Taylor, a local preacher of high standing. He was thought to be a pretty good poet for those days. He made many of our fine camp meeting songs, and wrote several pamphlets, one entitled, "News from the Infernal Regions." Next I preached in Germantown. Thence I advanced to Newlen's meeting-house. Here I found a large society and some very strong men. Methodism appeared to have taken possession of this part of the country—John Hanson, Herod Newlen, and Rev. Mr. Ward were the distinguished men. I had another preaching-place in the neighborhood of the well-known Thurston Thomas, close by the Rev. Lewis Cragg, a very distinguished Baptist preacher, who lived long and did a great deal of good in Kentucky.

From this place I went to Augusta, on the Ohio river. Here, having no society, things wore a gloomy aspect. From thence to Baker's settlement; thence to Shannon meeting-house—society very large, but low in religion; thence to John Wiggins's, near the Lower Blue Licks—small society here, but some excellent members; thence to Standerford, Upper Blue Licks; thence to old father Reeves's—where my prospects began to brighten; thence to Fleming's, where they had a very small society; thence to Locust meet-

ing-house; thence to Fox Creek church; thence to Flemingsburg, where Methodism was prospering; thence to Fitch's meeting-house; thence to Stroud's station, Mills's station, and Nathan Hill's; thence to Plummer's, on Cabin creek; thence to Cottey's; thence to Savage's; thence to George Phillips's.

I had now finished one round; discerned how the land lay; reconnoitered the whole circuit, and seen what I had to do. By this time my health began to improve, and my young colleague was doing the best he could.

Our first quarter was a very dull one. I do not believe there was one soul within the bounds of the circuit converted during the quarter. Brother Burke came to our quarterly meeting, and brought with him a brother M'Guire. They labored hard, but appeared to produce but little effect, and I concluded I was going to have a barren year. I went to Maysville, and spent several days; gave myself up entirely to prayer and reading the holy Scriptures. One evening, I was walking the banks of the Ohio river, solitary, when the Holy Ghost visited my soul and gave me what I call a Divine assurance that I should have a very prosperous year; and I began to preach with more zeal and more courage than usual.

The presiding elder, from some cause not known to me, removed brother Sellers to another part of the district, and sent brother Miles Harper, from Lexington circuit, to help me.

This was a fortunate change. Harper was one

of the most useful Methodist preachers I ever knew. Before he had gone once round, his praise was in all the Churches. The congregations nearly doubled. As I followed him round, I could hear sinners crying for mercy at all his appointments, and the young people flocking to join the Church. Harper was an excellent preacher, and excelled in exhortation. He was one of the sweet singers of Israel. His lungs appeared never to tire. He had an elastic body, and his whole soul appeared to be in the work of God. Our first revival was at Limestone. It commenced the first time brother Harper preached there, and continued through the conference year.

The next revival began at Flemingsburg, and spread with great rapidity—nearly round this large circuit. Early in the summer, we held a camp meeting near Mills's station. We were blessed with ministerial help. Parker, Askings, Quinn, and our own local brethren, made a very strong corps. The Captain of our salvation appeared to be both in the front and in the rear. Parker, Quinn, and Askings did the preaching; Harper and I exhorting and laboring in the altar.

This meeting lasted about one week, and I suppose there were about one hundred converted. We formed our circuit like the figure 8; and met every two weeks at old Joshua Barnes's. We preached by turns—a large number of young ladies joined the Church and experienced religion. This brought out the young gentlemen, a goodly number of whom



became pious. I regard the revival at Joshua Barnes's as one of the best I ever witnessed in my long life.

Our fourth quarterly meeting soon came on. We held it near the town of Flemingsburg. To prevent disorder, I took a lease of nearly a hundred acres of land. Harper drew up the rules to govern the camp meeting, and pasted up copies on the trees along the road, that every one might know them. Then he selected twenty-four reliable men as guard, and we appointed him captain of the guard. Our rules were very mild, and few in number; but the people saw we were determined to enforce them.

Burke was there in the vigor of health, and preached with all the energy and pathos of a young man. There was a vast number of tents on the ground. The work commenced on Thursday, and went on with little intermission till the next Wednesday. The presiding elder remarked, that during fifty-four hours the voice of singing never ceased for a moment. A vast number united with the Church, and a great number were converted—how many I can not now recollect.

We passed round the circuit with all convenient speed, regulating the societies, appointing new leaders, settling difficulties, which was very easily done then, for they all appeared to love one another. We held a two days' meeting in the town of Flemingsburg, which was our last appointment. Here we left our spiritual children; many weeping, some rejoicing, and nearly all promising to meet us in heaven.



This I regard as one of my prosperous years. My health had greatly improved during the year, and I enjoyed much more religion than when I came on to the circuit. I am greatly indebted to Miles Harper for my own prosperity this year. Although I was preacher in charge, he was always willing to do the heaviest of the work. Harper led a very eventful life, and, in general, was one of the lights in Israel. He made one sad blunder: He connected himself with slavery, which cast him into the shade for several years; but he recovered his strength long before his death, and continued to be an itinerant preacher, and died in great peace.

We set out for conference about the first of September. We traveled on, preaching by the way, till we came near the Crab Orchard, on the borders of the wilderness, lying between Kentucky and the Cumberland mountains. Here we attended a quarterly meeting at a brother Johnson's. We met with brother Burke and eleven traveling preachers, all on their way to conference.

For the first time, I saw Valentine Cook, a man well known in the Methodist Church. We had an excellent quarterly meeting, and we prepared, on Monday morning, to take the wilderness. I was elected, by unanimous vote, to take charge of the company, provide lodging, etc. When we got on the road we made a very imposing appearance—all in good health, well dressed, and mounted on good horses. We rode about thirty miles before we



stopped. We passed on very pleasantly till we came near Cumberland Gap; where we found there was a toll-gate erected—not according to law. There had been great strife—something like war—between the gate-keeper and travelers. The gate was designed for the benefit of a road from the Gap to Abington, and no other; but they had fixed the gate a little north of the Gap, and demanded toll of those going to Carolina, as well as those going to Abington. Our company, understanding the fact, were not willing to pay the toll. We were going on the Carolina road, and had paid toll at Ballinger's for the privilege of riding on the wilderness road.

My advice was that, as we were Methodist preachers, we pay the toll and pass on quietly. A good many dissented from my opinion, and a pretty warm debate ensued. There was a certain brother, John Ray, traveling with us. He was a local preacher, a man of great muscular power, and natural courage equal to his strength. He remarked that, if we would give him the charge, he would take us through without paying a cent. I asked him how he would do it. His reply was, "I will ride up to the gate and command the keeper to open it." I asked, "What if he refuses?" "Why, I will break the gate down, and let them do their worst." "Will not that be a reproach to the ministry?" He replied, "I'll risk it." I said no more, but there was a good deal of clamoring behind me. This was a very trying hour to me.



For some time, I did not know what to do. I expected Burke would interfere and give direction, but he said nothing, riding along smiling. I had the power in my own hand, for I had the money. They had authorized me to pay off all the bills, and draw on them when we came to conference. I rode before, and came first to the gate. I asked the keeper what was to pay. He told me, and I had the money counted in my pocket, having learned before what the charge was, and rode on. The company looked sour, and showed some dissatisfaction; but, after awhile, they turned it off pleasantly, and we went on our way rejoicing.

We arrived at conference in good time, and found Bishop Asbury there, in good health. Bishop Whatcoat having died during the year, Asbury was again alone. We met a large company of Methodist ministers, who, to appearance, were all enjoying good health, and, as far as we could judge, were under the influence of the spirit of itinerant evangelists. We were all well accommodated with comfortable lodgings and good places to keep our tired horses. The meeting-house stood near the bank of the Knowlechucke river.

Conference opened on Wednesday morning, Bishop Asbury in the chair, and Wm. Burke was chosen secretary. William M'Kendree appeared to be the man of the conference. He might have reminded one of Ulysses, when directing the operations of the Trojan war. At that day, he was truly a man of God. I



think I shall never look upon his like again. Glancing over the conference, I found many of my favorite preachers missing. My father in the Gospel was not there. Lewis Garret had located and retired. Joab Watson was gone. John Watson, Learner Blackman, and E. W. Bowman were all absent. But their places were filled with fine-looking young men.

For the first time, I saw Rev. David Young. He was tall and elegantly built, with long yellow hair hanging over his shoulders, a high forehead, and commanding countenance. Any one, well skilled in phrenology, would have known that such a fine form contained a noble soul. My beloved friend, S. Parker, occupied an enviable position in this conference. This was, emphatically, called the great Western conference. It extended from the Muskingum river to New Orleans. These were days of the right hand of our great Redeemer in the western valley.

We entered on the business of the conference with great harmony; and, as far as I know, brotherly love abounded in every heart. The first thing of importance that claimed the attention of the conference was a circular letter from Dr. Coke. He was the first bishop of the Methodist Church, but had been rather a nominal than an efficient bishop; for he only attended our General conferences, and spent the rest of his time in Europe. This he had done by the consent of the General conference, holding himself in readiness to come any time the conference would call for him. But, as his services were needed in Ireland and the



West India Islands, the conference consented to let him stay. In his circular, he proposed to make some important changes. His own words were: "If I come again, I come to stay with you during life."

He said many things in this letter, but one thing specially aroused the attention of our conference. This was, a proposal to divide the work—he to take one part, and Bishop Asbury the other. The thinking and intelligent part of the conference was astonished above measure, to hear such a proposition made by Dr. Coke. We appointed a committee to answer the Doctor's letter. M'Kendree was foreman of that committee, and wrote the answer with his own hand. The letter was short, but pithy. It was kind, polite, and courteous, but very firm. It informed the Doctor that we would not submit to a division of the work, and, rather than have the work divided, we would depose both of the bishops.

Though I was then a young man, I thought the language entirely too strong. I made a motion to have that part stricken out. M'Kendree told me if I had that stricken out, I would have to fight for it. I did fight as long as I could, but, being completely overcome by argument, I sat down like a man that had been badly whipped. This debate was worth a great deal to me. I never knew before that the Methodist Church claimed a right to depose bishops, unless they were guilty of imprudent or immoral conduct. This act led me to study the nature of our government more particularly; when I ascertained, to



my own satisfaction, that the General conference has that right, and that it is founded on the relation that exists between the General conference and our Episcopacy.

This letter was found to be of great importance when the great Southern secession took place. For, at that time, Bishop M'Kendree's opinion, both in the south and in the north, was the next thing to law, and continued to be so respected long after his death. When Bishop Soule, and others, were contending for, what we called, high episcopacy, I recollected that letter, and told Dr. Elliott where he might find it. He got hold of it, and published it in the Western Christian Advocate. This, to a very great extent, put a quietus on that unpleasant controversy.

The next thing that claimed our attention was the funeral of Bishop Whatcoat. Though he was lying cold in the grave in Delaware, we thought it our duty and privilege to have a funeral sermon preached in our conference. As a matter of course, Bishop Asbury had to preach it. His text was, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." He traced the life of Whatcoat from his youth to old age. He had been Asbury's class-leader when they were both young men in old England. Asbury had long been his bishop in America. Some few years before his death, he became Asbury's colleague in the Episcopacy. According to the account given of him by Asbury, he was truly "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."



Conference business went on as usual, but the spirit of revival in that part of the country was dying away. Preachers, in general, did not enjoy much liberty in preaching. Congregations appeared dull and languid. A great change had taken place for the worse since I had left that place, three years before.



CHAPTER X.

NASHVILLE CIRCUIT—1806.

I RECEIVED my appointment to Nashville circuit—right on the ground where the great western revival had commenced, about eight or nine years before. The circuit was large and very weighty. I trembled at the thought of taking the charge. My colleague was not present. I prepared for my appointment as soon as I could. William M'Kendree being my presiding elder, I was anxious to go in his company through the wilderness. I went and asked him what time he would start. He seemed to be absent-minded and gave me a very abrupt answer. I felt deeply wounded, but determined to commit it all to patience; and according to one of his wise sayings, make a virtue out of a calamity. I watched him very closely, and determined that when he started I would be just behind him. Late in the afternoon I saw him mount his large white horse and turn his head toward the west. David Young and myself followed at a respectful distance. We had in our company a curious, eccentric man, by the name of Benjamin Edge. We rode on pretty briskly through a pleasant country, and had not gone many miles before Elder M'Kendree turned round and told us, as placid as a May



morning, to come up. Evening soon came on, and we looked out for a place to lodge. As we did not wish to crowd M'Kendree, David and myself looked out for another place, and left M'Kendree and Edge together. David and myself had a great many things to talk about, and did not go to sleep till very late. As we were not acquainted with M'Kendree's mode of traveling, we indulged in a morning nap. Before we were out of bed, M'Kendree was at the gate calling for us. We came out on the porch and he rode off and left us. We did not stay to get breakfast or feed our horses, but put off in a great hurry. I was riding a noble horse, for which I could have had two hundred dollars after that. We traveled very fast till about one o'clock.

We stopped for dinner and to feed our horses. By some means my horse ate too much corn. M'Kendree started soon, and rode very fast, and we had to follow. Jesse Walker and myself rode before. We took the wrong road. It rained very hard, and we were involved in Holston mountains. I found my noble horse was foundered. I reflected on myself, because I did not go alone, and I knew there was no necessity for driving in this way. I felt chafed in my feelings, being wet from the shoulders down to my feet, and having my shoes filled with water. We came to the place where M'Kendree and his company had lodged a little after dark. They were all overjoyed to see us, for they feared we should have to lodge in the hills that night. We stopped with a



local preacher by the name of Winters, a very clever man. He paid us every attention necessary. M'Kendree went to his saddle-bags and got me some dry clothes, but I declined putting them on. Brother Winters began to talk about doctoring my horse. I gave him an improper answer, and he left me to myself, which was exactly right. They all saw I was chafed in my feelings, and they let me alone. I bled my horse a little in the mouth—put him up, then went to the throne of grace and prayed till I gained the victory.

In the morning I rose early—found my horse very stiff, rubbed his limbs a long time—gave him a little grain, and found he had a good appetite. Breakfast being over, my company started. I followed behind, leading my horse. M'Kendree took the lead, as the day before, traveling briskly. My horse soon began to walk pretty fast—then broke into his long, sweeping trot. I was soon in the front, and they had enough to do to keep up with me. We had, by this time, come into the "wilderness" bearing on toward the Cumberland mountains. We stopped, about noon, under some shade-trees, gave our horses a few ears of corn that we had in our saddle-bags, ate some cold meat and bread, drank some cold water, mounted our horses and rode on till dark. We camped in the woods. This was a cold, frosty night.

Next day we came to the Cumberland mountains at Spence's Gap. This was the worst place I ever saw for horses to go down with wheeled carriages. David



Young was well acquainted with the road, and having traveled it often before he became a preacher, he had many curious anecdotes to relate, with regard to the Cumberland mountains, and Spence's Gap. He said, that families moving across that mountain, when they came to the brink of the precipice, would cut down tall saplings, and chain them to the hind part of the wagons, to prevent them running on the horses, then locking all the wheels, four men would take hold of the vehicle, one at each wheel, to help the horses hold back, and as the early emigrants traveled in large companies, they would take one wagon down at a time, and when they got that to the foot, they would go back and fetch another, and so on till all were down. He told of one man with a good team and fine new wagon, who, unfortunately for himself and family, became drunk. The company advised him not to attempt to descend the mountain without help. His reply was—"He would'nt own horses that couldn't outrun a wagon." The family got out, and away he went, breaking his wagon all to pieces, and killing his horses, and narrowly escaping with his life. So much for King Alcohol!

We all dismounted when we came to the summit, led our horses down, pursued our journey till about twelve o'clock, when our leader, M'Kendree, halted under the shade of a large green-tree. Each man had a few ears of corn in his saddle-bags. We fed our horses on the grass. M'Kendree had a table-cloth with him which he spread on the ground. Each



one took out his provision and put it in order on the cloth. M'Kendree asked a blessing. Having plenty of good mountain water close by, we enjoyed our dinner well. M'Kendree gave us good lessons of instruction, then entertained us with his fine anecdotes.

Our horses having finished their corn, we rubbed them down, and watered them, and then pursued our journey, till sundown, without seeing even a cottage or cabin. We pitched our tents on the margin of a beautiful stream, fed our horses, and provided for our own wants. After singing a hymn, M'Kendree prayed, and preached us a short sermon. As we were not in a hurry to go to bed, M'Kendree entertained us with fine conversation—he told us of a gentleman moving to west Tennesssee, some years since, on that road. The gentleman was a slaveholder, had some negroes along, and as the road was not far from the Cherokee nation, a chief of that nation came to the gentleman's tent, bringing a young Indian with him. Some time in the night a large negro man, thinking the chief was wishing to make too free with his wife, repulsed him. The chief became very angry, and stabbed the negro and killed him. This raised a dreadful storm in the camp. The Indian stood his ground and did not try to run off. After a long quarrel the chief offered to pay for the man he had killed. I think his first offer was three hundred dollars; the man asked him five. The Indian rising to his feet, said, "No me weigh first"—that is, "me



be hanged first." After much parleying they settled it, and he paid five hundred dollars for the life of the man.

We now all spread our blankets and great-coats, and laid us down to sleep upon the cold ground, and the starry heavens over our heads.

M'Kendree roused us about three o'clock; the night was very clear, and the ground was covered with white frost. We had gathered a quantity of wood, of which M'Kendree made a large fire before he called us.

We ate a slight breakfast, fed our horses, and were soon on our journey. It began to rain pretty hard, and we took shelter in a house not far from the road. The man that owned the house seemed to be under the influence of whisky. One of our company entered into a conversation with him, that was neither entertaining nor edifying. We thought we would rather ride in the rain, than to sit and hear foolish questions and silly answers. Then we rode on, traveling through a very broken country, with hills very high and steep—we had all to get down and walk, except brother Edge, who would ride up the steepest hill and down again, and did not seem to mind the life of the beast. M'Kendree said to him, "Benjamin, why don't you walk and rest your horse, like the rest of the boys?" Benjamin replied, "O, my horse is a horse of bottom." M'Kendree tried hard enough to improve him. Sometimes he would give him grave instruction, sometimes scold



him mildly, sometimes he would satirize him gently, but all in vain; Benjamin would have his own way. David Young being a man of great wit, and a very pleasant companion, took delight in teazing Benjamin, who always had some answer ready, such as it was.

This day we came to a fine spring tavern, the watering-place being well improved. The tavern stand looked rather inviting. The landlord came out and received us politely. M'Kendree returned the salutation in true Virginia style. We felt as though we were emerging into a civilized country. There were several gentlemen in the house, and we gathered from inquiries that they were members of the Baptist Church. There was a Baptist association then convening in west Tennessee, and they took us for Baptist ministers on our way to the association. One said to us, "Gentlemen, I suppose you are going to the association." Before M'Kendree had time to answer, brother Benjamin thundered out, "No, we don't care any thing about associations." The company were surprised, and remained silent. I saw M'Kendree was offended, and chagrined, but he could not help himself. David Young wanted to laugh, but he was a gentleman, and commanded his risibles. M'Kendree entered into a pleasant conversation—we passed the time agreeably till breakfast was announced, and soon after we resumed our journey.

We had not gone far, before M'Kendree asked,

"Brother Edge, who told you I did not care any thing about associations?" He replied, "I don't care any thing about them, and I did not suppose you did." "Well," said M'Kendree, "you had a right to answer for yourself; but I want to know who authorized you to answer for the rest?" Poor Ben! M'Kendree gave him a very appropriate lecture—telling him how ministers ought to conduct themselves, especially among gentlemen belonging to other Christian denominations. Benjamin heard him patiently, but treated the whole with perfect indifference.

On Saturday, we came to the vicinity of a town called Cairo, on the Cumberland river. I was truly glad to see the river again. I had my partialities for that river and country. My favorite Wayne circuit, that I formed the first year of my itinerancy, lay along this stream.

We spent the Sabbath in this place. I tried to preach in the forenoon, on Romans v, 1: "Therefore being justified by faith." David Young followed me. M'Kendree preached in the afternoon. Monday morning, amid much weeping, we took the parting hand. M'Kendree went toward Nashville, David Young toward Eddyville, and I to Nashville circuit.

In the afternoon, I came to a very pleasant family, where I intended to spend three or four days. Here I examined the plan of my circuit, and put down several items in my journal. I was now among strangers, far from home, my mind very naturally



turned to my past history, of which I tried to take a close and partial review, so far as related to my itinerant life.

I had now finished three regular conference years, and eight months, on Salt River circuit, under the direction of the presiding elder. But, O, how far have I come short, in the discharge of my Christian and ministerial duties! I have suffered much of my valuable time to go to waste; spent too many hours in light conversation with the gay sons and daughters of folly. My spirit has not been right with God at all times. What is gone by I can not recall. I humbled myself under the mighty hand of God, repented of all my wrongs, and on my knees renewed my covenant, resolving, with God's help, to be a better man and better minister.

This was in the month of October, 1806. I was now about thirty years of age. After I finished my meditations and studies, I went out of my room to visit the family. I was much interrupted by a rude old infidel, a brother-in-law to the gentleman at whose house I then was. He was ignorant, but being rich, he was very assuming. He began to throw out his infidelity at the tea-table. I felt it my duty to encounter him. He undertook to defend himself by referring to John Locke's Essays on the Human Understanding. I had just given Locke's Essays a faithful reading, and was enabled to discover that he had not read them at all. He was swamped, and became angry. Our combat lasted several hours.



Next day I rode to Cage's ford, on the Cumberland river, and put up with Lewis Crane. He was not only a good man, but superior to almost any one I ever saw in vital piety. Since reading the life of Carvosso I could not but compare Crane to that holy man. He was wealthy; but although in a slave state he would never own slaves. I shall never forget the quaint remark made by David Young, the first time he visited Crane and his family. After having inspected the large farm, the cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, growing corn, fruit-trees, etc., he said, "Every thing on that farm looked as if it was converted." Brother Crane had made a dedication of all he owned to his heavenly Father. His oldest son was converted when eight years old, and took the circuit in his sixteenth year. He had lived in the midst of a revival eight years before he started to preach. I have seen him stand on some eminence, before he was nine years old, with five or six thousand people round him, and exhort for two hours. He carried the spirit of revival wherever he went. His race, as an itinerant, was very short but successful. He turned many to righteousness, and was a burning and shining light in the Church, and is, doubtless, a star in the kingdom of glory. Little John Crane lives in the memory of many in Tennessee and Kentucky.

This was the largest field of labor assigned me by the Bishop, and I trembled under the responsibility. I found, by looking over the Minutes, that the membership was very large, and the local preachers up-



ward of forty—many of whom had been traveling preachers, and were men of splendid talents. First, John Page—the man who took me into the Church—Lewis Garret, John Magee, Charles Leadbetter, and Green Hill, who was a man prominent above all the rest, and the remembrance of whom fills my soul with grief and joy at the same time. I shall make no further disclosures in this narrative. He was a man of great wealth, fine talents, a colonel in the Revolutionary war, and a very active statesman, in the zenith of his day. In the midst of his prosperity he became pious, devoted himself to the ministry, rose to considerable eminence, lived to be an old man, and, it may be truly said of him, he died the death of the righteous. He was a special friend of Bishop Asbury. He had a large family, sixteen in number, and all respectable; but his daughter Sally was superior to all the rest. When I first saw her, she made me think of the Rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley. She soon faded and died of a broken heart.

I was soon on my way round the circuit, warning the people publicly and from house to house. Notwithstanding the revival had been great, at this time it was rather on the wane. My colleague had not come, and I was working alone. I found the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches were closely united. They had taken many of our efficient class-leaders and made them elders in their Church, and their elders had been made class-leaders in the Methodist Church. I could not tell who were Methodists and



who Presbyterians. When I would close my sermon and dismiss the congregation very few would leave. It generally took me three hours to preach and meet class. I had very few rest-days on the whole circuit, which had about thirty appointments, and many extra. My labor was very hard; but God apportioned my strength according to my day. I would become so amazingly blessed that I would want to take wings and fly away to heaven.

My colleague came on, but did not suit the people. The Bishop sent him away and employed Rev. John Craig, a local preacher. He was a pretty good preacher, a fine singer, and the Lord blessed his labors wonderfully. Our prospects now were about good enough to please any man who loved the Church; but the common enemy of the human kind, who was going "to and fro through the earth, and walking up and down in it" in Job's days, and "going about like a roaring lion," in the days of St. Paul, was still operating in the world, and he did not entirely overlook west Tennessee. If he did not dwell there he made occasional visits. He never came to the place or left without doing some mischief by his diabolical influence.

Jealousies began to operate in the Presbyterian synod of Kentucky. They began to think and say that the Presbyterians were all turning Methodists, and, indeed, it looked a good deal like it. They preached and prayed like Methodists; shouted and sung like Methodists. They had licensed several young men

to preach who had not a collegiate education. They had formed circuits like the Methodists; had their saddle-bags and great-coats mailed on behind, sweeping through the country like itinerant evangelists. The Tennessee presbytery was a part and parcel of the Kentucky synod, and when the Kentuckians heard these things they sent a deputation of learned men to make a thorough examination, authorizing them, if they found that the people had departed from the doctrine and discipline of the Presbyterian Church and refused to return, to dissolve the presbytery.

The committee came on and acted according to instructions. They ordered these licensed young men to desist from preaching. They refused. Several of the old theologians, such as Hodges, M'Grada, and others, became alarmed, submitted to the authority of the Church, and returned to their old paths. But the young men, with old Billy M'Gee at their head, held on their way. Some of them were superior men, such as James Porter, Thomas Cahoun; and they, after having spent two or three years, in trying to reconcile the Kentucky synod, and, having found it to be a forlorn hope, withdrew from the Presbyterian Church, and constituted a Church and congregation of their own, called the Cumberland Presbyterians. They soon extended their influence far and wide, and as a body they are a successful and holy people.

About this time Methodism became very efficient throughout the great western valley. M'Kendree, with his coadjutors, were in Tennessee. Blackman,



with his colleagues, in Mississippi and Louisiana. Burke, in Kentucky. Wilkinson, in East Tennessee and south-western Virginia. Sale, Collins, Lakin, and Parker, in Ohio. These were great and glorious days.

Before the Cumberlands withdrew from the Presbyterians, they began to show a little jealousy toward the Methodists; they thought the Methodists were receiving more than their share, and accused some of our people and preachers of breaking the terms of the union. But we moved on in harmony on Nashville circuit. I was exceedingly cautious to keep within the limits of the union, as they called it. I had wise counselors, such as Green Hill, John Magee, John Page, Lewis Garret; and, as they were scattered all around the circuit, I could find a counselor in every neighborhood. But, in the adjoining circuits there was a great deal of complaining. A preacher of great popularity was sent on to what was called Roaring River circuit, by the name of Miles Harper. He went on preaching and exercising discipline, as a Methodist preacher. They called upon him, and told him he was violating the terms of the union. He said, "He knew nothing about the terms of the union, they had no power to make rules to govern him—he was governed by the Bible and Methodist Discipline." One article of the union was, "We were not to preach on controverted points." Another—"We were not to proselyte." Harper paid no attention to their complaints, but went on preaching what he thought



was Gospel, and admitting all into the Church who made application.

We had a camp meeting in Douglas's settlement. M'Kendree and Harper were there, and three Presbyterian preachers. They tried long and hard to settle the difficulty, but did not succeed. I found the Presbyterians began to be very sensitive. It devolved on me to keep order on the camp-ground. I came across a prominent man — a Presbyterian, standing among the women, contrary to rule. I requested him to go to the other side of the congregation; he would not, but gave me very insolent language. I persevered till he went over. The next morning we held a love-feast, and I was door-keeper. When he came I would not admit him. He went back, and when M'Kendree came, he came behind him. M'Kendree said, "Let this brother in, I am acquainted with him." I replied, "I am acquainted with him too."

Love-feast over, the Presbyterian preachers and the offender, complained to M'Kendree against Young, for violating the terms of the union, by keeping an acceptable member of their Church out of love-feast. M'Kendree was sitting as judge. I admitted the fact, then I assigned my reasons. He made his apology, "That I did not speak to him as one Christian ought to speak to another—that I commanded him in an authoritative tone of voice, which irritated him and threw him off his guard." I thought that he and his preachers began to quibble, and M'Kendree was



rather inclined to favor them, which aroused my resentment. I said some very sharp things, and M'Kendree reproved me before them all. I went to the woods to weep and pray—came back to the tent and found M'Kendree alone. I indirectly called upon him for an investigation, according to rule. He told me he had done with it—gave me some fatherly advice—said he was sorry for the reproof he had given me, but that I had very tender feelings, and I ought to learn, from these facts, to treat other people tenderly. John Page, my spiritual father, was on the ground, he took me aside—told me "not to mind such little things, and to go on and do my duty faithfully." With many other words he instructed and comforted me.

Our camp meeting dragged heavily, till Monday evening, then the work broke out in the tents. Many were awakened, and, from that time till its close, we had an excellent meeting. I left this camp-ground under a state of great excitement. I resolved to read, think, and pray, and proceed independently. During this round on my circuit, I regulated the societies pretty much to my own mind. The people, both old and young, were easily governed. Our congregations were large. We were in great peace and harmony, and the Lord's work revived gloriously.

My presiding elder went on like a primitive bishop. He reminded me of old "Athanasius." The district was very large, and a great part of it lay on the waters of Green and Big Barren rivers. These



barren lands were a good deal like our western prairies—and far colder than timbered lands. This winter was unusually severe, and his rides very long in the cold winds, of course he suffered much. One day he was on a long tour—the wind blowing right against him. He put up his hand to rub his cold face, and, his nose being frozen, the skin rubbed off in his hand. He was one of those thoughtful men, always ready for any emergency. He had court-plaster in his saddle-bags—he put a piece on the end of his nose, and traveled on.

When he came round to my quarterly meeting, the weather was still very cold. Our meeting was in the frontier settlement, and was held in a little log meeting-house, the cracks of which being open, it was very uncomfortable. I was early at the place—had a large fire built in our old-fashioned fire-place, and every thing in order. I saw the elder coming. He made a very unusual appearance, which excited my curiosity. I went to meet him. He was covered with a fine large blanket, having a hole in the middle, bound around handsomely. It covered him completely. I tied his horse, and he went into the little meeting-house, which he found very cold, notwithstanding my large fire. He, therefore, preached with his blanket on. The people continued coming. Many of them had never seen him, and they looked astonished, to see a man preaching with a blanket on. His text was, "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." The text did

not agree very well with his own feelings, for the men were nearly all chewing tobacco, and spitting on the floor, which grieved his pure spirit, for he had a tender regard for the house of God. Although it was a humble cabin, he could not bear to see it abused. He reproved them sharply—some appeared alarmed—some sorry, and others were angry; but we had a very good meeting.

He went on from my circuit to brother Harper's. The Presbyterians still complained of Harper's breaking the terms of the union. M'Kendree called a committee, and put Harper on his trial. When put to the test, they could not prove the charges. Harper defended himself in a very masterly manner, and showed, in a satisfactory way, that the Presbyterian brethren were guilty of the very things they were charging against him. They had become loud and clamorous on the doctrine of the unconditional and final perseverance of the saints. This, they all knew, was a controverted point. Harper was acquitted, and came off triumphant. M'Kendree then attended a joint camp meeting at "Fountainhead." There he gave them the result of Harper's trial. The Presbyterians appeared satisfied and reconciled with Harper, and wished to go on and perpetuate the union. M'Kendree raised a slight objection, which startled them. One of them said, "O, brother M'Kendree, we are satisfied now." M'Kendree replied, "But I am not satisfied with you, my brethren;" and took out a list of charges against several of their preachers,



read it, and demanded satisfaction. They appeared much confused, and retired to hold a council. They soon returned a grave answer, saying "there is no rule in our discipline by which you can bring a minister to trial for such a charge." M'Kendree's reply was worthy of himself: "First, you preferred charges against one of our respectable preachers, not for violating any rule in our Discipline, but for transgressing some of the articles of our union. I put him on his trial, and he was acquitted. Now, I demand the same thing of you." They appeared confounded, and did not know what to say, but gave him to understand that they could not receive his charges. He then told them that the Christian union, so much talked of, was not what it had been represented to him, that it was a mere farcical thing; and, after much Christian conversation, all concluded in a Christian spirit. The council adjourned, and every man went to his own home.

M'Kendree now saw the necessity of having the Christian union better defined, that it might be more fully understood; that the privileges and duties flowing from this fountain of love, as it was called, might be reciprocal, and that the parties might stand on equal ground. In order to carry out this grand design, he wrote a large circular, in which he gave a full exposition of this Christian union, illustrating every part, so that even children might understand, and sent a copy to every preacher within the bounds of his district, with instructions to read it in every



congregation. I read it faithfully in every congregation on Nashville circuit.

There was a good deal of squirming. Men would often come to me to get the document, and, after reading it, return it. I felt that the union was about to pass away.

I now entered on my third quarter. Spring opened early; the weather was fine. My health was excellent, and my spirits, in some degree, were suitable for the great work I was engaged in. I felt that I loved God with all my soul, mind, and strength. I loved the Church, and the holy work of the ministry. I preached almost every day, month after month, and seldom failed to meet class after preaching. The Lord was with us, and the Holy Spirit attended our labors of love. Sinners were awakened, mourners converted, and the saints shouted aloud for joy. Our congregations were unusually large—nearly as large on a week-day as on the Sabbath. I was hailed by the people wherever I went, and the Savior smiled upon me by day and by night. I thought, now I shall enjoy eternal rest.

In a short time, we had another camp meeting on Liberty. I worked, one whole week, to put the ground in order. The pulpit, tents, and every thing were neat and comfortable. Our venerable elder appeared on Thursday or Friday, with a smiling countenance; and, though I had heard him preach many great sermons, he during that camp meeting excelled all that I had ever heard before from him. I yet

regard that meeting as one of the bright spots in my history. We had camp meeting after camp meeting during the summer, and the Lord added many souls to our ministry.

The fourth quarterly meeting came on, and was the best we had had during the whole year. On Monday, I gave them my valedictory, and gave a parting hand to many of the best friends I have ever met with during my long life.

CHAPTER XI.

CHILLICOTHE CONFERENCE—1807.

I STARTED, with my presiding elder, to conference, which was held, that year, in Chillicothe, Ohio. We traveled about one hundred miles, and stopped at a camp meeting on Wayne circuit, in what was then called the Green River country. I had formed this circuit about five years before. Here I had many spiritual children. They heard I was coming to their camp meeting, and they flocked from every part of the large circuit. We spent about a week on this camp-ground. Our elder seemed on the alert, and preached like an evangelist. He had a man with him by the name of Abbot Goddard, who was one of the best exhorters I ever heard. M'Kendree did the preaching and Abbot the exhorting. There appeared to be not much room for any one else; and, if there was a vacant place, David Young was there, in his best days, ready to mount the pulpit at a moment's warning, and, with his clear, smooth, silvery voice, charm and perfectly astonish the congregation. I had little to do but sing, pray, and comfort mourners. M'Kendree preached the closing sermon, which produced the most intense interest and excitement.

When we were about to start, poor Goddard could



not go. He had an attack of bilious fever the previous night, and was not able to mount his horse. We left him shouting in his tent. When M'Kendree left the ground, a considerable part of the congregation followed him. They overtook him in the prairie, and pulled him off his horse. He talked and cried, and they shouted around him for about an hour, before they could part with him.

We traveled far that afternoon, and in the evening put up at a friend's house. The people gathered in to hear M'Kendree preach. He was so tired that he could not stand. They sung a hymn; he made a short prayer, preached a short sermon—sitting in a chair—dismissed the people, and went to bed.

The next day we pursued our journey. David Young began to grow sick; but the second night we reached Lexington, Kentucky; staid with Mattox Fisher, held meeting, but had rather a cold time. Poor David was not able to travel—we had to go on and leave him. We left the city at an early hour. Our company was now reduced to three in number, M'Kendree, William Patterson, and myself. The presiding elder rode before, dressed in homespun cotton clothes from head to foot—he had on a broad-rimmed white hat. Patterson and myself followed. The morning was pleasant, Heaven smiled upon us as we went on our way rejoicing.

We had not traveled far before we were overtaken by a Unitarian preacher, well dressed, and well mounted. He made quite a pompous appearance,



as he rode by Patterson and myself to enter into conversation with M'Kendree. He began conversation by asking, "Are these gentlemen behind, clergymen?" Yes, sir. "To what denomination of Christians do they belong?" The Methodist, sir. "Ah, I do not like the Methodists." At this point he made a pretty long speech, which M'Kendree did not, in the least, interrupt. I suppose, because M'Kendree was plainly dressed, the stranger thought he was some ordinary old man; but he soon found to his own mortification, that he was sadly mistaken. "And, first, you say you do not like the Methodists. Please, sir, tell me your objections." He began with the doctrines of Methodism. He soon found himself swamped, and was glad to give up that objection. He then made an attack on the Discipline of the Church, which M'Kendree, in few words, defended in a very masterly manner. He was then driven to his last resort. "There are too many denominations dividing the Church, and distracting the mind." M'Kendree asked him to what denomination he belonged. He answered, "I don't belong to any of them." M'Kendree replied, "It is a great pity, notwithstanding so many denominations, you are compelled to worship alone." He replied, "O, sir, we have formed ourselves into an association; we hold meetings, and administer sacrament." "So, then, although there are so many denominations, I perceive you have formed another." "Our plan is not to make proselytes." "Then," said M'Kendree, "you must



be the worst in the world, for, bad as you represent all the rest to be, they make proselytes, and if you make none, yours must be the worst of all." The poor man looked as if confounded. M'Kendree gave him some fatherly advice. He took it kindly, but when we came to the forks of the road, he bid us an affectionate farewell.

Who can tell what a vast amount of good was done by that conversation! M'Kendree had a wise head and a pure heart. I shall never look upon his like again.

We went on our journey till we came to Rev. John Whittaker's, Bourbon county. M'Kendree appeared to be completely exhausted. This was the first time I ever saw him lie down and go to sleep in daylight. We had a comfortable night's rest, and felt our strength renewed. That day, we rode to Flemingsburg, Fleming county. There we found a camp meeting in full operation, and it was a great and glorious meeting.

On Monday we rode to Maysville, and put up with the well-known John Armstrong. In this town we had a good revival of religion the year before; but I found the work greatly increased under the pious labors of brothers Parker and Sanford.

Here we met a number of traveling preachers on their way to conference. I think we numbered about sixteen when we left Maysville. M'Kendree and Burke were our leaders, and we followed on in great peace and harmony. You will rarely find, in any



community, a happier set of men. We loved our God, our work, and one another. Our leaders concluded the company was too large to travel together; we could not all be well accommodated in any one place on that road; so Burke went ahead with his company, and M'Kendree followed in the rear. About sundown we came in sight of a fine-looking public house. We concluded to stop. The ostlers took our horses. M'Kendree stepped to the door first, when, having heard a rough man swearing most horribly, he turned back and told the landlord he could not stop there—that we were a company of weary travelers, and wished to rest quietly. The landlord replied, "O, sir, you shall not be interrupted; we will keep that drunken man down." At this moment the drunken man came blundering out, cursing and swearing. M'Kendree called the boys to bring back the horses, and we went on our journey, and came to the house where Burke and his company put up. This was crowded, but they squared about, and made room for us. After a very fine supper, we had prayers, and much religious conversation, but before we retired to bed, on came the old drunkard, muttering along and staggering. The landlord met him at the gate, and shaking his fist at him, told him not to attempt to come in. He stood awhile, then took the road, and away he went. We supposed the landlord was angry with us, and drove him to our next stopping-place. We all retired, and the house became quiet. We slept, and rose long



before day, and rode eight or ten miles to breakfast. The old drunkard was there just before us. Some preachers there were getting up. As the old man came to the door, the landlord told him he could not receive him. The old drunkard became very angry, and cursed and swore profanely. He said he feared he never should get clear of Methodist preachers. This was the third time he had been driven out of doors on their account. He took his departure, and we saw him no more.

Burke and his company did not like to be left in the rear; so while we were having breakfast they rode by. M'Kendree soon mounted his noble horse, and in a short time we overtook and passed them. This day we got to Chillicothe and put up at Governor Tiffin's. We found Bishop Asbury in good health and spirits. I never saw him so pleasant—so full of life and animation as he was at that conference. The Governor and his wife received us kindly, and we found his large house pretty well filled with Methodist preachers. The Governor, who had been recently elected to the United States senate, was in fine plight.

The conference opened on Wednesday morning. Bishop Asbury read the Scriptures, prayed, gave us a lecture, and organized the conference. We all worked in harmony. Our field of labor had become very extensive, and called upon the Bishop for all his resources to supply the work with suitable men. M'Kendree's term of service had expired on Nash-



ville district, and his place had to be supplied. Burke's time was out in Kentucky, Sailor's in Ohio, Jackson's in Holston, and Blackman's in the Mississippi; and although I was not a presiding elder, I was frequently called into the Bishop's council.

While the conference was moving on in harmony, we had glorious times in the congregations. The Spirit was poured upon us from on high. This was the first conference ever held in Chillicothe, and, I believe, the first held in Ohio. Multitudes from the east, north, south, and west attended. Although our congregations were large, they were very peaceful. We had no disturbance till about the middle of the session, and that was brought on by a couple of preachers, who had a great deal more zeal than knowledge. They raised a rumpus with a young man by the name of Rector, from Rectortown, in Maryland. He was a man of good standing, belonged to a Methodist family, though he was not a member of the Church himself. In the course of conversation they called him a "liar" several times. He told them he respected the house of God and would make no disturbance there, but would see them again to-morrow on the street; so the affair closed and the congregation retired. Next day he met the traveling preacher on the street at an early hour, and true to the promise made the night before, knocked him down and gave him a good drubbing. He then went in search of the local preacher and found him in his bake-shop. The preacher had his coat off and his



sleeves rolled up, and was just putting his bread into the oven. Rector stepped up with a cowhide, tore off the shirt from his back, and whipped him severely. It raised a great commotion through the town. The people took it in high dudgeon, declaring that Rector ought to be punished. Conference met at the usual hour. There sat the whipped preacher, his mouth and nose bleeding, and his clothes dirty. He looked as if he had been in the gutter. His sorrowful appearance excited the sympathies of his brethren, and they were for prosecuting Rector without further delay. I believe Bishop Asbury was in favor of the prosecution. Dr. Tiffin asked to come in and plead Rector's cause. He was well acquainted with Rector and both of the preachers. He told us that Rector was a high-minded young man and had no religion, and would not brook an insult from any body; and as they began with him, he thought they got no more than they deserved; he hoped they would profit by it, and he advised the conference to let it pass and say no more about it.

Bishop Asbury paid me unusual attention during this conference, taking me in his arms, stroking my head, asking me many questions, and giving me important information on many subjects. M'Kendree never was so kind before. I could not tell what had caused the change in these great and good men. One evening, just before the conference closed, the Bishop took me into a small room alone, and read to me Jacob's travels from his father's house to Padan-aram.



When he came to that place where Jacob stopped to rest for the night, and took a stone for his pillow, and laid him down to sleep—after a long pause, during which he appeared to be very much engaged in prayer, he asked me how I thought Jacob felt when he laid him down in that lonely place. I told him I supposed he felt very serious. "Yes," he replied, "serious enough." Then he got up, laid his hands upon my head, and said, "Jacob, you must go to Natchez and take charge of that district." I began to beg off. He told me in a few words to go in the name of the Lord and do my duty, and that God would be with me. He turned and walked out of the room and left me alone, saying no more to me till conference adjourned. The next day he closed the conference and read the appointments. Coming to the last district, he read, "Mississippi district—Jacob Young, presiding elder." The preachers looked surprised. He read on—Natchez circuit, Anthony Houston; Bayou Pier circuit, Richard Browning; Bayou Sarah, John Traverse; Catahoolah and Washita, James Axley; Anmeat, Jedediah M'Mean. He closed the conference with the benediction, and we all left. I gave notice to the preachers going with me that we would rendezvous at Cage's Bend, on Cumberland river, Tennessee.



CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY TO MISSISSIPPI—1807.

I AM now on my way to a new field of labor, A. D. 1807. I tremble under a deep sense of the responsibilities that rest upon me. I am sure that, unless I am assisted by the special influences of the Holy Ghost, I shall dishonor the appointment. My last year's labor was a year of both toil and prosperity. I averaged near thirty sermons per month throughout the conference year; held many class meetings and prayer meetings; visited a vast number of families and tried to train them in the ways of religion and truth. I saw many precious souls converted and brought into the Church of Christ. I read a great many books, and endeavored to make general reading supply the place of education. I endeavored to abide continually in the secret place of the Most High, that I might dwell under the shadow of the Almighty.

Yet, notwithstanding all my prayers and watchfulness, I made one serious mistake; and, though fifty years have rolled away, since that transaction took place, it still occasions me some regret and deep sorrow. I intended nothing wrong. I thought my eye was single to the glory of God in the whole affair, but I was sadly mistaken. Men are not always doing



right when they think they are. This blunder caused me to weep sore, on the mountains and in the valleys. Suffice it to say I obtained pardon of my good Maker. He healed the breach as far as mortals are concerned. I record this fact as a solemn warning and admonition to all young men who may read this page.

M'Kendree and myself traveled together from Chillicothe to Dr. Hynes's, in Clarke county, Kentucky. I suffered greatly, with dysentery and cholic, on the way, but my venerable friend being a pretty good physician, I was brought through safe, and spent several days with him at Dr. Hynes's. He wrote me a code of by-laws, for the government of quarterly conferences. After interchanging ideas and receiving much instruction for several days, the time of our departure came on. He kneeled down, about one o'clock in the afternoon, and commended me to God by solemn prayer. Dr. Hynes shouted aloud—his pious lady praised the Lord—the pious Martha wept bitterly. My fine Arabian horse being brought to the gate, I took my saddle-bags on my arm, and gave my friends the parting hand. Martha followed to the gate, and gave me a vest pattern and a silver dollar. I mounted my stately beast and rode away—traveling nearly two hundred miles alone. I had much time for reflection, and I tried to improve my solitary hours to the best advantage. I could say, in the language of Daniel Webster, "The most serious thought that entered my mind was my responsibility to God." The vows of the Almighty were upon me. My field



of labor was large—in a strange country—far from home. I was just entering upon a new sphere of action—a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called to fill the place of one of the itinerant evangelists.

In due time I came to the place of rendezvous. The preachers met according to appointment, and we spent two or three days making preparations to pass through the wilderness, from Nashville to Natchez, which was then considered a dangerous road—often infested by robbers. We bought a pack-horse and saddle, and other things necessary for a long journey. Here we held a three days' meeting, which was attended with much good. From this place we rode to Liberty Hill, between Nashville and Franklin, where we met with James Ward, presiding elder of the district, and Joseph Oglesby, circuit preacher in charge. Here we had an excellent camp meeting. We then rode to the town of Franklin—put up with Major Murry, and the Rev. Lewis Garret, where we laid in our stores for the above-named wilderness—ground coffee—parched-corn ground fine on coffee-mill, and mixed with sugar—beef's tongues—sea-biscuit, and every thing else necessary for our comfort. The first day we rode about thirty miles. About sundown we halted, and tied our horses to the trees. One of our company being still behind, came up while we were cooking supper. We had our camp-kettle—large coffee-pot—britannia tumblers—some spoons—every man had his own knife, and we made wooden forks.



We had a good supper. M'Kendree had made me a present of his large tent, which was made of a peculiar kind of linen, but would turn rain pretty nearly as well as a shingled-roof. Nine men could sleep under it without inconvenience. We pitched under the shade of the trees—said our prayers, and went to sleep. All woke up with fine health and spirits—fed our horses—took breakfast, and traveled forty miles, which brought us to the Tennessee river, at Colbert's ferry. We called for the ferry-boat, and they answered that they could not cross that night, but would bring us over in the morning. We camped near the bank of the river—fed our horses—put on a couple of bells, and turned them out in the cane-brake. We had our religious exercise after supper, and went to bed. I awoke, as usual, long before day, and found my horse standing near the tent, but could hear nothing of the rest. I grew uneasy, arose, put on my clothes, started down the river, to the cane-brake, and met our pack-horse coming up the Indian trail, by himself. I knew there was something wrong—went to the tent and gave the alarm—roused them all up. While preparing breakfast we looked round and found another horse. Then we had three, and four were missing. As soon as daylight appeared, Anthony Houston and myself mounted our horses, and pursued the runaways. We soon reached the road, and started right back toward Nashville. They appeared to be traveling very fast. We met two men who said they had seen them going pretty rapidly.

We followed them about twenty miles, then, to our disappointment, they left the road and went into the woods. They soon reached the high pine ridges where the ground was so hard that we could not well see their tracks. We were then in a vast, unsettled country, and fearing we should lose ourselves and perish in the wilderness, we concluded to give up the chase, and find our way back to the road. I felt very unpleasant, not knowing what to do, and thought of going back seventy miles to get more horses. Then I recollected we had no money to pay for them.

We were riding on the top of a high ridge, reflecting on Divine providence, and trying to pray. Thoughtfully I looked over my right shoulder toward a lofty summit on another pine ridge, and saw one of our horses rise up and stretch himself. We turned our horses and rode across the ravine, between the two ridges, and to our great comfort we found all four of our horses close together. We had ropes in our pockets, and tying them round our horses' necks each man led two and rode one. We were soon in the road. Some time in the night we came back to our camp, tied the horses to some trees, and cut loads of green cane and gave them to eat during the night.

The river was very wide here, and the ferryman moved slow, and had to make two trips. It was nearly dark when we all got over. We camped on the bottom-land of the river, and went to see Colonel George Colbert. He was a half-breed Indian. His



father was a Scotchman, and his mother a full-blooded Indian. He was a very shrewd, talented man, and withal very wicked. He had two wives. They were Cherokees, daughters of the famous chief Doublehead. Colonel George was a Chickasaw.

He and his brother had a large farm and about forty negroes working. We bought some corn, pumpkins, and corn-blades, for which he charged us a very high price. We sat down and had a social chat, and were considerably entertained with his shrewdness and witticism. He inquired where we were going. We told him to Natchez. He then inquired our business. We told him we were going to preach. He laughed heartily. "Ah," said he, "Natchez people great for preach, but they be poor, lazy, thieving, bad people." We defended our cause as much as we thought necessary. He then asked where we were from. We told him from Kentucky. "Kentuckian bad people, and white man worse than Indian every-where, though they have much preach and learn much. Indians never know how to steal till white man learn them—never get drunk or swear till white man learn them. We don't want any preaching in this country. We are free, and we intend to keep so." We bade him good night, and went to our tent. As we were now over the river, we thought our horses would not run away again, as they would have to swim the river. So putting a bell on one, hobbling another, and turning them all out to the cane-brake, we went into our tent and laid ourselves



down to sleep. I rose before day, and listened. Went out and found the hobbled horse by himself. I walked along the hill-side, and found by their tracks where they had gone galloping up the hill. I went to Colbert and told him our horses were gone again. "Well," said he, "go hunt them. If you can't find 'em, I find for you."

I had not run far till I saw a big Indian, rising from a big log where he had been sleeping all night with his blankets on his shoulders. I asked him if he saw any horses that way. "Yes," counting his fingers, showing how many—making motions with his hands to show they were trotting, pointing to his neck, describing the bells, and then said, "Run on, you get 'em." I had not gone far before we heard the bells. My horse came right up to me. I mounted him without a bridle and rode him down to the camp, the other horses following in train. We prepared for our journey in short order. That day we traveled through the Chickasaw nation. We passed many a wigwam, and almost every Indian we passed had something to sell, especially hickory-nuts, walnuts, hazel-nuts. They had cracked their nuts and had the kernels handsomely packed in little Indian bowls. The women would run out partly naked, and hold up their little bowls, and cry out, "bit." We bought freely just to humor them, and when we met the men on the highway, they would make very handsome bows, and say, "We Chickasaw, we friend white man, give me two bits." We generally gave



them some change to get rid of them, and then went on our way.

This day we reached the old Chickasaw town, and put up for the night with a white man by the name of Allen, and though he had been brought up among the Indians, we found him to be a real gentleman. Although his wife was called a squaw, and had all the rights of an Indian woman, she was only eighth part Indian. She had a fair skin, a fine figure, and good manners. He received us as the Lord's messengers, and I believe if I could have tarried in that place, I could have founded a mission there. But we found him under a great terror of mind. He had a quarrel with Colonel G. Colbert, who had ordered him to leave the nation, and threatened his life if he did not; and as Colbert was a tyrant, and in the habit of killing men, Allen apprehended that he was in imminent danger of losing his life. But as his family and living were there, he determined not to be driven away, but to stay and defend himself. We gave him and his family all the instruction we could, prayed with and for them, and left them in the hands of their faithful Creator and kind preserver.

The next day, we entered the Choctaw nation, and found them very inferior to the Chickasaws. This was before they had been visited by the missionaries. They were addicted to drunkenness, and were lazy and dirty. Here and there we met with a degraded white man among them. We bought of them corn, at two dollars per bushel; corn-blades at a bit per

bundle; and pumpkins, at a quarter of a dollar a piece. They would visit our camp at night in great numbers. We would sometimes give them bread and cheese, and treat them kindly, and they promptly reciprocated every kind act.

Near the line that divided the Choctaw nation from the Mississippi territory, stood a fine public house, kept by a gentleman by the name of Bishiers. Although he had an Indian woman for a wife, he was himself a gentleman. He had a good many colored people, and appeared to be a man of considerable wealth. He treated us very well, but knew how to make a high bill. That night, we pitched our tents within the limits of the Mississippi territory, the place of our destination. We were eleven days on our journey from Nashville to this place. We fed our tired horses, took our own suppers, and then surrounded a good fire and returned God thanks for preserving our lives, our limbs, and our animals, on our long and tedious journey. I suppose we felt like St. Paul, when he came to the Appii-forum and the Three Taverns. We had a good night's rest. The next morning we started, in fine health and spirits, toward the city of Natchez, and crossed the Bayou Pier, at the Grind Stone ford. There we saw Col. Burnet and his talented wife. We only halted for a moment, and then went on our journey.

About 12 o'clock, we arrived, in peace and safety, at Fort Gibson.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT—1807-8.

As we had been in the habit of pitching our tent, we did not go to a public house, but spread our tent on the commons, fed our tired horses on the ground, and began to prepare our dinner. As court was in session, there were very many people in the town. They noticed the travelers spreading their tents on the ground of the commons, and, from our appearance, concluded we were missionaries. They came out to see us, and some of the brethren were with them. After some conversation, they said, "They had been looking, for several days, for the preachers from conference." We told them, very promptly, that we were the very men they were looking for, and that we were now ready to serve them as ministers of the Gospel. They received us joyfully, and some of them went into the town, and brought us bread and cakes, small beer, and many other good things, that we ate and drank together.

In the afternoon, we rode to brother Randall Gibson's, a cousin to Tobias Gibson, the first Methodist missionary that ever visited that territory. Here we met my predecessors on the district, Rev. Learner Blackman, Rev. Elisha W. Bowman, and Rev. Thos.



Lesley. These were all the Methodist preachers then in the territory.

This was among the most interesting days of my life. The preachers about leaving the country had a deep interest in the work they had been engaged in. They were anxious to know what kind of men were going to succeed them, and, of course, we had to pass a close examination. Brother Gibson himself was far above ordinary men. Other neighbors coming in, all united with the preachers in catechising. I felt that I was going through a fiery ordeal. Brother M'Mean was a very young man, quite timid, had but little to say, and they said but little to him. Brother Traverse was not interesting in his appearance, and they paid him but little attention. Brother Browning was a pleasant man, prepossessing in his appearance, but was a man of small intellect and little information. Anthony Houston was a man slow of speech, but of a powerful intellect, and a mind well stored with useful learning. He could answer all their questions, and propound questions that were not so easy to answer. They soon became satisfied that he was just such a man as they wanted.

But James Axley was the superior man of our company. Although he was brought up in the wilderness, the God of nature had endowed him with many excellent gifts. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He knew well how to divide the word of God, and give every man his portion in due season. In the evening, we had an intel-



lectual feast, and, also, a temporal feast. We retired to rest at a late hour of the night, I believe, all happy and satisfied.

Next morning, our predecessors began to prepare to leave the territory. Blackman presented me with a plan of the district, and the preachers the plan of their several circuits. Next morning, we took the parting hand, and every man moved off to his own field of labor. I spent a couple of weeks in that neighborhood, visiting from house to house, preaching and holding prayer meetings. Most of the time, Blackman went with me. He had appointed a two days' meeting on one of the tributaries of Big Black river. Here we met Bowman and Lesley. The meeting continued three days. I believe I had all the preaching to do.

On Tuesday morning, Bowman and Lesley started for Nashville. We shed many tears in parting, fearing that we should never meet again.

Blackman and I turned our faces toward the south, and as I was unacquainted with the manners and customs of the people, it was thought best for him to stay with me a couple of months and give me an introduction. We were together several days, holding many night meetings, and trying to build the people up in the faith of the Gospel. Blackman was highly esteemed in that country, and deservedly so, for he had done more for the religious welfare of the people, than all who had gone before him. Though he had been preceded by good men, they



had done comparatively but little. I say not this by way of reflection, for I believe they had done as well as any one could under the circumstances. They had to grapple with many difficulties, which were removed out of the way before Blackman came to the country. He was a man of extraordinary natural and moral courage. Of him, it might be said, in truth, as the Rev. William Cravens, from Virginia, once said, "The fear of man never once entered into his experience." He feared no danger, dreaded not the tongue of slander, while he was doing and suffering for the glory of God. Whatever he thought ought to be done, he thought could be done; and, like General Jackson, he accomplished every thing he undertook. His labors and success in that country give lucid proof that he was no ordinary man. Like St. Paul, he became all things to all men, that he might gain some, and by so doing he gained very many. He was a very genteel man, of fine person, of refined manners, and mind well stored with general knowledge. When it became necessary, he could mingle with the first class, and conduct his part of the conversation in the most dignified and exalted manner. He was perfectly at home among the middle class, he never neglected the poor, he loved both the slave and the slaveholder, and in return was honored and loved by them both. His industry and activity exceeded those of all the ministers who went before him to that country, and, as far as I have been informed, he has not been excelled by any



who have followed him. In the space of four short years he explored almost every part of the Mississippi territory, forming Churches, organizing circuits, and preparing places for the people to worship. He went into west Florida, and often visited New Orleans. I found it hard work to follow him. His praise was not only in all the Churches, but in all the families of any respectability throughout the three territories, as far as I have been informed. I have had a close acquaintance with many Methodist preachers, and truth binds me to say, although I have known greater, I know not that I ever knew a better man. He was truly a wise man, turning many to righteousness; and according to the prediction of Daniel, he will not only shine like the brightness of the firmament, but as the stars forever and ever. I loved him in life, I love his memory still, and expect to love him in paradise.

I will give one proof of both the caution and the courage of this good man. We were compelled to travel one dark and dreary night for the want of some place to stay. There had been a heavy fall of rain the night before. We had to cross a small river, called the Homochitte, before we could get any place to lodge, and it was too cold and damp to lodge in the woods; so we rode on and came to the river late in the night. He proposed crossing, although he could not see or tell how high it was. I had very little fear of following him, for I was in the habit of swimming my horse, and felt nearly as safe



on his back in the water, as on land; and I was a practical swimmer.

I knew nothing of the qualifications of his horse for such an undertaking, nor of his own skill in swimming, but I came to the conclusion if he went in, I should follow. He alighted from his horse, tied a pair of garters tight round the tops of his boots, to keep the water from running in, and, committing himself, as I suppose, to the care of his heavenly Father, mounted his horse and plunged into the stream. In a few minutes we found ourselves safely landed on the other side, and by the good providence of God, found a comfortable dwelling-place for the night.

The next morning we rose early, in good health, and spent some time in prayer to our kind Preserver. The family gave us a good breakfast; we prayed for them, left our blessing, and pursued our journey.

That day we passed through a very delightful country. The green bay-trees, and extensive cane-brakes, afforded us much entertainment, while traveling in a strange land.

In the evening we stopped at a small village, right on the line of demarkation between the territory of the United States and the Spanish dominions, called Pinkneyville, after the great statesman, Pinkney. There we held a quarterly meeting, and had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. While we labored together, visiting that part of our field of labor, we became more and more united. Next

week we returned to Natchez, and held a quarterly meeting on what was called Jersey settlement. Here I became acquainted with the Kings, Swayzes, and Corys, who were warm friends of mine while I remained in the country. I went on to Natchez and held a meeting. Here I formed an acquaintance with a number of gentlemen who belonged to the first class in that city. They were a great benefit to me as long as I remained there. Next day I visited Washington, the capital of the territory, putting up with Esquire Tooley. He was a man of great wealth, far advanced in life, and appeared to be very pious, although he was a slaveholder. Blackman left me several days before. I spent three days with this gentleman, reading, and writing out my journal. The third day, in the evening, Blackman came to me again. We rode to Sulster's town. I preached, and visited a number of families. The next day we rode to the Rev. Lewis Vicks—a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church—a man of talents and considerable wealth—and having a fine family. Here we spent two or three days in preparing for our final separation. With this pleasant family I left my traveling companion, and set off for Catahoolah alone. When I arrived at the Mississippi river, it was so rough that the ferryman was afraid to cross, so that I was detained there about half a day, under the hill at Natchez.

I had often been among rough people, and had seen and heard a great deal of wickedness, but what I saw

and heard there surpassed any thing I had ever seen or thought of. Americans, French, Spaniards, English, Irish, Dutch, negroes, and mulattoes—all mingling as "fellows well met." Many Kentuckians were lying in their flat-boats, along the wharf, drinking, fighting, swearing, and acting like demons. I had often heard of Natchez under the hill; but never saw it before, and I thought I should be glad never to see it again. Just before sundown, I made my escape, and crossed the Mississippi river. I found a place to stay all night. I had a miserable swamp to pass, forty-five miles wide, to the Catahoolah lake. Early in the morning, I was on the road along the pleasant bank of the Mississippi, but presently had to change my course, and go into the swamp. I was informed that I would have to pass many cypress swamps before I could get through, and that it was a land of alligators.

I felt lonely, fearful, and gloomy. I had not gone more than ten miles, till I saw a man riding before me. He made a very dismal appearance, having an old, ragged, drab-colored coat, a shabby-looking wool hat, and a poor horse, which traveled very slow. I thought to myself, I am glad to see you any how; poor company is better than none. I rode on, and soon overtook him; but, by the way he sat on his horse, I perceived he was a sick man. His head was hanging down, and I could not see his face. I spoke friendly to him, and he lifted up his head, and lo and behold! lawyer Stephen Wilson, of Parkersburg,



Virginia, whom I had known in better days. He exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Young, is that you?" I answered, "Why, Mr. Wilson, is that you?" He was exceedingly glad to see me. He had just been shaking with ague, and was now contending with a high fever. He inquired where I was going. I replied, to Catahoolah. He was going there also; and it was agreed that we should go together, and help each other on the way. We traveled slowly along, sometimes through cypress swamps, and would occasionally get upon higher ground, and now and then pass lonely cane-brakes.

Wilson manifested great anxiety to know what I could be doing in that desolate country. I told him I was doing just what I was in Parkersburg, preaching the Gospel to sinners. I knew he was an infidel, but he had always been a warm friend of mine. He was in good circumstances, and married into a good family. I was surprised to find him in that foreign land, under such unfavorable circumstances. I soon found that he had left home in company with Aaron Burr and Blannerhasset, and, when the enterprise failed, he was ashamed to go home. He went to Catahoolah, and was engaged in building a mill. His health had failed, and, I suppose, he had run out of money. As he rode on, he appeared to get roused up, talking about old affairs. In the evening, we came to a little log cabin in the middle of a cane-brake, just on the bank of a deep bayou. The landlord had laid two cypress canoes across the bayou,



and had pinned cypress puncheons on the canoes, to make a bridge. We led our horses across, it being only about twenty feet wide. The landlord's name was Lee. Being asked if we could stay all night, he answered in the affirmative. We gave our horses some corn, and tied them up in a cane-brake.

I soon found that the landlord was a hard case, and had a dirty-looking wife. I abhorred the idea of staying till morning, but could do no better. She prepared for us a pretty good supper, and we chatted till a late hour in the night. He was an infidel, and a very wicked old man. I proposed having prayers; he granted me the privilege, but, when I began to sing, slipped out of the back door, and ran off till I was done. We had no bed but cypress puncheons. We covered ourselves with our great-coats, and passed the night in the best manner we could.

I roused the landlord early, to go and bring our horses. He soon came back, swearing and cursing—saying the horses had broken loose, and run away. I thought, from his guilty look, that he had turned them loose, intending to make us pay him a large fee to find them. I said not one word, but put off into the cane-brake, and, after running about a quarter of a mile, I heard my horse eating cane. I called him, he came to me, and Wilson's horse followed. We fed the horses, ate a little breakfast, paid a large bill, and put off.

This day, we came to the house of Captain Bowie, the father, I believe, of the man that invented the

famous Bowie-knife. Mrs. Bowie was a pious Methodist lady. The old Captain was a benevolent man, but a desperate sinner. Here I met my beloved brother Axley, where we were to hold our first quarterly meeting for the current year. The Captain gave us the privilege to hold our meeting in his large log-house. I had taken a violent cold in coming through the swamp, and was bleeding at the nose. Some of them thought I would bleed to death; but I became better. We held our meeting, preaching alternately, day and night, for nearly one week. The congregations were large, and, I believe, some good was done.

Here I fell in with a lawyer Hughes, from Kentucky. He was a fine lawyer, but the court had become prejudiced against him, and he was out of business, out of money, and in need of clothes to make him comfortable. His feet were entirely bare.

I spent two Sabbath days in this place, much to my own satisfaction, and, as far as I could judge, to the gratification and edification of all the people. On Monday I set out for Washita post. I had to pass a wilderness of a hundred miles, without seeing a house. I started early in the morning, and, my fine Arabian horse being in good plight, I soon cleared the cane country, and came to high pine ridges. As I had no road but an Indian trail, and the ground being hard, I was much puzzled to keep the track. I was now in the land of tigers, as they called them, but I called them panthers; and the re-



gion was infested with wolves. I did not know but my life would be in danger, if I should have to sleep in the woods alone, which made me very anxious to reach a settlement before I lay down to sleep. I started with the intention of traveling a hundred miles that day. About 12 o'clock, I lost my road, and, for the life of me, could not find it again. I wandered east and west till I became weary. I then alighted from my horse by a large pine tree. I had in my post-bags twelve ears of corn, two boiled hens, and five or six corn-dodgers. I fed my horse, ate my dinner, and turned back again. About 9 o'clock at night, I came within three miles of the place from where I started in the morning, at a Colonel Tennel's. The family received me gladly. After some refreshments, I retired to sleep. The next morning, my horse was so stiff that he could hardly walk, for I had rode him seventy-five miles, the day before.

The next day, I went to Captain Bowie's, and met again my good friend, brother Axley, who concluded to go with me through this terrible wilderness. I rested my horse three days, rubbed his joints, fed him well, and then started again, in company with brother Axley. He had been a great hunter, an experienced woodsman, and he entertained no doubt that he could find the way through. It turned out to be a very rainy day. We rode till about 12 o'clock, then got down under the shade of a pine-tree, fed our horses, ate our cold dinner, lifted our hearts to our faithful Preserver in prayer, and then rode on.



I observed, as brother Axley rode along, that whenever he could see a bit of dry rotten wood on a tree, he would pick it off and put it in his pocket. I did not know what he intended to do with it, and did not ask him. We rode on, sometimes singing and sometimes praying. Occasionally, one of us would preach a sermon, and the other criticise. At length, nightfall began to come on, and we were in a vast howling wilderness. We left the Indian trail, and rode several hundred yards down a deep ravine, and stopped where there was an abundance of cane. Axley said he would tie the horses and kindle a fire, if I would go in search of water.

I took my camp-kettle in my hand and went on till I found a running stream, from which, having filled my kettle, I went back to the camp. Axley had tied the horses, and with his big jack-knife had cut a large quantity of cane to last them through the night. Taking his flint, and steel, and spunk out of his pocket, he struck fire and applied it to his dry, rotten wood that he had gathered through the day, and soon had a blaze. We stopped where there was many pine-knots and rich pine limbs. He threw them on the fire till he had a kind of log-heap; the blaze was soon ten or twelve feet high. We made some strong coffee, very sweet with sugar, warmed our cold meat and bread, and spread a blanket on the ground which answered for table and table-cloth. Brother Axley asked a blessing, and we ate our supper with fine appetite.



Then we sat down and talked for hours upon the prospects of our mission, and concluded they were gloomy enough to discourage any man. We had to contend with ignorance in the lower classes, and infidelity in the upper. Romanism had flooded parts of the country, and its disciples were our deadly enemies. There were many other things too tedious to mention; but we had undertaken the task in the name of the Lord, and were resolved to carry it out or lose our lives in the attempt. By this time the ground had become dry around our fire, we spread cane on the ground, laid down our great-coats and blankets for our bed, and our saddle-bags for our pillow. On them we reposed our weary bodies and fell asleep.

We did not wake till after sunrise in the morning. The sky was clear and serene. We left our pleasant camp in short order, and soon reached a Spanish village on the Washita river. We could not talk Spanish, and they could not talk English. We could travel no further unless we had some one to give us directions. They could say *post* and *league*, that was all we could understand.

There was an old Indian chief, dressed in heathenish style, who said nothing till the Spaniards had done talking and we had turned away from them. He then stepped out into the road, held up his hand, and pointed the course we were to take. By the motion of his hand he showed that we were to incline to the west all day. He told how many times the roads forked by parting his fingers; by one motion of his



fingers he showed when we should turn to the left and when to the right, and by another motion that we must ride very fast; then pointing to the sun, he signified that it would be down before we would get to the post.

We rode on with great rapidity, arrived at Washita post about sundown, and put up at Colonel Morehouse's. He was himself at New Orleans. His lady had been taken prisoner when a young child and raised among the Indians. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages she was still a polished lady.

Here I met with a Dr. Floyd, who had once been a traveling preacher in the Mississippi territory. He had taken a location and gone into the practice of physic. Here we held our quarterly meeting. Mrs. Morehouse appeared to be greatly benefited and was sorry to part with us. We spent four or five days exploring that country and preaching in the evening, then rode back to Catahoolah lake, made a short stay and went on toward Natchez.

Here I parted with our beloved brother Axley. I left him bathed in tears. I dropped a few, but dried them soon, and went on my way rejoicing. This day I passed the Lee house, where I staid on my way up. Mrs. Lee at once knew me. She wanted me to stop and have a cup of coffee, and she seemed quite jovial. She told me Lee was just about dying. I went in and found him speechless, and I thought she looked as if she was glad she was getting clear of him. This evening I crossed the Mississippi river



and passed on, through the city of Natchez, to a place called the Pine Ridge, and put up with William Foster, Esq., a man of great wealth, and also a very pious man. He always received and treated Methodist preachers as the Lord's messengers. Here I met with brother Blackman and Lorenzo Dow. I gave them a condensed account of my visit to Louisiana, what I had seen myself, and what I had learned from brother Axley and others.

I was not much gratified with meeting Lorenzo Dow, for I had become somewhat prejudiced against him, on account of his controversy with Nicholas Sneethen and Ezekiel Cooper, and his finding fault with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He knew that I was dissatisfied with him, and he requested an interview with me on these points. We talked long and very plainly, and continued our interview, from time to time, for several weeks, till I became entirely satisfied that Sneethen and Cooper were more to blame than Dow; and he might have said many things much more severe than he did say without going beyond the bounds of truth. These interviews ended in settled friendship, our confidence in each other was mutual, and our kind regards were reciprocated. From that time till he left the territory, he was my constant companion. We traveled together, lodged in the same room, prayed and preached together, and the Head of the Church blessed our labors of love.

It was a fortunate thing that I became acquainted with Lorenzo at this period. For the controversy be-

tween us and the Calvinists was going on at this time with great energy. Blackman and E. W. Bowman both being polemic divines, had entered largely into the defense of Methodism, and had borne down, without much tenderness, on Calvinism, which roused both the Presbyterian and Baptist preachers. I found three Baptist preachers harnessed for the battle. Two of them were very talented men—Cooper and Bainbridge. Snodgrass, though a man of high standing, was not very talented. There were, also, three Presbyterian preachers—Messrs. Smiley, Wood, and Bullin. These were all learned men. Bowman, our strongest man, had left the territory. Blackman was just about leaving. The preachers that came with me to this country were not able debaters, neither were they fond of controversy.

Under these circumstances, it seemed to me to be a special act of Providence that brought Lorenzo to our assistance, and nothing could have pleased him better. In conversation, he often reminded me of a fast-running horse that had long been used to the track. They had thrown down the challenge, and Lorenzo took it up. All he asked was an open field and a fair fight. In about three months he completely silenced them, and we had nothing to do but go on and preach the Gospel—hold prayer meetings—administer ordinances—catechise the children, and instruct the people from house to house—do the work of evangelists, and give full proof of our ministry; and the work of the Lord prospered.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT—CONTINUED—1807-8.

We concluded, upon the whole, that religion was very low throughout the Louisiana territory. Brother Axley was much discouraged—out of money, and his clothing very ragged. By this time the waters had risen, and he was confined to the Catahoolah settlement. He had no place to preach there. Captain Bowie had fallen out with him, and would not let him preach any longer at his house, saying, "He had preached so much about hell, that his chimney had fallen down, and he would have him there no longer."

At this time he met with great opposition, and was sorely persecuted by the Universalists, Dunkards, and Catholics. We made him up some money to buy him some clothes, and sent it to him, but he paid the money out for flooring-boards. He then went into the forest, and cut down pine-trees, and hewed them with his own hands—next, borrowed a yoke of oxen, and hauled them together; finally, he called the neighbors to raise the house, which he covered with shingles, made with his own hands. He built his pulpit—cut out his doors and windows—bought him boards and made seats. He then gave notice that

them if they would conform to those
take them into the Methodist Church.
[illegible] if they did not into
not to join. The first day he open
door eighteen joined, among them ar
the next week, stole a piece of bacon.
him severely, told him he was forewa
crossed his name off. There was a n
Green in the neighborhood, who tried
man up to sue the preacher for slande
found he could make nothing of it. A
me, almost every week, how he we
A friend wrote me a letter informing
chapel was finished, and he had na
Chapel—that Axley had conducted h
much propriety, that neither man no
find any fault with him.

Blackman had left the country. Lor
self traveled together for some time;
would part and then meet again labo



isfaction. The people appeared well pleased—many were growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth, but there were very few conversions.

The third round commenced under more favorable circumstances. We held a camp meeting near Port Gibson, Mississippi. This was called a good camp meeting for that country, though nothing special took place. Nearly all the preachers on the district were present; and, when the meeting closed, we all spent one day in helping Lorenzo build his mill-dam. We all loved Lorenzo, and he loved us, and we worked in great peace and harmony.

Not long after this we appointed a camp meeting on what was called Poplar Hill, near the Rev. Lewis Vicks's, as well as I now recollect, about twenty miles east of Natchez. This was a very interesting meeting, perhaps the most so of any religious meeting held in the territory.

The ground was beautified and highly ornamented with good tents. There were five or six Methodist preachers on the ground, and all appeared filled with the Holy Spirit. There were five Calvinist preachers present—some Presbyterians—some Baptists. Lorenzo was there, but in very poor health; and we discovered, on the first evening, to our great regret, that there were a number of sutlers near the ground, and many rowdies, who showed a disposition to disturb the meeting. Lorenzo and brother Houston took charge of the sutlers and rowdies. The congregations were unusually large. The word of the Lord

them thought he was more than poor
was feeble, he would walk carele
crowd, like a lion among the beast
One day he found a large canteen ful
the owner's name on it. He pasted
on the head of the vessel, and wrote
letters, "Old Sam's monument—hu
of Mr. L." He told some of the bo
a sapling—tied the canteen to a lin
sapling rise again. The owner was re
forward—prove property—pay charg
away. No owner appeared, and we le

The brethren succeeded in prese
order throughout the whole term of the
Sunday morning I tried to preach a
Lorenzo was lying in the tent very sic
time I was making my closing remark
of the tent holding his hand on his s
was very long, and his clothes very rag
He was a sorrowful-looking



full description of his character, and the instrument by which he carries on his wicked works." Here I discovered the people were very much alarmed; for, it was said, there was a Baptist preacher in the congregation who had been a desperate tory and robber, in the time of the Revolution—had robbed and murdered many people; and, at the close of the Revolution, in order to avoid condign punishment, had escaped to the Spanish dominions, but was now living in this country, having become respectable, and surrounded by a numerous offspring. Many thought that Dow had knowledge of his history, and intended to expose him. Brother Randall Gibson told me he knew there would be a battle on the ground, as soon as Dow began to expose the robber; and, therefore, he seized his hat, and was ready to run. Dow talked along, slowly, in a kind of dark, mysterious manner. Finally, he told the congregation who the robber was, and gave his name in Hebrew, Greek, and English. We all knew, then, he meant the devil and Satan.

He then described the instrument by which this dreadful robbery was perpetrated. A short chain of five links, with a hook at one end, a crook at the other, and a swivel in the middle. The first link was the unconditional final perseverance of the saints. The second was unconditional election and reprobation; that God from all eternity had elected some men to everlasting life, and reprobated the rest to everlasting perdition, and that the number was so definite and certain, that not one could be taken

when he began. The fourth link
if the threatenings in the Bible wer
ises were equally so. Therefore,
neither our rule of faith nor of pr
took up the Bible and threw it aw

Some of the people became ang
congregation, saying he argued just
or Volney. The fifth link was ath
time the congregation became very
He then went on to describe the
said would turn one way or the other
he said there was an unanswerable
not a man upon earth could answ
ment, he said, something like this: "
it is so, because!" The hook at the
chain was presumption, the crook at
spair; for if there was no God, there
hope for, and atheism always end
He then took up the other side of
and proved, in a most masterly man



rule, of our faith and practice. He then showed that, when infidelity fell, universal salvation fell with it. He now went away and picked up the Bible again, laid it on his breast, quoting the old wise saying, "My book and my heart shall never part." With a few arguments, he brushed away Universalism, and seized hold of old Calvinism. Here he put forth all his masculine powers. By this time his shrill voice might have been heard nearly half a mile. The congregation were on their feet, and pressing toward the stand as if to press each other down. He said, when unconditional election and reprobation went down, unconditional and final perseverance went with it. Having now cleared the trash out of the way, he preached the unsearchable riches of Christ for about a quarter of an hour. He then observed, "If there is any gentleman in the congregation who has any objections to my sermon, let him come forward, take the stand, and make them known." He waited a long time. There were five Calvinist preachers sitting there, but not one of them moved. "Now," said he, "gentlemen, I am going to leave the country, and if you do not come forward and defend your doctrine while I am present, but attempt to contradict my sermon when I am gone, some one may compare you to a little dog, that has not courage enough to bark at a traveler when he is opposite the gate, but will run along and bark on the track after he has gone by!"

Our meeting closed on Tuesday morning, under



very propitious circumstances. Here I closed my third round on the district, and notwithstanding all my ignorance and unworthiness, the people received me as the Lord's messenger, and I found it in my heart to live and die among them, and notwithstanding I was anti-slavery in my principles and feelings, I loved and fellowshiped many of the slaveholders in that territory, being firmly persuaded that they were experimental Christians.

I now commenced my fourth round, in excellent health, but had an attack of bilious fever in Pinkneyville. The doctors had me on my feet again in a few days. The next week I held a quarterly meeting in west Florida. I asked some of the citizens if they thought I might hold such a meeting in safety. They said I might, if the priest did not hear it; but if he did, he would order the alcalde to put me in the calaboose, where my friends would never hear of me again. The meeting-house stood close by the line, and I ventured to hold a meeting on Saturday and Sabbath. A great many people attended, among the rest, a little Yankee, who had been southernized. When I closed my sermon in the woods, he got up on a log, and began to curse and swear in a most horrid manner. I reproved him. He then mounted his horse, saying he would swear when he pleased. I went to him, laid my hand on the horse's neck, and told him he would not swear when he pleased, there. He then began to flatter; told me he was pleased with my sermon, but thought I ought not



to have reproved him before so large a company. Brother Traverse bade me come away, and not spend my time with such a fellow as that. Here he broke out worse than ever, and undertook to lay violent hands on brother Traverse. A gentleman took Traverse's place, and a scuffle ensued, in which the combatants crossed the line, and got into the Mississippi territory. The Esquire saw them, and ordered the constable to take the offender. He took him, and was going to send him to jail, but he begged that he might go to a certain house, to obtain security. While he was riding side by side with the constable, he put spurs to his horse and galloped across the line, then turned and cursed them, and told them to do their worst. I afterward heard that the alcalde put him in the calaboose for misconduct at our meeting, but for the truth of the statement I can not vouch.

I passed on holding quarterly meetings every week, till we came to our last camp meeting, which was on the road leading from the Grind Stone ford into the Choctaw nation. The week preceding this meeting our beloved brother Axley returned from Louisiana to the Mississippi territory. He met us at William Foster's. When he went to Louisiana he was a large, fine-looking man, but his flesh had since fallen off, and he looked quite diminutive. His clothes were worn out, and when he saw his brethren he could not talk for weeping. The people soon clothed him, his health became restored, his spirits

revived, and he came to the camp-ground in pretty good order. The congregation was unusually large for that country, and some of them splendidly dressed. He preached the first sermon, and declaimed earnestly against superfluous ornaments, and the passions, pride and vanity which occasion them.

There was a Madame Turnbull in the congregation with a gay daughter. Brother Axley perceived, by her movements with her servants, that she was offended, and about leaving the camp-ground. He followed her to her carriage, made some apologies and invited her to come back the next day. The meeting went on during the afternoon and night much as usual. The preachers had great liberty in preaching, the congregations were edified, and sinners were awakened and converted to God.

The Sabbath morning was clear and serene. Our prayer meetings commenced at an early hour, and were crowned with abundant blessings. Brother Axley preached the first sermon. The congregation was large, and made a splendid appearance. Madame Turnbull according to promise was present with her husband. They were very orderly during service till the preacher was about half through. Brother Axley was on his favorite theme, the pride and vain-glory of the people of that territory, and to use one of Bishop Asbury's phrases, "God enabled him to speak strong words," and he became truly eloquent.

Suddenly, Esq. Turnbull rose and told him to stop till he should speak a few words. I left the stand

and went to the Esquire, and ordered him, in a commanding tone of voice, to take his seat, informing him that the meeting was not appointed for him to preach. He made a low bow and said he was well aware of that, and sat down, but before I reached my seat, was up again, hallooing at the top of his voice, "Mr. Preacher, Mr. Preacher, stop, and let me speak a few words." I went to him the second time, and pushing him off the seat, commanded him to be silent. As I looked toward the stand I saw the preacher was crying and the congregation in the utmost confusion. The Esquire was soon up again crying, "Esquire Lewis, Esquire Lewis, assist here to take this man out of the pulpit—he is insulting the congregation." Lewis, however, paid no attention to him. The preacher stepped back and sat down weeping.

Lorenzo Dow was lying in his tent sick. When he saw the congregation was beyond my control, he rose and came into the pulpit. After standing and looking over the people a few moments, he ordered them, with authority, to hush and take their seats. In less than five minutes they were all quiet, and he began to talk about the American Revolution. This led him to take a summary view of the British colonies, in North America, their first settlements and their long prosperity. He then touched handsomely on the relation between the colonies and the mother country. This led him to explain what gave rise to the American Revolution. He then gave us a concise history of the war and its final termination,



showing at the same time, what we had gained by the Revolution, saying we were now the happiest people on the globe. Here he became animated, enlarging upon our civil and religious liberty. He proceeded to remark that when God confers great privileges on a nation, he holds her responsible for all she enjoys, and that where great privileges are abused, sometimes they are turned into the heaviest curses. He stated many facts to show that we were abusing the Divine favor—he repeated the Constitution of the United States, and showed there was a bright analogy between that Constitution and the sun. As the sun keeps every planet and satellite in its own orbit, so the Constitution keeps every state and territory in order and harmony. He described the prerogatives and duties of all officers, from the President down to the justice of the peace. He repeated the oath of office—that which binds each to support the Constitution of the United States, and of the state or territory in which the officer lives. Turning to the Methodist Church, he showed what it had done and was doing for the United States. He showed the wonderful doings of Methodist preachers, their lives and sacrifices; that they were good citizens, always prompt to obey the laws of the land, and were doing more now for their country than any other body of men in the United States; and that any man who would interrupt a Methodist preacher while in the discharge of duty in his high office, was a mean, low-lived scoundrel, and that any Esquire that would do

so was a perjured villain. He repeated the oath of office, and then referred to the circumstance that had just taken place before their eyes, and asked what was their prospect in the Mississippi territory, while they kept perjured villains in office.

The angry Esquire did'nt say, "Mr. Preacher, stop;" but sat with his head down, took his family and left, saying, as he walked slowly along, "I always was a fool, and I would not, for five hundred dollars, have come to this place to-day."

Suffice it to say the meeting closed well. Lorenzo gave us his valedictory, and we saw him no more. The preachers all went to their work, being refreshed by the Holy Spirit.

I now took my leave of my friends in the territory. This I now regard as the greatest blunder in my whole life. I ought not to have left the territory. I grieved the pious spirits of my friends in that country, while leaving them in the midst of prosperity. I grieved the godly spirits of both the bishops, and in some degree incurred their displeasure, and worse than all, I grieved the Holy Spirit and lost the comforts of religion, which I did not recover for many years.

CHAPTER XV.

CONFERENCE—1808.

JUST as I was preparing to leave the territory, an affair took place between some white men and the Choctaw nation, which rendered it extremely dangerous for any traveler to pass through the Choctaw country. The case was as follows:

A white man kept a whisky-house near the Choctaw line, and was in the habit of selling whisky to the Indians, contrary to law. On a certain day, some of the Indians became drunk, and behaved very rudely. One Indian was so much intoxicated that he became entirely helpless. While he lay in this condition, they wounded him pretty severely. The next day, he became sober and demanded of the whisky-man an explanation. The man told him he had been drunk and behaved badly. He replied, "You no right sell me whisk," and put off saying, "I see you 'gin." He returned in a few days with several Indians, and made an attempt to burn the house. I can not give all the particulars, but one or two Indians were killed. The chiefs resolved they would have life for life, and we were not certain but that some travelers would be murdered if they attempted to pass through the Choctaw nation.



Our Government sent a deputy to try to make peace, but we were ready before he returned, and concluded we would venture. James Axley, Richard Browning, John Traverse, Jedediah M'Mean, and myself met at Mr. Jones's, prepared our old cloth tent, laid in the best store of provisions we could procure, and early the next morning took the road toward Nashville. We kept a close look-out for Indians all day, but saw none. In the evening we left the trail, went down into a deep, low ravine, kindled a fire and cooked our supper, then put the fire out again, tied our horses to trees close by—had prayers and went to our lodgings, trusting in the Lord. I lay with a tomahawk under my head. The Lord preserved us, and we were brought in peace and safety to see the light of another day.

We had not traveled far before we met our old friend Foster. He was our embassador sent on to make peace. He was glad to see us, and told us that all was well, and that we might travel in safety, which relieved us from all our fears. We traveled upward of forty miles, and camped a little before sundown. A little while afterward, about dark, a company of Indians came on and, encamping just on the other side of the little valley, came over to our tent to get fire, turned out their horses, which we discovered were loaded with long kegs, swung across them, which we supposed were filled with whisky. Several of them returned to our tent in a short time. We gave them some bread and cheese, and conve[illegible]

with them as well as we could by signs. They appeared friendly, returned to their camp, and when we sung hymns, they sang Indian songs. They kept up singing and hallooing nearly all night. We thought they were drunk, and that we should be in danger before daylight. I lay with my tomahawk under my head, and slept but little. Toward day they went to sleep and all became quiet. By this time John Traverse became very sick with what is now called typhoid fever. Next morning he could not stand alone. We ate our breakfast, saddled our horses, and lifted him into his saddle. The poor man rode all day. We lifted him off at dinner-time, set him on again, and passed on till night. In this way we traveled all the way through to Franklin, Davidson county, Tennessee, near Nashville. Nothing very material took place during this journey. We procured a lodging-place for our sick brother Traverse, and employed a good physician to attend him. We tarried all night with the Rev. Lewis Garret. The next day I rode to the Rev. Green Hill's, the place where conference was to meet. Here I met Bishop Asbury and Bishop M'Kendree. I had known elder M'Kendree for a long time, and had traveled with him hundreds of miles—now he was ordained a bishop. I could see no change in the man. Bishop Asbury appeared much displeased with me for leaving the territory. He lectured me pretty severely. I wept freely, but tried to bear it patiently. The two bishops took me into a room by ourselves, and requested me to give



them a detailed account of every thing that had happened of importance during the year. I endeavored to do so in a faithful account of my deportment, labors in the pulpit, and administration of Discipline.

The bishops were in fine health and spirits. Bishop Asbury opened the conference by reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer, and, according to his usual practice, gave us a very interesting lecture on religious duties.

As the conference was held in the country, it was not convenient for the people to accommodate the preachers and the visitors in their own houses—therefore they connected a camp meeting with the conference and accommodated the preachers in their tents. The camp-ground was large and the tents were very fine, which gave a novel and interesting appearance.

The conference met in the meeting-house, and we preached on the camp-ground. Religious exercises went on without any interruption. There were preachers enough present to fill the pulpit and work in the altar without calling on any members of the conference.

The conference business went on in peace and harmony for the first three days, but on the fourth day our troubles began. It will be recollected that in 1808 the General conference authorized the annual conference to make their own arrangements with regard to slavery. We were sitting here in a slave state, and we had to move with a great deal of cau-



tion. But the question must be met without dodging, and the state of the Church required it at our hand.

In the first place we appointed a judicious committee to take the subject under serious consideration and report thereon. It was done in due time, but when the report was read it did not meet the views of the conference, and a long, weary, and warm debate ensued, in which William Burke, Samuel Parker, Learner Blackman, Robert Cloud, and others took part. Burke was now in his zenith, and he was thought to be the master-spirit of the conference. They finally condemned the report and laid it aside.

Bishop Asbury saw we were not likely to come to any conclusion. He offered his services to write rules for us. The next morning he presented his paper; but we disliked it more than the report of the committee. Bishop M'Kendree opposed it; took the floor and made several speeches against it. Bishop Asbury looked very pleasant, smiled, drew his pen across his paper, finally threw it away, and left us to do our own business in our own way.

We labored long and hard, but we were a good deal like the laboring mountain that brought forth a mouse. Slavery had given the Church much trouble previous to this time; it has been giving trouble from that day to this, and it will continue to give us trouble while there is a slaveholder in the Church.

In many respects this was a very delightful conference, but a gloomy one to me. Adversity had spread her raven wings over my future prospects. Here I



met my beloved brother Benjamin, and parted with him for the last time. Good Bishop M'Kendree, who saw that the cup of trembling was in my hand, was the only one that came to my relief. He appointed me in charge of the Nashville circuit. I told him if it met with his views, I would rather go to another circuit. Bishop Asbury thought this was a Providential act, for he had another place where I was more needed; Rev. R. R. Roberts was then traveling West Wheeling circuit in the state of Ohio. The Bishop had appointed him to Fell's Point station in the city of Baltimore, and had left West Wheeling vacant, to be supplied from the Western conference. This day the Bishop received a letter from brother Roberts informing him that he could not go to Baltimore, and assigned his reasons; namely, his temporal business demanded his attention in that part of the country, and he could not sustain himself in the city of Baltimore and meet the views of the people.

The Bishop, however, seemed determined he should go to Baltimore, and appointed me to take his place. He wrote a short letter to brother Roberts, but it was the most severe letter I ever read from any bishop to a minister.

The conference closed in great peace and harmony. The preachers started to their several fields of labor in fine spirits, but I left Liberty Hill with a heavy heart. I went in company with William Burke, Caleb Cloud, and William Houston. They were full of life and animation, acting sometimes more like men of



the world than clergymen. Little did they know the condition of my mind—"every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not with its joys." I passed on through Kentucky, meeting old friends here and there. They all seemed glad to see me, wishing me God-speed. They loved me, and I loved them. I was very thankful to my heavenly Father when I was alone, and by reading, praying, and thinking I tried to regulate my heart. In the course of a week or ten days I succeeded nearly to my own satisfaction. I felt that old things had passed away, and that all things had become new.



CHAPTER XVI.

WEST WHEELING CIRCUIT—1808.

I ARRIVED in St. Clairsville about sunset, in the the month of October, 1808, the center of my new field of labor. I had just passed two very eventful years—years of great trial, and perhaps the severest I ever passed through during my life. Yet at the same time they were years of great prosperity in the Church, and great peace in my own soul. In the world I have tribulation, but in Christ I have peace.

I put up with brother Hall, a local preacher. He received me very kindly, but was at a loss to know what I came there for, and what I was going to do. He might have had some fears that I was an impostor. The next day the Rev. Michael Ellis preached there. I was introduced to him, but he did not ask me to preach. As the Methodists had no meeting-house he preached in a private house—a very good sermon, closed the meeting, and told them I would preach in the court-house at early candle-light.

I was introduced to the Rev. Archibald M'Elroy, for the first time; a man of but little learning, rough manners, giant mind, and an honest heart. I was introduced to Jacob Myers, Robert Dent, and a host of genteel-looking men, who all seemed at



a loss to understand my business in that place. I had simply told brother Hall that I had come to ride that circuit. He seemed to think it was out of the question for brother Roberts to be removed, and supposed that I was going to take the place of the young preacher, Benedict Burgess, but they all flocked out to hear me preach—both saint and sinner—and crowded the court-house to overflowing. I fell so far beneath the eloquent brother Roberts, that I believe they went away dissatisfied. I had no plan of the circuit, and inquired where I might find brother Roberts. They could not tell me, but said he had boarded with Mr. Worldly, an uncle to his wife. I rode on to Worldly's—brother Roberts was not there. He was gone to the place where he formerly lived, Mercer county, Pennsylvania. I asked Mr. Worldly if I could stay all night. He answered, that depended on my good behavior. I told him I would try to behave myself—but thought it a rough answer to a stranger.

I soon perceived that I had to go through another fiery ordeal. They began to apprehend that Roberts was going to leave, and that I was to be their preacher, and they did not like it. I went on, preached several times in different places, till I met brother Roberts. I went to William Rouse's, one of the preaching-places, and while waiting for the congregation, Roberts stepped into the house. I thought I never saw a more interesting countenance. He advanced toward me, I met him promptly, and



we shook hands. He said, "I suppose this is brother Young—my name is Roberts." He introduced me to his wife. After we had chatted a few minutes, I handed him a letter from Bishop Asbury. It was evident his mind was much agitated while reading. He told me if I wished I could read it. I thought it rather severe. The congregation collected, I preached, brother Roberts closed, and we had a very good class meeting. I thought he felt pretty much determined not to go; but he gave me the plan of the circuit. This was the first time we ever met; notwithstanding we were both surrounded by circumstances calculated to try men's souls, yet we parted in great friendship. Our kindred spirits mingled into one, while we gave each other the parting hand—and we remained firm friends till the day of his death.

I plainly saw my situation was any thing but pleasant; but I was determined to go on, trusting in the living God, and take the advice of Cromwell to his soldiers, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry." I found my circuit large, including the whole of Belmont, Jefferson, and Harrison counties. The membership were numerous, and there was a great deal of work to be done. I had no colleague but brother James Wilson, who belonged to the Baltimore conference, and would have to leave soon. I commenced my regular labors the next Sabbath day, in St. Clairsville, to a very numerous congregation, not above one-third of which could



get into the house. The Rev. Caleb Humphrey, and his amiable daughter Ruth, accompanied me to that place.

This was to my soul a delightful day. In the evening, brother M'Elroy preached in the court-house. The next day I spent in visiting the flock, some of them gave me the cold shoulder, others gave indications of Christian fellowship, and a hearty welcome to their houses and pulpits.

I spent this week between St. Clairsville and Hopewell meeting-house, which was not far from the mouth of Indian Short creek, preaching almost every day, and visiting from house to house. My heavenly Master gave me a good week. I preached on Sunday at eleven o'clock, and in the evening. I met Lorenzo Dow. He preached that day in Wheeling, and having heard that I preached at Hopewell, rode ten miles, through a dreadful snow-storm, to meet me. After he had preached a short sermon for me, we went to a house near the church, and sat up nearly all night. We dwelt largely on what we had passed through, expatiated with much comfort on our present circumstances, and with the hesitancy becoming short-sighted mortals, conversed on our future prospects. The next day we crossed the Ohio river and rode to John Spahr's, sen., where I found a large, flourishing family. The old gentleman was a widower. He had two sons and seven daughters living, one dead. He was in easy circumstances, and blessed with a benevolent heart.



Here, for the first time, I saw my beloved Ruth, who afterward became my wife. I became very much attached to the family on my first visit. I met with Peggy Dow, much to our mutual comfort—we spent two days together, and parted to meet no more.

I crossed the river and resumed my labors, spending most of this week between Hopewell and Steubenville. I met with a number of large and flourishing societies within this week. In Steubenville we had no society, there were a few scattering Methodists there, but they were not organized into a class.

I had put up with an old man under the hill by the name of Barnabas Lucas, whose occupation was dressing deer-skins and making gloves. Although I had been acquainted with many good men, I believe I never knew a better man than he. His house became my home for nearly twenty years. Here I passed another inquisition. They appeared to want my whole history—how long I had preached; what appointments I had filled; whether I had been in charge, or was only a junior preacher, etc.

Next day, I reconnoitered the town, to see how the land lay. I was pleased with the appearance of the people, and left the town pretty well satisfied. I rode thirteen miles to old Jacob Neisless, a very singular man, who was dressed like a beggar, though he had accumulated a very large property. He had stored his mind well with useful knowledge, but was quite



eccentric, and, at times, appeared a little deranged. I often thought it might have been from making a too free use of ardent spirits. I was treated like a prince.

The next day, I preached at Hale's meeting-house, to a large congregation, and had an excellent meeting. I had now reached the northern part of my circuit, preaching every day, and, sometimes, holding prayer meetings at night, and endeavoring to do the work of a Methodist preacher in every particular, both great and small. On Saturday night, I came round to Holmes's meeting-house, on Indian Short creek.

At our last annual conference, the West Wheeling circuit, belonging to the Baltimore conference, was transferred to the Western conference; and while that circuit remained in the Baltimore conference, Thornton Fleming was presiding elder, and Robert R. Roberts circuit preacher, on the West Wheeling circuit. After the transfer alluded to, James Quinn was presiding elder, and Jacob Young preacher, on the above-named circuit.

Brother Fleming and brother Roberts, at this time, held their last quarterly meeting before they left the circuit, which meeting I attended. Brother Fleming appeared to be very much dissatisfied with the transfer, and complained heavily of Bishop Asbury, saying, "This is a high-handed measure. It is high Episcopacy, and I never subscribed to that form of Episcopacy; for our Episcopacy is low Episcopacy."



He turned and looked at me with an angry countenance, saying, "Brother Young, I want information." I replied, "Well, sir, I'll give it to you, if I am able." He then said, "Well, I know the circuit is transferred from the Baltimore to the Western conference." I replied, "That is all the information I can give you, with the exception of one item. I am sent by Bishop Asbury to travel this circuit." Here the dialogue ended. He kneeled down abruptly, and said, "Father Ellis, pray." I looked across the house, and saw one of the most venerable forms I ever beheld in all my life. He was a large man, with a very white head, and a masculine voice and appearance. He kneeled down and prayed as though the kingdom of God was coming with power. This was the venerable Michael Ellis. He asked his good Maker to deliver us from monarchy. This sentence in his prayer made me a little mischievous, for he was praying to be delivered from a thing that had no existence among us. I felt very strange, indeed, being a young man in a strange land, and under, what was to me, a strange kind of presiding elder. However, I resolved to make the very best I could of my circumstances.

I completed my first round, and was well pleased with my field of labor, and, as far as I could judge, the people were well pleased with me. My prospect for a prosperous year was very good. About this time, my colleague came on. He made a very indifferent appearance. His clothes were ragged and



dirty. He was a very young man, and a very ignorant one. The people pitied him, took him to Cadiz, and clothed him well from head to foot. He soon began to conduct himself improperly, and the presiding elder dismissed him, and sent him home. Shortly after this, our first quarterly meeting came on. Our presiding elder, Rev. James Quinn, appeared to live and preach like a primitive evangelist. We soon had revivals at nearly all our preaching-places. We had but few meeting-houses, and were compelled to preach in private houses. In St. Clairsville and Steubenville, we preached in the court-houses. At Steubenville, was an old log court-house, up stairs. The celebrated Obadiah Jennings, a distinguished lawyer of that place, was nearly always present. He generally took his seat close by my stand, and seemed to drink in every word. His father was a Presbyterian preacher, and he had been brought up in that Church, but he professed no religion. Through the course of this winter, God powerfully converted his soul. Although he was making thousands of dollars at his practice, as soon as he became pious, he shut up his law-books, joined the Presbyterian Church, took a regular theological course, went to preaching, and labored a number of years with great success. He then left Ohio, and took charge of a large congregation in the city of Nashville, Tenn. He was a man of meek and quiet spirit, and, if called upon, he could defend the truth equal to any one of his day. Having served his God



faithfully, he died in peace, and passed away to the paradise of God.

We held our second quarterly meeting in St. Clairsville court-house. Revs. Michael Ellis and James Quinn held forth on Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday, to great advantage. I trust much good was done in the name of the holy child Jesus. I had a preacher with me by the name of James Watts. In the autumn of this year, he had a severe fit of sickness, and was likely to die. But he recovered, and we traveled in the Western conference several years together, after which he returned to the Baltimore conference. Although he was not a great man, he was truly a good minister of the Gospel, and, I trust, is now shining with the stars in the kingdom of God.

I labored on, with considerable success, through this severe winter. Spring opened early and very pleasant. Baltimore conference held its session in March, in the city of Baltimore. They sent me, for colleague, Rev. Thomas Church. He came under the impression that I was to leave the circuit, and he to take charge. He had received an impression on his mind that I was to go to Wills creek. He stopped with the Spahr family on his way to the circuit, and, as I had become rather a favorite in that family, it gave them some uneasiness that I was going so far away. He came on, and met me at Holmes's meeting-house, and handed me a letter from Bishop Asbury. I opened the letter, and found that I was



to stay on the circuit, and Church was to be the junior preacher.

The next morning, I gave him a plan of the circuit, and we worked in great peace and harmony. He was an eloquent man, and his preaching produced a good effect on the congregations. As he was passing round, some of the people told him I was a very proud man—that I would not stay with the poor people, but put up all the time with the rich; and, as he was an older man than myself, he undertook to correct me, telling me that I must stay wherever I preached. I told him, promptly, I would not; that I would visit the people as far as practicable, catechise them, and pray with them, but, when I could avoid sleeping among fleas and bed-bugs, I intended to do it. "Well," said he, "you are wrong; you are injuring your usefulness. I intend staying wherever I preach, whether they are rich or poor, dirty or clean." I replied, "Very well, brother Church; do just as you please, and I will do as I please."

He went on very resolutely—preached at a certain place where they were very dirty, but he was determined to reform them, and make them live as Christians ought to live. He took the old people out into the kitchen, the next morning, and commenced his lectures with tears flowing from his eyes; he reproved the old lady for not keeping her house clean. She, taking it as an insult, departed, leaving the preacher and the old gentleman by themselves.

The old gentleman acknowledged that what brother



Church said was true—that he had labored long to bring about a better state of things in his house, but had not succeeded—that he had no hope of reformation, but intended to bear it patiently to the end of his life. The good old men wept together, prayed, and parted. My colleague was a man of firmness, and determined to carry out what he had taken in hand.

The next family he undertook to reform, were very wealthy, but they lived in a desperate style. He commenced the work of reformation after the congregation had all retired; but here he met with one a little more than his match, who pretty soon talked him out of countenance, advising him to mind his own business, and assured him that she would mind hers. The family were very numerous, and having become highly incensed against the old preacher,—tried to injure him by raising false reports, but they could not sustain any thing, and the matter went off quietly.

The good old man learned experience by the things he suffered. We held many two-days' meetings, and the Lord blessed our labors in a most singular manner. Our third quarterly meeting came on in June. Rev. James Quinn, presiding elder, was with us in fine health and spirits. These were some of the best days of James Quinn—he preached with great ability, and the Lord owned his labors. This was among the best quarterly meetings I ever enjoyed. At eleven the congregation was unusually large. It



fell to my lot to preach. We retired to the grove—the people appeared to weep and tremble at the word. I was followed by the presiding elder; Rev. John Holmes brought up the rear, and the people fell around him like men slain in battle. The meeting closed under pleasing circumstances, and I went on my way rejoicing to my next appointment.

This week I renewed acquaintance with the lady who afterward became my wife. By living near the Lord, reading his holy word in private, fasting and prayer, I became fully satisfied it was my duty to change my situation, and after some inquiry I thought I had found the person whom God intended should be my companion through life. She was of a good family, and had embraced religion in her thirteenth year; from that time till she became my wife, she was not only a light, but a burning and a shining light, in her father's family. Her father and mother were Christians of a high order. Her father was brought up among the Lutherans, was converted to God when very young, and was among the first, west of the Alleghany Mountains, that opened their doors to receive the Methodist itinerant. His house was a preaching-place for more than twenty years. Here the Lord's servants always met with a hearty welcome. Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat were in the habit of visiting the family, and when the house would not contain the congregation they would retire to a large elm-tree, that stood a little north of the dwelling-house, where the Lord's servants preached



the unsearchable riches of Christ to listening multitudes, and many, very many sinners were converted on this consecrated ground. Finding the congregation was not well accommodated there, he, with the assistance of his neighbors, put up a large stone meeting-house which is standing at this day. They had many camp meetings near that church, and the Lord's word had free course and was glorified. These were great and glorious days.

Thornton Fleming, Daniel Hitt, Robert R. Roberts, Joseph Shackleford, Jacob Gruber, Andrew Hemphill, James Quinn, and many others, preached here. At this time the Spahr family were very numerous, and very respectable—they were blessed with plenty of this world's goods, and it appeared to be their chief joy to support the Church.

A few weeks after this quarterly meeting, I visited the object that had gained my affections, and submitted my proposition, as far as I knew my own heart, in the true spirit of a Christian minister; and, after a suitable time for deliberation, she answered in the affirmative. The name of my intended bride was Ruth Spahr; and after the contract was entered into, I took another entire round on my circuit. I then returned to her father's house, and on the 8th of August, 1809, our marriage was solemnized by Rev. William Wilson. Our friends and neighbors all appeared to be well pleased, and Heaven seemed to smile on our union. We had peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost.



About this time I received a letter from Bishop Asbury, informing me that he would pass through my circuit, and requesting me to make an appointment for him at St. Clairsville court-house. I complied with the request, and, on the appointed day, started to meet him in Wheeling. He left the town early in the morning, and I met him half-way between Wheeling and St. Clairsville. He was traveling in company with Rev. Henry Boem. Asbury was in fine health, and glad to see me. Boem left the carriage and mounted my horse, while I took my seat with the Bishop. We rode together till we came in sight of the court-house. I drove his carriage to Rev. Vachoal Hall's, put up his horses, and procured him good accommodations.

All of a sudden he took a notion he would not preach that day. I rather insisted—telling him the people would be disappointed. He answered me rather harshly, told me he was willing to be my servant, but that he would be no man's slave. I said no more, but went up to the court-house, and did the best I could. After dinner, the Bishop went on his journey, and I went on my way rejoicing.

I went out into the woods, three miles west of St. Clairsville, and with the help of the friends cleared off a large camp-ground, opened two fine springs, and made preparations for camp meeting. It was a new thing, as there never had been camp meeting in that part of the world before. The people built a great many wooden tents, large and comfortable—they



began to assemble on Thursday. Brother James Quinn was there in the true spirit of an evangelist. He preached the opening sermon. It was attended with the power of God sent down from heaven. We had but little ministerial help, and we did not need much, for we had but little time to preach. The people were either singing, shouting, or praying, nearly all the time. We held the meeting five or six days. We suppose there were a hundred conversions.

About this time I received a line from Bishop M'Kendree, informing me that as he was to pass through that part of the country, he would like to see me. Accordingly, I met him at a place called Doddridge's Chapel, in Pennsylvania, at Rev. Thornton Fleming's quarterly meeting. Here the Bishop preached to great advantage Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday.

I tried to preach on Sunday in the afternoon, but was completely brushed, and it was very unfortunate for me. My wife was with me, and she had never heard me but two or three times. I suppose she felt bad, but she said nothing. I wound up my business on the circuit, and went to conference.



CHAPTER XVII.

REAPPOINTMENT—TRANSFER TO BALTIMORE CONFERENCE—1809.

Our conference was held in October of this year in Cincinnati. There was a great deal of business on hand, and much of it was of a very unpleasant nature. M'Kendree and Asbury were both present. They made out to keep order; but, on the whole, it was an unprofitable conference.

I was reappointed to the West Wheeling circuit in 1809. I came within its bounds Saturday night about nine o'clock, preached on Sunday, and in the afternoon rode to father Spahr's. My wife concluded she would live at her father's this year, which greatly increased my labors. The circuit was very large, and I had to cross the Ohio river every two weeks; but, being blessed with excellent health, I performed my labors with much comfort.

Nothing new or strange took place during the winter. In the spring I was transferred to the Baltimore conference—1810. I was placed on what was then called the Ohio circuit. William Lambden took my place on West Wheeling. My father-in-law lived on the Ohio circuit, and we were at home without the trouble of moving. All things appeared to work to-



gether for our good. Whether we loved God as we ought to have done is another matter. This was a very pleasant circuit. I had a pleasant colleague, the Rev. John West. We labored together in great harmony, and had some success, but not near as much as we had on West Wheeling. The Rev. Jacob Gruber was our presiding elder. He was a little like Jacob of old; for he had power with God and man—power with God in prayer—power with man in his sermons and exhortations. In his day he turned many to righteousness, and I have no doubt he now shines in the kingdom of his Father in heaven. I was the junior preacher, and it fell to my lot to class the children and catechise them; and some of them are prominent members of the Church at this day. Our first quarterly meeting was in Washington, Penn. We had some few conversions, but the meeting was inferior to such as I had been used to in the west. On this circuit I became acquainted with a great many very excellent men, such as Ralph Douglass, John M'Cully, Abraham M'Cully, Joseph Morgan, Mordecai Morgan, John Bukey—all of Ohio county, in Virginia—Benjamin M. Mechin, James Shannon, Richard Wells, Eleander Wells, sen., etc. These men I never can forget, for they were friends to me when I needed friends.

Our second quarterly meeting was a camp meeting, held on the waters of Short creek, Ohio county, Va. Great preparations were made for this meeting. We had a great deal of ministerial help, and our elder



exerted himself to the very utmost of his abilities. There was good done, but it was not equal to the camp meeting held the year before on West Wheeling circuit. The rowdies annoyed us exceedingly. They pitched their tents on the hill-sides round about, and sold whisky, brandy, and cider. I visited and conversed with them till I found I could accomplish nothing in that way. I then took a strong man with me and a hammer, went to their tents, knocked in the heads of their casks, and spilled their liquor on the ground. We had a delightful time at the close of the meeting; a great many joined the Church. I labored hard during the few remaining months and had some little success, but had a melancholy and gloomy winter. The Lord gave us a beautiful son, and took him away in a few hours. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Hannah Connely, had an attack of winter fever. We strove hard to save her, but had to give her up. My wife was taken sick about the same time, and did not recover for more than a year. My last quarterly meeting was a melancholy time. I had a short time since buried my son, and my wife was lying at home sick. I closed my business on the circuit in the best manner I could, and started to conference, to be held in Baltimore about the last of February. I crossed the Mountains and went on through the Old Dominion.

When I reached the city of Baltimore I appeared to be almost in a new world. At this time the Baltimore conference was the best in the connection. It



was said, by Dr. Fisk, to sit like a queen among the conferences. Here I became acquainted with a great many ministers, such as Nelson Reed, Stephen G. Roszel, John Pitts, William Ryland, Joseph Fry, and Joshua Wells. These were men of God, thoroughly furnished unto every good work—workmen that needed not to be ashamed. Although they are dead, they still speak. We had a most delightful conference. Asbury and M'Kendree filled the chair alternately with great dignity.

I was appointed to the Redstone circuit, Ohio district, Baltimore conference, 1811—Jacob Gruber my presiding elder, and James Wilson my colleague. I rode home with all convenient speed and found my wife still sick. I rested a day or two, and then started on the circuit. I commenced my labors at the Rev. Chad Chalfinch's, preaching at eleven on Saturday, where a revival began at the first meeting. On Saturday night I preached at Bridgeport, on the Monongahela river, near Brownsville. On Sunday morning in Brownsville. By this time many appeared awakened to their lost condition, and were inquiring their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward. While I was visiting from house to house I found the people's expectations were very high. I performed my first round in four weeks, preached upward of thirty sermons, and met a great many classes.

It seemed to me, after I performed my first round, that I was a new man, both in body and mind. I had no difficulty in preaching or meeting class—had



nothing to do but open my mouth and words flowed out like water running down hill. I regard this as the best year of my ministerial labors and life. The conference year began well, continued well, and wound up to the glory of God. Our four quarterly meetings were attended with signal displays of the Divine power in the awakening and conversion of sinners. Our presiding elder appeared quite on the suburbs of heaven. My colleague enjoyed much of the Divine presence, and preached with great success. We held many two days' meetings, watch-nights, and love-feasts—all owned and blessed by the great Head of the Church.

Our first camp meeting was held in June, near Martin's Chapel, on Crooked run. We held it long and labored hard, but there was not a great deal of good done, which was owing to a circumstance that took place the year before, on the same ground. The rowdies behaved worse than common. They arrested the presiding elder, and bound him over to court, and the suit was still pending at the time of this camp meeting. A certain Dr. Cela was the most prominent person concerned in this affair. Some took sides with the Doctor, and some with the elder. Finally, the suit came off, and the elder gained a complete victory. The Doctor, and his whole party, were thrown into the shade.

Not being as well satisfied with that camp meeting as I wished to be, we appointed another in the vicinity of East Liberty, on the Youghiogheny river. Many



of the strong men came to our help, such as John Meck, Wm. Page, and Greenbury R. Jones. Gruber was on hand, harnessed for the battle. The meeting opened under favorable circumstances. The weather was fine, the grounds were delightful, and the tents comfortable. Both men and women appeared to be in the true spirit of camp meeting. Brother Gruber preached the opening sermon, which was attended with unusual success. The meeting continued till Tuesday or Wednesday, and the result was, one hundred and thirty, or more, joined the Church, and, I suppose, fully as many were converted to God. This camp meeting gave a fresh impetus to the work of God all round the circuit, which continued, with increasing interest, through the fall and winter months. I closed my labors on this circuit about the first of March. When I was leaving, many of them followed me with streaming eyes, and shouts of joy. I was also much blessed in my own soul, and felt sorry at parting with my dear friends.

I rested at home a few days with my family, and recruited my strength, in some degree, before starting for conference.

Since I left the Mississippi district, I had spent three years and six months in great peace and prosperity. I had seen a great many souls happily converted; I had seen Zion's borders greatly enlarged; I had become extensively acquainted with many good men; and, as I have always been a lover of good men, this added much to my happiness and useful-

ness, as they all helped me to do the work of an evangelist.

While on West Wheeling circuit, James Quinn was my counselor and guide. I take great delight in speaking well of James Quinn, for, in my opinion, few better men ever lived. While on that field of labor, I formed an acquaintance with that man of God, Rev. James B. Finley, and our acquaintance has lasted long, and our friendship was reciprocated, with great comfort and usefulness. Few men have helped me more to do good, and to get good, than J. B. Finley. I became acquainted with a great many local preachers on that circuit, but I have not time nor space to enumerate them all.

I will select one—Rev. Archibald M'Elroy—not because I loved him more than the rest, but on account of his great singularity. He had but few advantages in early life. His education was very limited, but his natural powers were strong and masculine. He was endowed with great natural and moral courage, and, I believe, was as honest a man as I ever knew. He never undertook any thing but what was right. Like old David Crockett, he first knew or thought he was right, and then he went ahead in good earnest. When he was quite a young man, he became pious, and, as far as we can judge from his life, God counted him faithful, and put him into the ministry. As I have not time to give a full history of the man, I will touch on two particulars, and leave him. He lived in the days of intemper-



ance, in Belmont county. The manufacturing, vending, and drinking of whisky was carried on, in those days, to perfection—if there be any perfection in the horrifying practice, and scarcely one man was found in the whole country to say a word against it. M'Elroy entered the field single-handed, and delivered, I suppose, several hundred of the most powerful temperance lectures that ever were heard in Ohio. He had no temperance organizations, and no periodicals devoted to the cause of temperance, to back him. Some of the preachers encouraged, others opposed him—not because they were friends to intemperance, but they said they did not like his manner. Whisky-makers, and keepers of grog-shops, often swore vengeance against him, but they never laid hands on him. His well-built frame, manly countenance, and strong arm were a sufficient guarantee against all danger. It was not an uncommon thing, in those days, to see drunken men lying in the streets and alleys of St. Clairsville. As far as I know, they frequently laid there all night. As he was going, on one occasion, to the court-house, to deliver one of his philippics, he saw several drunken men lying about the court-house, and other places; he also saw large gangs of hogs running in the streets, which was contrary to the laws of the corporation. As the court-house was pretty well filled with hearers, he thought it a good opportunity to give them some advice. He advised them, by all means, to preserve order in their town, and to enforce the laws of the corporation against

letting hogs run at large in the streets; "for," said he, "many of your citizens are in the habit of getting drunk, and lying in the streets and alleys, and are in danger of being eaten up by the hogs."

His lectures were like bread cast upon the waters—the fruit appeared after many days. A temperance reformation broke out in that place, after honest Archibald had gone to his reward. He joined the traveling connection in 1813, traveled a good many years, and, I believe, was the happy instrument of turning many to righteousness; but his singularities, and roughness of manner, caused him a great deal of trouble, and often raised him up many enemies where he might have had friends. He used to preach near Yellow creek, in Jefferson county. He often preached on the terrors of the law, and, when he was at liberty, he was tremendously awful. In that neighborhood, there was a man of great wealth and great shrewdness. He was a professor of religion, but set a very bad example. Archibald, while he was preaching, one day, undertook to give the congregation a description of hell. The gentleman alluded to became very uneasy, left the house, and went so far away that he could not hear the preacher's voice. When meeting was over, he returned, and inquired of the congregation if any one could tell him where that gentleman came from, saying, certainly "he must have been in hell, or he never could give such a description of the place as was given here to-day."

But, with all his peculiarities, talents, and useful-

ness, he is gone to the spirit-land. I loved him in life, I loved him in death, and I still love his memory.

On Ohio and Redstone circuits, I spent two happy years, saw the pleasure of the Lord prospering in my poor hands, and formed a close acquaintance with many excellent ministers of our Lord Jesus Christ—such as Thornton Fleming, William Page, Allen Green, James M'Hanson, Jacob Dowell, William Lambden, Chad Chalfinch, William Wilson, Abel Robinson, and others too numerous to mention.

At the same time, I formed an acquaintance with many excellent men that were not ministers—such as Major John M'Culloch, Ralph Douglass, Joseph Morgan, John Bukey, Alexander Wells, Bazileel Wells, and Philip Dodridge—perhaps, the greatest man I ever knew—Dr. J. Dodridge, Noah Zane, Charles Hannon, and Jonathan Rowland, who, with others, as far as I could judge, were all my friends, and now they are nearly all in eternity. How gloomy and melancholy is old age, unless rendered cheerful and comfortable by the hope of a better life to come! I left all these delightful scenes and friends behind me, to enter on a new field of labor. I felt my responsibility to God and the Church; but I went in the strength of the Captain of our salvation. My health was recovering rapidly, and, in a few more days, I was able to renew my labors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OHIO DISTRICT—1812.

THE Baltimore conference held its session in Leesburg, Loudon county, Virginia. It had become very large, and the preachers generally attended this year, it being the time to elect delegates to the General conference. Asbury and M'Kendree were both present. The Rev. Nicholas Sneethen attended, who was then at his zenith. I thought he was one of the most interesting Gospel ministers I had ever heard.

This was a very interesting and exciting time throughout the States. It was the spring of 1812. While we were sitting in conference, Congress was sitting in Washington City, agitating the war question. About the time we left Leesburg they declared war against Great Britain. As I rode home I found the people very much agitated; some were angry, and some were frightened; but a large majority were well pleased with what Congress had done. I was very much alarmed for my country, and seriously alarmed for my own safety.

My alarm for my country arose out of three considerations: First, a division among ourselves. The two great leading parties were Federalists and Republicans. The Federalists were generally opposed



to the war, but the Republicans were the strongest. Secondly, I dreaded the British navy; I knew we were not able to contend with them on the water, and I feared they would blockade all our seaports. Thirdly, I dreaded the savages in the north, and in the south; I knew they would become British allies—I dreaded the tomahawk and scalping-knife—I was alarmed, also, for my own safety.

I was appointed, this year, to take charge of the Ohio district. Part of my field of labor lay near the seat of war. On my way home from Leesburg, I was taken sick in the Mountains, but made out to reach home. I had a severe attack of fever, and my life was despaired of for a number of days; but, by the mercy of God, I recovered, and, by the 20th of April, I was on my feet again.

About the first of May, 1812, I crossed the Ohio river and went to Steubenville. Here I formed a plan of my district; I found it covered a very large territory; part of the country very rough—another part might with propriety have been called a swamp. I went by the way of New Lisbon, Canfield, Youngstown, on the Mahoning, Hubbardsville, and Smithfield, here I crossed the Pennsylvania line—Salem township, Mercer county—moved on through mud and water till I came to Oil creek, Crawford county, Pennsylvania. Here I held my first quarterly meeting, in a barn. The alarm of war was spreading through that country. Crowds of people attended the quarterly meeting. James Watts and William Connelly



were my helpers. I found the neighborhood under revival influence, and had a very comfortable quarterly meeting.

Next week I returned again to the Western Reserve, and held quarterly meeting in the town of Hartford. Thomas Crockwell and John Summerfield were the circuit preachers. Nothing out of the common order took place at this meeting. The prospect looked rather discouraging.

Next week, through mud and water, I made my way to the town of Burton, and held quarterly meeting in Seth Hays's barn. Here I found a very large congregation, considering the newness of the country. This was a profitable meeting. Abram Daniels was circuit preacher. After keeping up the meeting for several days, we closed it, and parted in great harmony. So I passed on by the way of Canton, New Philadelphia, Coshocton, Zanesville, Cambridge, in Guernsey county, Barnesville, in Belmont, St. Clairsville, thence to my little home, on Pleasant Point, Ohio county, Virginia.

I had a long and laborious tour. My horse was nearly worn out, and looked as if he never would recover. My clothes were pretty ragged, and my pockets nearly empty. During that whole time I did not receive twenty dollars. I found my wife in very good health, and our little house well filled with good things. I spent a few days at home—had my garments repaired—obtained another good horse, and set out on my second round of quarterly meetings, pur-



suing nearly the same route—holding quarterly meetings every week—often preaching at night, and, frequently, our meetings would continue till after midnight. Revivals became common throughout the whole district, especially on Shenango circuit, under the labors of the pious Abel Robinson. The work prospered well on Erie circuit this year.

I had not proceeded far on this round, till I heard the cry of distress from many families. Bread-stuff had become very scarce, and sold at very high prices; flour, in some places, was sixteen dollars per barrel. Most of the families were poorly supplied with bread, and, report said, some lived without it. Meat was then about as scarce and high as bread. Along the Lake shore the alarm of war spread terror among the inhabitants.

I went next to the mouth of French creek, on the Alleghany river. Here Rev. William Connelly undertook a mission to Brokenstraw, and the mouth of Conawango, where the people were expecting a quarterly meeting, though there were no traveling preachers in that part of the country at that time. The Genesee preachers had left them out, and they were like sheep having no shepherd. When I came on to the appointed ground, I found a stand erected near the bank of the river—very convenient seats, and a kind of a large tent, into which we could retire. About ten o'clock the people began to gather, in great numbers. Some on horseback and some on foot, and a goodly number came down the Alleghany in canoes.

Here, for the first time, I met with the Rev. John P. Kent, who was then a smooth-faced boy, and, I suppose, about as polite as any young French gentleman in Paris, and as kind and accommodating. He had a large company with him, of which he appeared to be the chief man. One of his company was a local preacher, by the name of Arnold.

Just about the time I was going to commence divine service, up rode Bishop M'Kendree, as large as life, filled with health and animation. He had two preachers with him, George Harmar and brother Metcalf. He just took time to shake hands and ask me how I was, then mounted the stand and commenced services, in the course of which he preached one of his flaming and awakening sermons. Harmar exhorted. We had a prayer meeting. Many tears were shed, and a good deal of shouting was heard.

M'Kendree and all the preachers but myself, rode off to a small town called Warren, to procure refreshments. There were two places called public houses there, but I called them low grog-shops. The Bishop rode up to the first, and they played the fiddle at him. He went on to the next, where he made out to stay all night. I suppose they got their supper and something for their horses, and left me to hold quarterly conference.

I had a great deal of trouble with a local preacher by the name of Smith—a long-headed, tricky fellow. He had been suspended, by a committee, for immoral conduct, and his aim was to invalidate the testimony,



and thereby escape justice. Eli Arnold persevered, like a good fellow, determined to have justice done. After a long trial Smith was expelled by a unanimous vote. I preached in the evening, and held a prayer meeting—the congregation dispersed, and, leaving me a little like my divine Master, in one respect, for I had not where to lay my head. No one asked me to go with him. After wandering awhile, I found an old log barn, with some half-rotten hay in it. There I laid me down and slept till daylight.

Before sunrise, I was invited to take breakfast on the bank of Alleghany river, where a number of people had encamped. They had neither tables nor chairs, but they spread their clothes on the ground. We worshiped God together, took a hearty breakfast, and conversed freely on our prospects for getting to another world. The congregation gathered early, and the preachers with them, and we had an excellent love-feast. There was certainly the shout of the king in the camp.

That morning, I gave out preaching for eleven o'clock, and while the congregation was collecting and becoming seated, M'Kendree stood up with his back against a tree, and preached us a sermon about fifteen minutes long. The people gazed upon him as though he had been some heavenly visitor from the spirit-world. He then took the stand, and after singing and prayer, he held forth to great advantage for upward of an hour. I think his text was from the book of Deuteronomy, "I c[redacted]n and earth

to record against you, that I have set life and death, blessing and cursing before you: choose you this day life, that you and your seed may live." We had a short interval, and brother Harmar preached another sermon. I opened the door and took a number into the Church.

Having dismissed the congregation, we mounted our horses, rode away to Brokenstraw—upward of twenty miles—that night, and staid with Squire Mead. The Bishop preached again a good little sermon, and we all retired to rest.

Next morning we were visited by a deputation from the Presbyterian Church, setting forth with great dignity, that they were about to settle a Presbyterian minister in that place; that they were hardly able to do it; that if the congregation were divided they would fail; and that there was no probability that the Methodists could make an establishment there; therefore, they thought we had better keep away. In addition to the above circumstances, they did not wish Methodism to be introduced into the country, because, in the first place, Methodists preached false doctrines; in the second place, their Church government was not warrantable. Beside these, they made many other frivolous objections that I shall not mention. In the course of the conversation they became angry and very insulting, and said to M'Kendree, "Sir, you preached false doctrine here last night." M'Kendree made no reply, but rose from his seat, and invited Squire



Mead to come into the room. He then invited us all in, and requested us to be seated. The room was pretty well filled, a good many being present. He then spoke to the company, saying, "These gentlemen have charged me with preaching false doctrines. It happens very fortunately there is a judge present, and I now set you down as jurors, while I make my defense." The deputation began to look a little alarmed, matters having taken a serious turn. He now called upon them to state the charges against him. The first charge was denying the doctrine of particular election. He then requested them to define what they meant by particular election and reprobation. They became so confused, they could not state any thing clearly. He very kindly stated their position for them, and said, "Gentlemen, is this what you mean?" They answered in the affirmative. He requested them then to go on with the argument; they turned to the old Confession of Faith, and he refused to be tried by that book, alleging the Bible was the only and sufficient rule both for our faith and practice. They became silent, and looked as though they were more to be pitied than envied. He then arose, and gave them some good fatherly advice, made some appropriate remarks against religious bigotry, and dismissed them with the benediction.

We took our breakfast, and rode down to William Connelly's, Franklinton, mouth of French creek. Next day, we rode to Edward [redacted]'s, Salem town-



ship, Mercer county, Pennsylvania, and tarried there that night.

I accompanied the Bishop to Youngstown, on the Western Reserve; Harmar and Metcalf having turned back. From this place we went on to Steubenville. Here I turned my course toward Ashtabula; held my quarterly meeting in the court-house. Methodism was very new in that part of the country at that time. On Saturday and Saturday night, every thing went on very smoothly.

On Sunday morning we had a pleasant love-feast. While I was preaching, the congregation began leaving the house—sometimes as many as nine or ten at a time. I could not tell what was the matter, but closed services as soon as I could conveniently. When I went to the door, I met one gentleman dressed in uniform, another beating the drum, another playing the fife, one holding a banner—the stars and stripes flying. I asked them what all that meant? They told me that Hull had surrendered Detroit to the British, and that nine hundred British and Indians were on their way down the Lake toward that country; that they had no time to lose; they must try to raise force enough to hold them in check till we could organize a militia.

I staid all night, and tried to comfort the people in the best manner I could. Next day I crossed the Pennsylvania line, and stopped at a little kind of village to get our horses shod, and told the doleful news. Some believed it, and some did not; some



were frightened, and some were very angry. One man swore most profanely, loud and long. I tried to reason with him, and to reprove him, but to no advantage. He said it was right to swear, and he would swear; if Hull had sworn more, he would not have lost Detroit.

I rode on to Squire John Leech's, and put up for the night. Here I found the people greatly alarmed; a good many preparing to leave the country, and go to Pittsburg—some had actually begun to pack up their goods. I called them together, and tried to preach to them; then endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose of leaving their homes, alleging, in the first place, that it was impossible for the Indians or British to get where we were, and that if they were still afraid, they had better set up pickets and make a strong fort, than for a part of the families to go off and leave the rest exposed. The gentlemen all appeared to approve of the suggestion, and were well satisfied.

After I had taken my seat, a large lady approached me with a very angry countenance and uplifted hand. The first word she spoke was, "Sir, I believe the devil sent you here to-day, for we had just, by much persuasion, prevailed on our husbands to go to Pittsburg, and now you have confirmed them in their old opinions, and they will not go. We shall be murdered, and our children—and our blood will be upon your head." My reply was, O! madam, there is no danger. She replied, "I know



better. We and our families are all in danger of being destroyed."

I left her, clamoring away, and crossed over into the Western Reserve, where we had appointed a camp meeting; but the news of Hull's surrender had so alarmed the people that they had given up holding any camp meeting. I, thinking they had acted very improperly in giving up the meeting, gave them two or three severe lectures, and they lectured back; so we parted.

I went on holding quarterly meetings and camp meetings till the first of September. I closed this year's labors in the vicinity of Zanesville on a camp-ground near Lemuel Joseph's. It was certainly a very poor meeting. A great many preachers were there on their way to conference. They did not appear to suit the people very well, and the people did not suit them.

William Lambden was preacher in charge of the circuit, who had fallen into considerable trouble. Bishop Asbury receiving wrong information by an old Englishman, had ordered a strange kind of investigation. Lambden seemed to be half frightened to death. I made myself acquainted with the matter as well as I could, very promptly called a committee of traveling preachers, and put him on his trial before them—Rev. Michael Ellis being foreman. The witnesses being present, they made a thorough investigation, and Lambden came out as clear as a Spanish milled dollar. How often are innocent men injured



and ruined by artful and wicked men! I left this camp-ground greatly depressed in spirits and went to conference, which met this year in Chillicothe, October 2, 1812.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT—1812.

BISHOPS ASBURY AND M'KENDREE were both present at this conference. Five years had passed away since I attended conference in that place before. The town had become much larger, society a good deal improved, but I thought the Methodist Church was rather declining. I put up with a very pleasant couple by the name of Williams.

I had endured a good deal of trouble this year in reaching the conference. I was nearly worn down with hard labor and long rides. Bishop M'Kendree's horse having failed, I let him take mine, and when he came to my house on Short creek my horse had failed entirely. He had to take a young horse of mine that was not fit to ride. However, he arrived at Chillicothe in company with my brother-in-law, Joseph Spahr.

Conference opened, as usual, under favorable circumstances. When I was placed on the Ohio district, in March, it belonged to the Baltimore conference. The General conference met in May following, and transferred the district, with the incumbent, to the Ohio conference. I had made two full rounds on the district before I met the Ohio conference in Chillicothe, in 1812.



Before I went to the above conference I was requested to meet Bishop Asbury near Uniontown, Penn., at a Mrs. Henthorn's. Here I found a camp meeting in successful operation under the pious labors of Jacob Gruber, John Meek, and Joshua Munroe. The congregation was unusually large, and on Saturday evening that class of citizens termed rowdies were very troublesome. It put the guard to all they knew to keep any kind of order.

One of the brethren being grossly insulted and threatened gave way to anger. Being a very strong man he struck one of the rowdies with a heavy cane, knocked him down for dead, and when he saw what he had done made his escape into the preachers' tent. The rowdies pursued him like blood-hounds, but could hardly keep sight of him, the crowd being so great. I, being on the other side of the camp-ground, did not know what had taken place, only I heard a dreadful cry. When I reached the door of the preachers' tent I met a number of angry men standing at the door. I asked them what they wanted. They said murder had been committed on the ground, and the murderer was in that tent, and they intended to have him. If I would not give them leave to enter peaceably they would enter by force. I told them I thought they were mistaken; that was the preachers' tent, and preachers did not harbor murderers. I did not know that the brother who had done the deed was in the preachers' tent. He had entered and had the precaution to change his costume. I told them to go in and



bring the murderer out. They entered and examined every man in the tent. I asked if they had found the murderer. They said no, but that he certainly was there concealed; for they had watched that door and had seen him go in, but had not seen him come out. I told them to make full search and be satisfied. They could not recognize him. They could make no discovery, but went off muttering.

By this time they had brought the wounded man into Bishop Asbury's tent, and some skillful men were dressing the wound, which was a dreadful cut into the skull-bone. They stopped the blood and he recovered his strength a little. His friends bore him away and we heard no more of the matter.

On the Sabbath we had a peaceful day. The Spirit appeared to be poured upon us from on high. God's ministers were clothed with salvation, and the saints shouted aloud for joy as in ancient days.

Monday morning opened with propitious circumstances. Mourners were getting converted and sinners awakened all around the camp-ground. At this time there was a company of soldiers rendezvousing in Uniontown, destined to march to Buffalo or Erie. The commanding officer addressed a note to the clergy on the camp-ground, expressing a wish that the soldiers might be addressed by one of the ministers before they marched. Bishop Asbury had an answer returned, informing him that his request should be complied with.

About ten o'clock the company appeared in sight



of the camp-ground, dressed in uniform—the commanding officer at their head, surrounded by his staff. Asbury had previously arranged the seats for their accommodation. The commanding officer had his seat near the stand. He then sent two brethren to conduct them into the camp-ground. They made a very imposing appearance. I might say thousands of eyes were gazing upon them, and I have no doubt but hundreds of prayers were ascending up to the mercy-seat in their behalf.

The Bishop sung an appropriate hymn and made a suitable prayer for the occasion, and, though he was said to be a British subject, he did not pray for the English king, but he prayed most devoutly for the President of the United States—the cabinet—senate, and lower house. He arose then and read his text, Luke iii, 14: "And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages."

In his introductory remarks he dwelt clearly on the great evils of war—its deleterious influence on the commerce and wealth of nations, but more so on the religious morals and happiness of nations; and, that it ought to be avoided, if possible—that a declaration of war should be the last resort—that all other suitable means should be tried previous to war; and, that, if Christian nations went to war, it should always be on the defensive. In the course of his

sermon he showed the vast importance of good discipline in an army—that the government of necessity must be strict, but ought to be mild, and that the officers should see that the soldiers were well fed and clothed. In a word, he said, the commanding officer should be a father to the soldiers—that the soldiers should be obedient, never doing violence to citizens or any other people where they were stationed—that they should avoid all false accusations, which always proved destructive in armies, and avoid discontent or murmuring, which led to mutiny.

On the whole, I will say it was an admirable sermon. He then took his stand on the north part of the camp-ground, and the soldiers marched out before him. He laid his hand on the head of the commanding officer—prayed for him devoutly, and gave him fatherly advice—tears flowed abundantly. The Bishop stood there till he shook hands with every soldier in the company.

They marched away—many of the poor fellows never returned again. We closed this delightful camp meeting with all convenient speed—rode away out into Ohio, where we had a camp meeting pending, in Harrison county, near Cadiz. This camp meeting opened under auspicious circumstances on Thursday. Many of the strong men of Israel were on the ground—Jacob Gruber, James B. Finley, A. M'Elroy, M. Ellis, and many more whose names I can not now recollect. Nothing out of the common order took place till Saturday night. The rowdies began to act



a good deal as they had done in Pennsylvania, the week before. They kept pretty quiet during the sermon, and when the mourners were called for, there was a vast crowd pressed to the altar. Then the disorder commenced in almost every part of the camp-ground. During the prayer meeting, which lasted very long, we had a great deal of trouble.

About twelve o'clock the venerable Asbury appeared on the stand, which was a very unusual thing for him. I never knew him to do the like before, at such a late hour of the night. He commenced exhorting amidst the noise and confusion. His deep-toned, mellow-bass voice, sounded like a dulcimer, all over the camp-ground. In less than fifteen minutes, we had almost entire silence, and hundreds pressing to the stand, as near as possible, that they might hear. After saying a number of kind things to the congregation, he said to that part whom we denominate rowdies, "You may be in great danger from a quarter you little suspect. It is true the Methodists are not a fighting people, but they are not all sanctified—they may be provoked to retaliate, and they are very numerous on this ground. If it should come to that, you will get the worst of the battle. I attended a camp meeting, last week, in Pennsylvania, where the people were behaving a good deal as you have been to-night. One of the guard struck a man with a heavy cane, and knocked him down. They thought he was killed, but he recovered. His head was cut into the skull-bone, and he was very severely injured.



But they brought him into my tent and dressed his wounds."

After giving them a few words more of fatherly advice, he left the stand. We had a very quiet night. Our camp meeting was pretty prosperous throughout, and wound up on Tuesday morning. Having finished these narratives, I return to the conference.

CHAPTER XX.

OHIO DISTRICT—CONTINUED.—1812.

THE conference opened at eight o'clock, Bishop Asbury in the chair. I rejoiced in spirit to find myself at home again, in the Western conference. I had been gone from them two years. The conference had become very large, and there was a full attendance; the preachers seemed filled with the spirit of their divine Master, ready to do the work of evangelists, and to make full proof of their ministry. They received me as the Lord's messenger, and I was happy. The business of the conference progressed in great harmony, till the third day, when the case of an unfortunate brother gave us great pain. He was found guilty and expelled from the Church. This case gave the conference great sorrow of heart, for he had been eminently useful. During the time he had traveled, he had taken upward of two thousand souls into the Church. His case was among the things I can not understand. I leave him in the hands of his God. The great Judge of all the earth will do right. This was truly a delightful conference, notwithstanding that dark day in the middle of it. I think there were many souls converted in the town during its session.



I was reappointed to the same district, and took my departure in company with many valuable friends, among whom were James B. Finley, Abel Robinson, and my beloved brother-in-law, Joseph Spahr. This was the last time I ever enjoyed his company. He was just admitted on trial, sent to the Marietta circuit, finished his year's labor with great acceptability and usefulness, started home to his father's house, but died on the way. He was truly a lovely young man. I lamented his loss greatly, but am persuaded my loss was his eternal gain.

I passed through St. Clairsville on my way home, and left an appointment for a two days' meeting. Here I began my second year's labor, on this pleasant district. I went from this meeting to my own little habitation, spent a few days in great comfort, left my family in easy circumstances, and took my long tour toward the Lake. I found the district more comfortable this year than it was last. I held my first quarterly meeting in Steubenville. Brethren Knox and Robinson, circuit preachers—Finley and Hall came to our assistance. I then took my regular round. Nothing very worthy of remark took place during this entire round, only that the Lord was with us in nearly all our public and private exercises. This was a year of great peace and prosperity, but our success was not quite equal to last year. On my second round I found all the preachers at their work, faithful—blessed with fine health, and the Lord was with them in the power of the Holy Spirit. On some



of the circuits, revivals were very extensive, and many were converted.

As far as temporalities were concerned, we began to feel the effects of hard times. War between the United States and Great Britain was progressing. Provisions of all kinds were very high. Flour in some parts of the district was sixteen dollars per barrel, and all other provisions in proportion. The more money people gained, the less disposed they felt to pay quarterage. At times we felt discouraged, and some thought of retiring from the work, but their courage revived again, their wives were zealous for the good cause, and exhorted their husbands to weather the storm. Winter months came on—snow fell deep, weather extremely cold—sometimes we had not much to eat, and suffered greatly at night for bed-clothes. I was much puzzled to find my way from one settlement to another. Sometimes I was in danger of being lost and lying out all night, but, by the good providence of God, I always found shelter. Spring opened about the time I commenced my third round. The snow and ice melted, and streams of water ran down. The weather was clear and delightful. As well as I now recollect, we had no special revivals on this round, but the Churches were edified and built up in their most holy faith. One spirit seemed to actuate the whole ministry, and frequently, when I would leave one circuit, the preacher would go with me to the next quarterly meeting, and sometimes lay members would pilot me through the unsettled parts of

the country. I never shall forget the acts of Christian friendship shown to me by preachers and people on that district. Sometimes I was sorry they were so much deceived, for I knew I was not a very good man; but if I had been as holy as John Fletcher, they could not have treated me any better than they did. I closed my third round much to my satisfaction, and, as far as I know, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The last quarter of the year was made up mostly of camp meetings, which were attended with great displays of the Divine power. Some of the preachers on the district were real camp meeting men. Such as James B. Finley, Abel Robinson, James Watts, Lewis R. Fectic, then stationed in Pittsburg, rendered us great assistance. Gruber, on the other side of the Ohio, helped us very much.

Time would fail to give a minute account of all the camp meetings during this round. I will, therefore, confine myself particularly to one held on French creek, near Meadville. The people in that section appeared to be both hungry and thirsty for camp meeting. They selected a beautiful spot of ground, and built a great many very comfortable tents. The congregation was very large on the first day. Many ministers were present.

Bishop M'Kendree was with us and preached every day, and took a lively interest in our night meetings. The literati of Meadville were nearly all in attendance. General Mead himself made one of the com-



pany. They were delighted above measure with the Bishop's preaching. The rowdies, as we then called them, began to behave disorderly on Saturday, in the afternoon. I took the usual course to preserve order, reading the rules, expounding them, and then used my influence by walking round the congregation, using moral suasion as I went along to every one, gentle and simple.

In one of my rounds I was met by two gentlemen from Meadville, who requested me to give myself no more trouble about keeping order, but carry on the religious exercises as we had been doing, and they would preserve order throughout the congregation. Old General Mead went on the stand and requested the people to be orderly, showing them the consequences if they did not comply with the rules. We had no more trouble during the meeting. The good work of the Lord went on with very little intermission day and night. Many professed to be converted. Backsliders were reclaimed, and the Church edified. Sabbath was a great day. The Bishop gave us the Lord's supper. The Lord honored his table by pouring his Spirit on the congregation.

We continued the meeting with success till Tuesday morning, then the Bishop gave us his valedictory. We closed the meeting under pleasing circumstances, took our departure, rode to John Leech's, where the Bishop preached to a small congregation, Wednesday, then rode on to a camp meeting on a hill above Sewickly Bottom, about sixteen miles north-



west of Pittsburg. John Swartswalder and others were present. To our chagrin and great mortification, we had a very barren time. The people made great preparations and the preachers preached well, but to all appearance very little good was done. This withdrawal of the Divine presence was a mystery to some, but it was nothing strange to me. I had been accustomed to such visitations from the earliest days of my ministry; sometimes when I had been the most engaged the Lord had appeared to leave me in darkness. These visitations from the Almighty were necessary in order to humble my proud heart, but they have always been followed with times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Here I closed another year's labor in the vineyard of my Lord and Master. I set out for conference in company with my beloved Bishop. We had a pleasant ride through the hill country, between Pittsburg and Steubenville, where the conference was to be held for the first time. The Bishop and some of the preachers halted on the way, and I went on to make arrangements for their reception.

At this time, Methodism was a new thing in Steubenville, and I had enough to do to find places to station all the preachers, during the session of the conference. I went to work with all speed; assisted my beloved J. B. Finley; and had every thing fixed much to our own satisfaction. I had told Bishop M'Kendree before that he was to lodge at Robert Hale's. I suppose he had forgotten it,

for when he came to town, he rode up on the commons, and alighted from his horse. Just about this time, a large company of preachers came riding up, and demanded of me very promptly where they were to lodge, and seemed a little inclined to be contrary. Finley had the list of appointments in his hand, and I passed on to speak to the Bishop. I asked him how he was; he replied, "Better in health than in good condition." I asked him what was the matter with his condition; he replied, "I have no place to go to." I thought he reproved me when I did not deserve it. The other preachers were clamoring about their appointments. I became a little out of temper, and according to my usual custom, I repelled their charges with a good deal of energy. They all appeared to quail under it, and became very pleasant. Finley took the Bishop by his arm, leading his horse, and conveyed him to his lodging-place. We accommodated them all.

I walked down to the Bishop's room; found him in an excellent apartment—every thing, I believe, just about as he would wish to have it. Mrs. Hale was a first-rate Baltimore lady, and knew exactly how to treat such a gentleman as Bishop M'Kendree. I expected to receive a lecture from him, but found him in a remarkably good humor. I attempted to make an apology for my harsh speeches on the commons, but he would not listen to it, but laid his hands on my head and shoulders and spoke very comfortable words to me.



About this time Bishop Asbury came to town. This was the first time he had ever been there. We were at a loss to know where to station him; but he drove through without speaking to any one, and stopped at Basileel Wells's. This was a very gay family—not one Methodist about the house. Wells was a gentleman of high order, had been brought up in the city of Baltimore, was well acquainted with the character of Bishop Asbury, received him with great cordiality, and the whole family appeared to be delighted above measure with the good old Bishop. The strong men of Israel began to gather, such as Asa Shinn, Samuel Parker, David Young, John Collins, Marcus Lindsey, Alexander Cummings, and many others equally pious and talented. The people of the town received the ministers as the Lord's messengers. They all had comfortable homes and enjoyed their minds well. We had a new brick house, just completed, finished in plain, neat style, and very comfortable.

CHAPTER XXI.

OHIO DISTRICT—CONTINUED.—1813-1815.

THE conference opened on Wednesday, October, 1813, at eight o'clock, Bishop Asbury in the chair. We sat with closed doors in those days. Conference was large, and the house pretty well filled with preachers. The Bishop opened the conference with reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer; he then gave us a very appropriate lecture, which was his usual custom in annual conferences.

We determined to make the conference as useful as possible to the people. In order for this, we made arrangements for public services, erected a stand in Wells's sugar orchard—where we had preaching three times a day during the whole session of the conference—followed by exhortations and prayer meetings. We had seats to accommodate about a thousand people, and every body went to meeting. Many were awakened, and pressed to the altar of prayer—among the mourners was the eldest daughter of Bazileel Wells. Congregations were large, and many persons thronged around the stand. Many of the gentlemen became alarmed for the safety of Miss Wells—told her father he ought to interfere, and take her out of the crowd. He was standing



by a little sugar-tree, looking on. He smiled significantly, and replied, "I will hold the Methodists responsible for her; if they kill her, they shall bring her to life." It was not long till the Lord converted her soul, and she went home shouting with her father.

The conference moved on rapidly with their business. The character of the preachers all stood fair—no complaint against any of them. The conference admitted a great many young men on trial this year. The Sabbath was a great day of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. The bishops both preached in the sugar grove—M'Kendree at nine o'clock, Asbury at eleven, and then the venerable men administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

The doings of this day were heard very far off, and the men and women never can forget the labors of our venerable bishops. But it is a melancholy thought, that the thousands that thronged around them are now cold in their graves. The bishops are both dead, and nearly all the members that composed that conference have gone to the spirit-land. I am left a lonely wanderer.

At this time, God had given me a lovely son. At the request of my friends, I brought him into the conference-room, and Bishop Asbury baptized him, calling his name William M'Kendree. My pious, weeping wife stood at the altar, and received her son from the arms of the Bishop. Mother and son have long since gone to their eternal home.

Conference closed on Wednesday, and the appoint-



ments were read with open doors. Many appeared to be deeply awakened at the close of conference; one of the penitents was a Mrs. Howe, who had been reared in high life in Pittsburg. She was brought under conviction and fell from her seat, and sent for me to pray with and for her. When I arose from my knees, the preachers were all gone.

At this conference, I received the melancholy intelligence of the death of my brother-in-law, Joseph Spahr. He had finished his year's labor on Marietta circuit, and on his way home, stopped at the residence of the late Squire Hamilton, where he sickened and died. He now rests in the cemetery near Zanesville—no stone tells where the good man lies, but God looks down and watches all his dust, till he shall bid it rise.

I left my weeping friends in the meeting-house, and rode home with my wife and little son to our small habitation fifteen miles south of Steubenville. I rested a few days—I think about two weeks—in order to recruit my strength. Reappointed to the same district, I commenced my quarterly meetings as early as I conveniently could. I began this year's labor in Barnesville. The Church was in a state of great prosperity on the circuit at that time. The district remained in pretty much the same form it was last year: Shenango, James Watts; Erie, John Graham; Trumbull's, James M'Mehan; Grand River, John M'Mehan, Robert Hatton; Beaver, Jacob Goswell; Barnesville, Archibald M'Elroy; Cross Creek,

Abel Robinson, William Knox; West Wheeling, James B. Finley.

I pursued my regular round. By the time I came to Erie, on the Lake, the weather had become intensely cold. The war was still going on between England and the United States. The people were still very uneasy along the Lake shore, more than half way down toward Pittsburg. They had not recovered from the panic of last year, occasioned by Hull's surrender of Detroit; and, to highten our trouble through the country, the fever had broken out in the camp at Black Rock, run up the Lake, and spread out through the country. They called it the cold plague. It was far worse than either the British or Indians. There was no guarding against it. It was almost as bad as the cholera in later days. The doctors did not understand it. The first they would do was to bleed, and I know of but one but that died soon after blood-letting. It made its appearance in Hartford, Trumbull county, Ohio. The first that fell a victim to it in that place was an eminent minister, by the name of Crosby. I preached his funeral sermon, and buried him. I went on to the town of Burton, returned the next week to Hartford, and found another of the old citizens lying a corpse—preached his funeral, and buried him. Went to Youngstown, and held my quarterly meeting, then, by the way of Canfield and Lisbon, to Steubenville—found the cold plague spreading in every direction; it was nearly as bad in Wheeling as in Meadville. It spread through-

out the great western valley, and carried thousands of our fellow-citizens to their graves.

This was, in some respects, a dreadful winter. The war still raged furiously, and all kinds of provisions were scarce and high. I suppose many poor people suffered for want of bread.

The people were so much taken up with war and politics, that they lost their zeal in the cause of God. I suffered more with cold this winter than ever before. Sometimes, I would have to give fifty cents for a peck of oats, to feed my weary horse, and I have paid as high as four dollars for getting my horse shod. I was often entirely out of money, but some one always took compassion upon me and supplied my wants. Winter was long and cold; but, finally, spring came on. I commenced my third round under more favorable circumstances, but we had but little revival influence during the whole year. Yet peace and prosperity was in the Church. The God of love and peace was with us.

During this round, I found the people very much straitened for breadstuff, and some actually suffering. This gave the wealthy an opportunity to take advantage of the poor, for these were times of great speculation. The rich were made richer, and the poor poorer. But, still, we had some benevolent men among us.

I will give two cases, which will represent the whole. In these hard times, I preached, one day, in the house of a local preacher, and bore down pretty

hard on extortioners, especially on those who took advantage of the poor in the article of breadstuff. Meeting over, the congregation retired. The brother came and took his seat by my side, and said to me, "You have this day partly ruined me, for I have been selling corn for two dollars per bushel, and the people have all been censuring me. Now they will be worse than ever." We debated the case all the afternoon. I think he relented some, and I left him in a very good humor.

Another case I will mention, that took place on the Western Reserve. A Methodist brother had some flour on hand for sale, which he disposed of to certain persons, and took their notes, to be paid in rye, after harvest—twenty-six bushels of rye for a barrel of flour. When he received the rye, after harvest, he turned it into whisky, at three gallons per bushel, took that whisky to the army, and sold it for three dollars per gallon, getting in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars for a barrel of flour.

I will now give a case of another kind. My old colleague, Thomas Church, had located, and gone to farming. This year, he had on hand a large crop of excellent corn, and sold it out to his poor neighbors for three bushels per dollar; and when they had no money, he took work for his corn. This shows the truth of one of the wise sayings of Solomon, "The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor."

I commenced my fourth round early in the summer. During this round, we held many camp meetings—

one on that favorite spot, on French creek, near Meadville, where I had had a glorious camp meeting the year before. I rode to the meeting in company with Joseph and Matilda Crow, of precious memory. I had heard, previous to this, that that part of Holland Purchase lying west of the Cattaraugus, was destitute of preaching. They had been supplied, for several years, from the Genesee conference. The preachers had become discouraged, and left them destitute. Some of the young people in that part of the country attended our camp meeting: two young men—one by the name of Bevins, the other Mather—with three young ladies, Anna Kent, and two Misses Smith. They came to see if we could not supply them with preaching. Miss Kent seemed to be the chief speaker. They were resolved to take no denial—they must and would have a preacher. The work of the Lord was going on, and they wanted a preacher to take charge of it. They entered into the spirit of the work, and were very useful among us. The Lord was pleased to give us another good camp meeting, but not quite equal to the one the year before. I sent on a preacher to reconnoiter the ground, and report to the ensuing conference. He reported favorably, and it was taken into the Ohio conference, and added to the Ohio district.

Our annual conference met this year at Cincinnati. I rode from Steubenville to Cincinnati with a large company of preachers, mostly young men in good health, full of life and animation. I stopped at my



own little log-house as we went along. My pious wife had every thing in ample order for our reception. Water-melons and other excellent fruit we had in great abundance. The preachers enjoyed what might be called a religious hilarity.

We rode the next day to St. Clairsville, where we took dinner, and found the town under a revival influence. They were rejoiced to see so many of the Lord's ministers, but we had not time to stay; but a few hours ride brought us to Barnesville. Here, also, there was a good revival influence going on. I think we had preaching that night, and our souls were much refreshed. We traveled on to conference, holding meeting every night till we came to Cincinnati; found Bishop Asbury there in very feeble health. Bishop M'Kendree had been thrown from his horse and was crippled. We did not expect he would be there.

CHAPTER XXII.

REAPPOINTMENT TO THE OHIO DISTRICT—1814.

Conference opened under a rather gloomy aspect. There were several very troublesome cases to attend to, and the Bishop was too unwell to give them that attention they deserved. The Rev. William Burke had been suspended the year before, and he now came up to have his case adjusted. Burke's case was managed very injudiciously. He had been tried and suspended for treating the elder with contempt. The conference had suspended him for one year. He submitted to it cheerfully, and, as he thought, had suffered the penalty of the law. He came and took his seat as usual. Asbury being sick, and M'Kendree not there, the acting president did not know how to manage the case, but requested Burke to retire.

This I regard as the ruin of William Burke. Previously to this time he had been a great and good Methodist. He had done and suffered as much for the cause of Methodism as any man in the great west. His controversy with the elder was about a very small matter, involving nothing like immorality, and by bad management, on the part of the conference, more than on Burke's part, it terminated in his expulsion



from the Church. I had a perfect knowledge of this entire case from first to last, and rejoice to leave it as my dying testimony that the conference was more to blame than William Burke. It is true he was restored again to membership after he had lived out of the Church twenty long, gloomy years; but he never was the same man afterward. I pretend not to say Burke was a faultless man: he had faults and many faults; but in his heart he was a man of God. I have loved him long, and love him now that he has passed away to his home in heaven.

I had a great deal to do at this conference, and for several days and nights I felt like sinking under my burden; but just when things appeared to be coming to the very worst, the great and good M'Kendree made his appearance in the conference-room. He appeared to take hold of all the tangled matters just right, and closed them in the very best manner he could. I was reappointed to the Ohio district. Bishop M'Kendree was very lame. I put him on my fine pacing horse, and went with him to Shelbyville, in Kentucky. David Young was in our company. He was then strong and active, and took great delight in caring for the afflicted Bishop. I had an appointment to preach in Shelbyville, and the Bishop took my place. The court, being then in session, adjourned, and the judges and lawyers came to hear the Bishop preach—we had an excellent sermon. David Young gave one of his masterly exhortations, after which we closed meeting, went down to the house where we put

up, and took an excellent dinner, served up by the skillful hands of my friend, Matilda Crow.

This was the last time I ever visited the Crow family. I have met with many kind families; but such a family as Edward Crow's I never met before, and I shall never look on the like again.

From this place I went to see my father and mother, and found them in a helpless condition. Their children were nearly all married and gone their way—no one to help them, and they were unable to help themselves. I staid with them several days, tried to build them up and do all for them I could, and left them with an aching heart. Little did I think that was the last time I should ever see them; but so it turned out, and before I returned to Kentucky again they had gone to their reward, leaving a bright testimony behind that they were going home to heaven. I rode home with all convenient speed, and laid in wood and other necessaries for the use of my family during the approaching winter. I commenced my quarterly meetings, first round, as near as I now recollect, on West Wheeling circuit; Abel Robinson preacher in charge, his colleague's name I have forgotten. Robinson appeared to feel like a true missionary of the cross of Christ. His praise was in all the Churches; but, poor man, he soon failed.

I began my third round of quarterly meetings in fine health and good spirits, till I came to the Mahoning river; here I was attacked with fever and ague. I traveled on, grappled with the disease, and preached

almost every day till I reached Warrentown, Trumbull county; there I had to halt and send for the doctor. My next quarterly meeting was in the town of Burton; and as my labors had always been wonderfully blessed in that place, I could not think of missing the meeting. I told the doctor I wanted him to break the fever as soon as he possibly could.

On Thursday evening I took a large dose of calomel, followed by a large portion of jalap. On Friday morning I obtained a quart of port wine, four ounces of genuine Peruvian red bark, mounted my horse very early in the morning, took a large portion of wine and bark every two hours, rode thirty-two miles, preached at night, went through the labors of the quarterly meeting with comfort; and, the best of all, God was with us.

On Tuesday morning I went on my way rejoicing, and was troubled no more with ague that year. Nothing remarkable took place during this round.

I commenced my fourth round under more auspicious circumstances. Our quarterly meetings were attended with great displays of the goodness and mercy of God.

As I was preparing to leave the district, it became my duty to make a close and thorough examination relative to the Church in every department. First, in regard to the number of Church members. I compared our numerical strength to what it was when I came on, and found it, I think, nearly double—our congregations more than doubled; the attendance

in class meetings greatly improved—family religion was on the advance; our preachers appeared to live more holy, and to preach with more zeal and understanding. I may say, in truth, the district, in every respect, was in a better condition than when I came on it. I looked back with renewed satisfaction on the three years and six months I spent on this rough but delightful field of labor.

The bishops highly approved of my administration and pulpit labors. This information I received from their own lips. With very few exceptions I had the confidence and esteem of all the preachers, both local and traveling. The private members of the Church treated me universally with great respect. These were years both of pleasure and profit to my own soul. I shall never forget them through life, and I hope they will be remembered in eternity.

I finished my fourth round of quarterly meetings and prepared to go to conference, which this year, 1815, set in Lebanon, Ohio. The bishops were both present. Bishop Asbury, in very feeble health, was not able to walk or stand alone. The Rev. John Bond had the charge of him, carried him in his arms like a little child, set him in his carriage when he wished to travel, and took him out in the same way when he wished to stop. He was seated on the platform in the conference-room, called on brother Bond to read a chapter and give out a hymn, and then this great man of God prayed, sitting on his seat, for he was not able to kneel down. He prayed as if speak-



ing to God face to face. While gazing on his pale face my emotions were painful yet pleasant. I saw that Asbury's work was done, and that he was going home to God. He was truly an apostolic man, sent of God on a special mission to these United States. He had done his work, and done it well. Although the Methodist Church had many great and good teachers, she had but one father under God, and that was Francis Asbury.

Bishop M'Kendree took charge of the business of the conference, and all things moved on briskly, as was generally the case under his administration. The conference was very large. The preachers all appeared to be in fellowship one with another. They were under an extraordinary religious influence, which pervaded the whole conference. Although Bishop Asbury was not able to stand alone, he was determined to station the preachers once more. The elders were very kind to him, and gave him all the help he needed. He made the appointments with a great deal of caution, and prayed much before he would have any man's name written on the list.

He preached on Sabbath, in the market-house, to a very large congregation, and, to my astonishment, almost every one could hear him distinctly. Not able to stand, he sat and preached from his carriage. This was the last sermon I ever heard from his sanctified lips, and, at the close of this conference, I parted with him for the last time. O, Asbury, I loved thee in life—I love thee now thou art in heaven!

On Monday we elected our delegates to the General conference. The preachers felt great anxiety, but no electioneering was done. We elected nearly the whole delegation at the first balloting; they were a body of self-sacrificing men, such as John Sale, Samuel Parker, Charles Holliday, David Young, Marcus Lindsey, and Jacob Young. I was appointed this year to the Muskingum district, and David Young to the Ohio district. As we both had to go to General conference in the spring, and, as my four years on the Ohio district would not expire till spring, the Bishop told us we need not change districts till we returned from General conference. So I went back with great delight to my old district. I was glad to meet my old friends, so unexpectedly, and they appeared glad to see me again.

I passed the autumn and winter on the Ohio district, to the mutual satisfaction of myself and the Lord's people—closed my second round early in March, and, in the month of April, we repaired to the city of Baltimore, to attend the General conference.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL CONFERENCE—1816.

I TRAVELED part of the way alone—spent a day and a night in the town of Washington, Pennsylvania, with my long-tried friend, James Shannon. Mr. Robert Hazlet and wife—with many other good friends—clustered round me, as though I had risen from the dead. From thence I went to Brownsville, where I once had one of the best revivals I ever saw. Thence to Uniontown, where I fell in with a merchant going to Baltimore, for goods—a special friend of mine. We crossed the Mountains by ourselves, and had a very pleasant journey. At Fredericktown, Maryland, I fell in with several other delegates, and we rode into the city of Baltimore together. This was the first General conference for me. The business was all new to me, and I felt greatly embarrassed in my own mind, before I entered upon it. They gave me an excellent boarding-place, with Captain John Berry, and his pious wife Harriet; and, if I had been an apostle, they could not have treated me with greater kindness. My room-mate was the Rev. William Kennedy, of South Carolina. I went into the conference-room, resolved to keep my seat and say nothing, and satisfy my conscience by merely

voting; for there were a great many men there who appeared very learned—such as William Ryland, Nathan Bangs, Martin Ruter, Hillard Judge, Ezekiel Cooper, Samuel Merwin, George Pickering, John Emory, and Robert R. Roberts; these men were the master-spirits of that august assembly. The first day I felt quite out of my place, and would much rather have been preaching in some lonely log-cabin, under the shade of the Cumberland Mountains, in East Tennessee, than to have been a member of a General conference, in the splendid city of Baltimore. For the first two or three days I was very silent, but matters soon came before the conference in which I felt a deep interest.

The first thing which aroused me was the fixing of the line between the Western and the Baltimore conferences. That part of Pennsylvania that lay northwest of the Ohio and the Alleghany rivers, and part of the state of Ohio, had formerly belonged to the Baltimore conference, and had recently been attached to the Western conference. The district that I traveled, the last four years, lay mostly on that ground, which, as I have said before, was sparsely populated; and, as is the case with all thinly-settled countries, they were not very well prepared to support ministers. As they were about to give us the poorest part of the territory of the Baltimore conference, I contended that we should have some of the rich territory. I moved that the Alleghany Mountains should be the dividing line, instead of the Ohio and Alleghany

rivers. This sprung the Rev. R. R. Roberts, who was then a member of the Baltimore conference. He made an eloquent speech on the occasion, and closed his speech by saying, that as the Baltimore conference had been very kind to the Western conference, and had given her a great deal of territory, he thought it was now time to stop—they needed all the ground they had for their own use. In my reply, I admitted they had given us a great deal of territory, but it was the poorest part they had, and, if they desired, we would be glad to give all back. I made a motion to that effect—seconded by George Pickering; but they moved to lay it over, so the debate ended.

It will be remembered, that, in the March preceding the sitting of the conference, Bishop Asbury died, in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and Bishop M'Kendree was left alone. He was in a very poor state of health, but he presided with great dignity, and attended to the business of the conference satisfactorily, and with great rapidity. One of the first things that claimed attention was the funeral of Bishop Asbury. The conference passed a resolution that his remains should be removed from Fredericksburg, to the city of Baltimore. The committee was appointed to prepare a vault under the recess of the Eutaw Church. Another committee was appointed to go to Fredericksburg and convey the remains of the Bishop to Baltimore, and the day was fixed upon for the funeral. The committees attended to their business very promptly, and in a manner that met the appro-

bation of the conference, entirely. The time for the funeral services arrived. The body of the departed Bishop was brought into Light-Street Church, and laid just before the altar. Every thing was done in good taste. The city appeared to be all in commotion, and a great crowd was present at the funeral. The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Black, of the British conference. The procession was then formed at the door of the church, Bishop M'Kendree and Dr. Black walking in front of the coffin. The members of the General conference fell in the rear next to the corpse; clergymen of other denominations followed; then members of the Church, with other citizens, as suited them. This was the largest procession I ever saw. I attended General Winder's funeral, in that same city, which was said to be the largest ever known in the city, but I think the Bishop's was the larger of the two.

The funeral services over, the members of the conference repaired to their boarding-houses, to take some refreshments and rest. The next day, they resumed the business of the conference, Bishop M'Kendree in the chair. The common committees had been all appointed, and soon began to report. I do not recollect what committee reported first, but when the committee on the Episcopacy reported, they recommended to strengthen the Episcopacy, by the election and ordaining of two bishops, which was agreed to by the conference. At this time, the resolution was offered to have the presiding elders elected by the

J. Roberts, Nathan Bangs, Daniel George, John Emory, Elijah Hed and others. The strength of the c to be on that side. Nicholas Snee nings were lobby members, worki Joshua Soule took the lead in th other side, followed by S. Geor Reed, Joshua Wells, Philip Judge, James Axley, and several othe ented men. After spending three vote was taken, and the resolution of nearly two-thirds. Joshua Sc pointed to preach the funeral serr bury to the conference, which was manner, from these words, "Them will honor."

Our next great concern was to n lection for bishops. Enoch Georg Roberts were elected by large n dained by Bishop M'Kendree, assi

Church. Notwithstanding the many long and warm debates, the conference closed this session in great peace and harmony, and agreed to meet in the city of Baltimore, in four years' time. We closed with prayer, and received the benediction; and, when we passed out into the yard; some looked to the south, some to the north, some to the east, and some to the west; some looked glad, and some looked sorry; some looked well, and some looked sick; and some looked as if they were afraid they should never be elected again.

I went homeward in the stage as far as Fredericktown, where I had left my horse. Afterward, I rode, in company with my old friend, John Sale, toward the western country. We traveled slow, and talked over the happy days we had spent together, when he was traveling Salt River circuit, and I was young Jacob Young, ready to wait upon the preachers whenever they came in my way, get their horses shod, and feed and curry them; and, when the preachers needed money, was ready to do my part. We had fellowship one with another; "and truly our fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." I parted with my friend in Winchester, Virginia. He went by the way of Staunton, and I took the direct road across the Alleghany Mountains. I traveled alone to Uniontown. I had charge of Bishop Asbury's horse, and some books and clothes he had willed to Bishop M'Kendree. The books and clothes were packed in two valises, buckled together by two leather

and package resembled those
which carried silver from one p
the other. Silver was very sc
were trying to drain each othe
Gwin's old stand, near the fo
early in the morning, I saw a co
ing in the door. Some of them
passed along; and, as I was
Mountain, the thought struck
be danger ahead. I had not go
five miles, before I saw two men
I thought it was no use to be a
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many who had much more ac
power. They rode up very ple
good morning. I returned the
They looked like a couple of
asked me if I lived in the west.
affirmative. They asked me ho
the east. I answered, as far as th



and he willed them to Bishop M'Kendree. I am conveying them to Wheeling for him. The packages contain nothing but clothes, books, and manuscripts." They looked very much disappointed. One of them asked, "Is Bishop Asbury dead?" I answered, yes. "Well," said he, "I have seen and heard him preach in my father's house." They paused a few moments, galloped off, and left me. It is impossible to tell what their intentions were, but I have always thought they intended to rob me.

I pursued my journey till I came to Uniontown, where I fell in with the delegates, on their way home. I spent a pleasant night at Washington, Pennsylvania, and, the next day, rode home, where I spent a few days, in order to rest my body and mind, for they were both greatly fatigued. I then started for my new field of labor—the Muskingum district.



CHAPTER XXIV.

MUSKINGUM DISTRICT—1816.

I LOOKED on the plan of this district, furnished me by David Young, and found it to be very extensive, and intercepted by many water courses—all the tributaries of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers. I rode from home to Marietta, along the pleasant banks of the Ohio river. This was in the month of June. It brought to my recollection days of other years, when I first traveled Marietta circuit, thirteen years before; but how swiftly passed! O, swift-winged time, how rapid is thy flight! These thirteen years had brought many changes in my circumstances, and in my character as a man, a Christian, and a minister; but I could see no changes in the beautiful river, nor in the adjacent lands, only that the forest-trees and natural shrubbery were cleared away, and the waving corn and wheat had taken their place. When I arrived at Marietta my heart was filled with pleasing grief and mournful joy. I looked on the house where I lay many days, to all appearance, on the confines of eternity. For nineteen days, I was like something standing on a pivot; no skillful physician could tell on which side I would fall. But, by a merciful Providence, I had lived thirteen years since that

time, and was a strong, athletic, active man, while millions that were then healthy, and bid fair for long life, were now cold in death. These thoughts rushed into my mind like torrents, Why was I raised up from the brink of the grave? and why is my life lengthened out still? The answer was, "That you may glorify God by doing good to your fellow-men. The supreme Being sent you into the world that you may do your part in making the world better." I felt my own weakness. I knew that I was a man of a small mind, and had grown up like a wild tree in the forest, with but little cultivation. I knew I could do but little for the benefit of mankind. For some time, I was very much discouraged, but resolved that, such as I was, I would give myself to God, both soul and body, for time and eternity. Here I renewed my covenant, God appeared to accept the offering, and I went on my way rejoicing.

I took a long and delightful gaze on the beautiful commons around my beloved Marietta. I thought of the happy hours I had spent on those plains with the Rev. George C. Light, in social walks; and as we had no theological seminary, nor any theologian to train our young minds, we studied theology while we walked over those pleasure-grounds; sometimes I was preceptor and he pupil, then we would change sides—so we got along as well, perhaps, as those who had greater advantages.

Finally, I went down into the town, and my old friends clustered around me, and here I had a feast

Esq., Rufus Putnam, Esq., Jud
Manoah Fearing and wife, Jose
Jonas Johnson and wife, and
to mention. I found many of t
had fallen asleep.

Here I entered upon my
Although the district contained
it covered a large territory, an
for the most part with excel
Marietta, Marcus Lindsey was
he was truly a man of God, a
do the duties of a Methodist
having been favored with a goo
In early life, his masculine po
pretty well developed, his sou
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in all the circuits and districts
his itinerant life. Although hi
he turned many to righteousne



He was a man of a remarkably clear head, and, I think, very pure heart. I have known him intimately for more than forty years—First, as junior preacher, then deacon, then an elder in the Church of God, then a presiding elder on a district, then exalted to the high station of a bishop. In all these different relations he has proved himself worthy the confidence of the Church. Bishop Morris has been highly favored by the Lord in many respects—he was very happy in his marriage. His beloved Abigail was talented, amiable, gentle, long-suffering, and kind, and, to crown the whole, truly pious. As a wife and mother, she had few equals, and I never knew her superior. I spent a good many days and nights in their humble dwelling, and was always happy under their roof.

At this time, Marietta was very large, and in great prosperity. I held my first quarterly meeting in the town of Marietta. As Bishop Asbury had died, the spring before, I was called upon to preach his funeral sermon on the Sabbath of my quarterly meeting. I undertook it with fear and trembling. I believe the discourse gave general satisfaction. I heard of no one finding any fault save Dr. M'Intosh, who was a great enemy to bishops, and wanted to know if no body else had done any thing to build up the Methodist Church but Bishop Asbury.

I went from Marietta to Letart Falls circuit; here I found the Rev. Cornelius Springer in charge; he had been a major in the last war with England, but



had laid his carnal weapons by, and, like John Bunyan, engaged in a holy war. I found his circuit in a very prosperous condition; held his first quarterly meeting on a creek called Chickemauga, in the neighborhood of William Cherrington's. It will be necessary to take particular notice of this good old man: he was a native of the state of New Jersey; in early life emigrated to the state of Virginia, and while he was a young man, became pious, and united himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. As he was a very decided character, he examined the system of Methodism throughout; he was pleased with the origin of the Church, especially with her great founder and his coadjutors; he subscribed to all her doctrines, and was a great admirer of her government; he was theoretically, experimentally, and practically a Methodist Christian; and being a man of great industry and economy, he soon became wealthy. He was married twice in his life, and had large families by both his pious wives. I think I may say, in truth, he was one of the best family governors I ever knew. His house was one of the homes for itinerant Methodist preachers for many years — first in Greenbrier county, Virginia, then in Gallia county, Ohio. The great M'Kendree spent many happy nights under his hospitable roof, with his children and grandchildren. They took his Methodist training; and although they are now very numerous, they are nearly all members of the Church, and some of them preachers of the

Gospel. Here I met with the talented Burwell Spurlock. He reminded me of a tall young pine-tree, shooting its top far above the trees of the forest. Had it not been for the blighting influence of slavery, he would have occupied an eminent place in the Methodist Church.

From this place I went on to Guyandotte, Virginia; here I met with my old friend, Thomas Buffington; sweet-tempered, heavenly-minded John Due traveled the circuit—I had a comfortable quarterly meeting. From this place I went to Parkersburg, Wood county, Virginia, rode seven miles up the Kanawha river, and stopped with the heavenly-minded Mrs. Kinslow, whose husband had acted the part of a father to me when I was a young man traveling in a strange land; but he had gone to the spirit-world, and his wife was a lonely widow. Here I met young Samuel Hamilton for the first time—he was traveling Little Kanawha circuit, the first year of his itinerancy. Hamilton was a man of clear head and honest heart, and was preaching the word with great success.

We held our quarterly meeting in Taverner's meeting-house, and had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The Church in that place was under a high religious excitement, but I believe there was no one converted at that quarterly meeting. I started from that place to what was then called Fairfield circuit; passed through Athens, and the place where Logan now stands—from thence to Lancaster. Here I put up with Judge Jacob Deedrick.



He was then living in great style; they gave me a very kind reception.

The next morning I visited the Rev. Jesse Spurgeon, a local preacher of considerable influence. He had taken some offense from the traveling preachers, and I suppose was thinking of setting up for himself. He gave me a very cold reception.

I did not stay long—rode from thence to the town of Rushville, and held my quarterly meeting in Union meeting-house. James Quinn and Charles Waddle were circuit preachers. James Quinn had been to General conference, was taken sick on his return near Cumberland, in the state of Maryland, and was brought near death's door. He had partially recovered and reached home, but was not able to do any thing. The labor of the meeting devolved on Waddle and myself. This was a very interesting meeting to me. The word of the Lord appeared to take deep hold on the hearts and minds of the people. I passed from this place to Zanesville; as well as I now recollect, the meeting was dry and dull. I went from thence to Barnesville. Here the righteousness of Zion appeared to go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. Finley and Strange had been there some time before—the heavenly flame that was kindled under their pious labors, was still burning. I had two circuits to the north that I did not visit on my first round.

I had now performed one round on my new field of labor, and found it would require very hard work

to cultivate it well, but I was healthy and vigorous, and thought by the grace of God I could get along. I had now to provide a place for my family to live, for then they furnished no parsonages. I purchased a house in the town of Barnesville, for which I gave eight hundred dollars.

I then commenced my second round, with all convenient speed, traveling over the same ground that I had already been over, and in addition passed through Licking, Knox, Richland, and Wayne counties. Nothing worthy of notice took place on this round. Some of our meetings were very interesting. Notwithstanding I had such a fine start on my first round, and had renewed my covenant with God, I had not much liberty in preaching, and my success did not appear as great as it did on the Ohio district. Cold weather was now coming on, and my family required to be moved about forty miles. In the mean time I had to attend the annual conference, which met, that year, in Louisville, Kentucky.

The conference met in September, the frosty nights were coming on, and I had to move my family before cold weather, and had a long ride to conference. I was partly worn out with fatigue before I started. I had a heavy camp meeting to attend on my way; and still to increase my burden, Bishop George's horse gave out, and he had left with the request that I should bring him to conference.

When I came to the camp meeting I did the best I could, but the wicked people in that neighborhood

had become incensed against camp meetings some years before, and it appeared to me they behaved as bad as they possibly could. The official members had very little energy, and the meeting dragged heavily. I was provoked at the officials and at that part of the community called rowdies, and I suppose I gave them their charge as heavy as they could bear. When they would not obey orders, I would take hold of them and lead them out of the congregation. They soon saw that I had a great deal of muscular power. Although they threatened, no one laid violent hands on me. Young Samuel Hamilton was there, who preached like an evangelist, and by his good sense and mildness turned the tide of opposition. David Young came along, and preached on Sabbath at eleven o'clock. This was one of the happiest efforts I ever knew him to make. It had a fine influence on the congregation. I followed with an exhortation, and called for mourners—they crowded the altar. We had a delightful afternoon, and a goodly number professed to be converted. William Swayze was then in his best days. He took the management of the meeting on Sunday evening, and we had what might be called a glorious night. Monday was a delightful day—most of the rowdies had by this time left the ground, and those that remained were awed into subjection by a divine influence to be felt in every part of the assembly. Brother Swayze worked all day, and the Lord owned his labors. The good work went on, Monday night, till nearly day-break. On Tues-



day morning we closed with shouts of victory, and I went on my journey accompanied by several preachers.

The second day I reached Maysville, Kentucky, where we once had a great revival, and some of my spiritual children were still living. I had a meeting at night, and my spiritual strength was greatly renewed. Nothing more took place till I came into the neighborhood of Shelbyville, Kentucky. I was then passing through the first circuit I ever rode.

Here I began my itinerant life in company with Rev. Hezekiah Herriman, but I soon discovered that death had been doing its work among my friends. Many of my most valuable acquaintances had gone from the Church below to the Church above. Many of the children that I admitted on trial, were now grown up to be men and women. They clustered around me and laid hold of my hands with streaming eyes. During the fourteen years that I had been absent from this place, I had passed through many great and serious changes, and at the hand of the Lord I had drunk many a bitter cup; but I had seen many long, delightful days of peace and prosperity; and when I came on this camp-ground where I had spent my first years after my conversion, I thought I had many reasons to be encouraged more than to be discouraged. I have been so sustained by the grace of God, that I have not reproached his Church or myself; and though a feeble minister, God has, in some degree, owned my labors. I may say in truth

many that had enjoyed the advant
education. He was an eloquent
logician and profound theologian.
Bishops M'Kendree and George
then called the "Star of the We
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of all concerned, as far as I kno
pointed to the Muskingum district.

CHAPTER XXV.

MUSKINGUM DISTRICT—CONTINUED.—1816-1818.

I BEGAN my quarterly meetings, commencing at Marietta, from thence to Athens, and so on till I completed my first round. I found the district very large and a part lying in a very rough country. Quarterage came in very light. I saw clearly I would have to work hard and receive a very lean support. I had lived six years on my father-in-law's land, where I enjoyed many advantages, and had been able to lay up some money.

I concluded I must turn that money to the best advantage for the support of my family. While I was traveling that poor district, part of the money I invested in a store, and the rest I laid out for land. These were very unfortunate operations for me, involving me in trouble that I did not throw off for twelve years. After continuing the business for nearly two years, during which time we had sold twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of goods, I found that my partner was a bankrupt, and dare not go to the eastern cities to lay in goods. Contrary to our article of agreement I had to go and purchase the goods myself. This embarrassed me greatly, but I saw no way of backing out, and concluded I must

make the best I could of a bad bargain. I laid in a large stock of goods, bought them very cheap, hired an active clerk, and instructed him to be very careful about trusting. I then had to devote all my time to my ministerial duties—only had time to look into the condition of the store once in three months. The sheriff came to levy on my partner's property; but he could not touch the store, because of the partnership property. I found I must do one of two things; either let my partner drop and carry on the business myself, or wind up the whole concern.

Before I determined what course to take, I laid my case before the district. They protested against my locating; said the conference could not do without me; and my wife protested against my continuing in the business unless I located and attended to it myself. I told the clerks to make out a correct invoice of all the goods on hand, and then to exhibit the indebtedness of the firm, then the assets belonging to the firm, then strike the balance, and let me know how we stood. After two or three days the young men came to me and said they were ready to report. I found the firm was worth about six thousand dollars after all our debts were paid.

My partner was broken down in his feelings, and almost every other way. He had a large family to support. I went to him in his deep distress and submitted to him the following proposition: You know that my private account has been kept with the firm as though I did not belong to it. Every thing I have

taken out has been charged at the retail price. I will pay up that bill, and if you will bind yourself to pay all the debts of the firm, I will relinquish my claim to the goods on hand and all the assets belonging to it, and for my part of the capital I will take real estate at a fair price. He accepted the proposition and bound himself to pay all the debts. I relinquished my claim and stepped out, and gave him all the profits made on the sale of goods. He sold the store to G. and E. Roe, and went on collecting with great energy.

When I came home again he came to see me in fine spirits. He told me he should have several thousand dollars after paying off the debts of the firm, and he thought of going to Illinois and laying it out for land; and as land was rapidly rising in value he thought he might, by that means, be able to pay off his old debts. I knew no more of his business till the fall season of the year. At a certain time I came home; he looked very melancholy and told me he would not be able to pay off, and that five hundred dollars would fall back on me. I asked him what had become of the assets. He said the clerks had made a mistake; there was not as much as they thought. I saw that I was taken in, and I did not know how to help myself.

A few days after he packed up and moved off to Perry county, Ohio, and left his son to collect what money he could. In my absence my wife found the son was going away, and was intending to take the store books. She went down and took the books

exception, [illegible]
successful in collecting, paid off all th
cept about nine hundred dollars. I
see my old partner, and found him poor
talked over the whole affair of our late t
largely on the losses I had sustained by
ship; but notwithstanding all, if he woul
I would give two hundred dollars mor
give me his note for three hundred dolla
paid but a small part of that note, so th
affair ended.

I suffered loss of property, but mor
ings, and, worse than all, my characte
nished. All this trouble originated in
divine Providence; but by it I learned
shall never forget. I have recorded t
detail as a solemn warning to all itine
to keep clear of speculation.

About this time I became involve
Concern. I had sold a large numbe
of them I was never paid: and

great many hundred dollars. But after a long time I had the whole affair laid before the General conference; they did me justice, and no more. These blunders and mistakes made me liable to many temptations, and I lost ground in religion; and I honestly confess I backslid to a great extent, although the Church and the world never knew it; but by the forbearance of my heavenly Father I was not cut down in my folly; he restored unto me the light of his countenance.

I staid at home a few days to recruit my strength, after having finished my first round of quarterly meetings for the current year. I commenced the second round in very cold weather. The roads, in many places, were very dim and hard to find. I was often in danger of missing the way and lying out in the woods; but by the good providence of God I always found shelter before dark.

We were trying to form a new circuit in Lawrence county, Ohio. I sent on the Rev. Samuel Baker; and his brother, Henry Baker, then traveling on Letart Falls circuit, extended his pastoral care over the new circuit, and tried to supply both; but he met with great opposition in different parts of Lawrence county from the Baptist preachers. At this time a young man by the name of James Gilruth embraced religion and joined the Church. He was a man of uncommon muscular power and had been desperately wicked, and almost every body in the county was afraid of him. He became a great safeguard to the preachers.



I finished my second round about the close of winter. The quarterly meetings on this round were very dull, and, as far as we could see, very little good was done. I was often greatly embarrassed in trying to preach. My sermons, the most of the time, were poorly arranged. I often felt like leaving the itinerancy and going into some other business. I was looking round for a preacher to send on to Burlington circuit to supply the place of Henry Baker, who was then trying to do double work. I was one day passing by a school-house, when I met with a young man by the name of Isaac Reynolds, just licensed to preach. I asked him if he would not like to go and fill a vacancy on the district. He said he would as soon as his school was out. I gave him a letter of introduction to the officiary on the circuit. In a few days he was on the ground and at work.

My success on the district, up to this time, had been very poor compared to what it had been four years on the Ohio district. When I came to Burlington circuit I found young Isaac at work day and night, and a general revival all around the circuit. During the balance of the year he took in several hundred. The Lord appeared to own this young man wherever he went. He labored on with great success till his physical powers gave way; he then thought himself compelled to locate. He is still living in some respects like John the Baptist—he is a burning and a shining light.

During this round, the Lord began to make bare

his arm. Our quarterly meetings were much improved, and some revival influence was felt all around the district.

The fourth quarter was, by far, the best I ever had on the district. We had some good camp meetings, one particularly on Marietta circuit, at a place called White Oak settlement. This was among the best meetings I ever enjoyed. I baptized, one morning, during the meeting, eighty odd persons—some by immersion, others by sprinkling, and some by pouring. Thomas A. Morris was the preacher in charge, and we had a full supply of preachers of the right kind, such as Abel Robinson, Samuel Hamilton, Jacob Myers, and Lemuel Lane. They became so filled with the Holy Spirit, that nearly all fell down in the stand. I closed my round, and went home, to prepare for conference. This had been rather a dark year, but I had some bright spots. I was able to make a good report at conference, which was held, this year—1817—in Zanesville. I was returned to the Muskingum district, composed of the following circuits: Letart Falls, John Summerville, preacher in charge; Little Kanawha, John Solomon; Fairfield, James Quinn and John M'Mehan; Zanesville, John Waterman and Thomas Carr; Knox, Shadrach Ruark; Marietta, Cornelius Springer and Thomas A. Morris; Barnesville, John Graham and Samuel Hamilton; Mansfield, Lemuel Lane.

This was rather a dry and barren year on that circuit. Brother Summerville was a good preacher,



and was very attentive to all the duties of a Methodist minister. Our quarterly meetings were dry and barren, in general, but we had some conversions, and some accessions to the Church.

We had a good work on Little Kanawha circuit—one of the best years of John Solomon's life. He was faithful to his God and faithful to the Church, and the Lord owned and blessed his labors extensively, and the people esteemed him very highly in love, for his works' sake. He was assisted by a local preacher, by the name of David Smothers, who was an able minister of the New Testament. His whole soul appeared to be in the work of the ministry.

There was another local preacher, by the name of Samuel Briggs, who was a curious and eccentric man. The Rev. Reese Wolfe was both able and willing to defend the Church, her doctrines, and government. It was a prosperous year. Our quarterly meetings were attended with abundant success. Fairfield circuit was not so prosperous. Brother Quinn was in feeble health, and was not so able to labor as he had been in other years. Still, he preached well, God honored him, and the people loved him. Brother M'Mehan charmed the people with his eloquence. They crowded to hear him in multitudes. He was truly, in those days, an orator and a fine sermonizer. He was an able defender of the doctrines of the Church, and was capable of doing as much good as any man of his time.

A certain Universalist preacher, by the name of

Streeter, came on from the east, and stopped in Lancaster. I was informed, afterward, that he was a backslidden Methodist preacher. He commenced a violent attack on the Methodist Church. M'Mehan encountered him and put him to silence. They held a public debate in the court-house, and M'Mehan evidently gained the victory.

Yet the enemies and schismatics took sides with Streeter, and many long and angry debates ensued. When M'Mehan came round again, he preached in the court-house to a crowded assembly. After meeting, as he was retiring, he was met by a certain Colonel, who gave him some very insulting language. Unfortunately, M'Mehan became angry. A certain Dr. Smith, standing by, cried out, at the top of his voice, "Smite him, Johnny, in the name of the Lord, for he richly deserves it." Johnny laid hands on the Colonel, but did not strike him.

I am obliged to say, that this controversy did not redound to the glory of God, or the benefit of Methodism. About this time, brother M'Mehan wished to retire from the work, for reasons best known to himself. I deemed it the worst step he ever took; so it turned out, and he regretted it for many years. I let him go, and put the well-known John Stewart in his place, then a lovely boy, full of zeal and good works. He and brother Quinn worked together in great harmony. They had a pleasant year, and some degree of prosperity. We had but few conversions on Zanesville circuit this year, and very few accessions



to the Church; yet I should do wrong to say it was a barren year. Waterman's preaching made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of all his congregations. These impressions were of the right kind, for they set both men and women to thinking deeply, closely, and to great advantage.

I must say, Waterman was the greatest man of his age, and, though he is dead, he yet speaketh. His usefulness not only appeared on Barnesville circuit, but also on the Western Reserve. Although you could not trace his footsteps as an itinerant in that country, yet you could read the impressions made by his sermons on the minds and in the conversation of the members of his congregations. His preaching was like bread cast upon the waters, which appeared not only after many days, but after many revolving years. So it was in every circuit and station, as far as I recollect, during his itinerant life. He had a clear and investigating mind, was a man of general and extensive information, and could communicate what he knew to the best advantage. He was truly a great man; and, to us short-sighted mortals, it seems mysterious that the Church was deprived of his labors so soon. But God, who made him and sent him into the world, with all his talents and usefulness, had a right to take him to himself when he thought proper, and he gives an account of none of his matters.

We had rather a dull and barren year on Knox circuit. This had been a hard field of labor for sev-

eral years—ever since the days of E. W. Bowman and James Smith. They sowed the seeds of discord among the brethren, which lasted for many years. James Quinn, Michael Ellis, and David Young labored, with great skill and energy, to restore peace and harmony to the Church, but with too little success. Truth at last triumphed over error.

This was a happy year for Marietta circuit. It was blessed with two lovely young men, amiable, pious, and talented, who, like St. Paul, "labored publicly, and from house to house." The circuit was very large. The heavenly flame that had been kindled in the days of Lindsey was still burning, and their manner of preaching and living was well calculated to spread the flame.

Cornelius Springer, who was the preacher in charge, set out in his career with fair prospects of doing good. He possessed great physical power—a fine mind and resources well developed, having received a good English education when young; his praise, in a short time, was in all the Churches where he traveled; but, when the division took place, in 1828, he went with the Radicals, which step I always regretted, as his misfortune, and not his crime. He was a noble, high-minded, honorable gentleman; and, I have always believed he followed the best light he had, when he left the Church; but I think he suffered himself to be misled by men whom he looked up to as his superiors. But he was a man of remarkably strong prejudices, which led him to say and



write things, many and bitter, against the Methodist Episcopal Church. They never did the Church any harm. Although we were at antipodes in the Radical controversy, yet it never interrupted our friendship as men, or our fellowship as Christians. I loved him when young—I love him yet, and expect to love him in heaven.

Thomas A. Morris was his colleague. I have spoken of him before, and shall say nothing here. John Graham and Samuel Hamilton traveled Barnesville circuit. This was comparatively a barren year there. There had been extensive revivals there in the days of Finley and Strange, and they were now passing through—what the old Methodists called—the sifting-time. Brother Graham was one of the sweet singers of Israel—knew as many fine songs, and could sing them as well as any man. He was a sanctified man, and his life corresponded with his profession. Samuel Hamilton was a man of choice spirit, though his early opportunities of acquiring an education were not very good. The God of nature had done much for him—he became pious at an early age, and turned his attention particularly and especially, to the Bible, and was well versed in the Scriptures, while yet a young man. His exemplary piety and natural abilities recommended him to the Church, as a suitable person to fill an official station. He was soon licensed to preach, and then put on a circuit. He was not a showy man, but one of good understanding, and as much ready wit and common sense

as almost any young man I ever knew. His deep-toned piety and moral honesty and faithfulness, soon gave him a very high standing in community. He soon rose to eminence among the brethren. God honored him in all the charges he ever filled. His constant application to his books soon made him a man of general knowledge. He was appointed presiding elder in Missouri, Illinois, and other places, while the country was yet a wilderness, where he had to grapple with infidelity as well as immorality. One morning, riding out of St. Louis, he fell in company with a skeptic, and they had to ride together nearly all day. I suppose they both brought forth their strongest arguments, but it appears there was no yielding on either side. At length Hamilton called in question the sincerity of his antagonist, and insisted that he did believe in God, and in future rewards and punishments, and that he expected to be happy in the world to come, and finally asked, what he would take for his hope of happiness in the world to come. "O," said the infidel, laughing, "I will sell it very cheap." Hamilton pulled out a silver watch worth thirty dollars, and said, "Will you give me your interest in Christ for this watch?" The infidel replied, "I will, sir." Hamilton then handed him the watch, and the infidel wrote an entire quit-claim to heaven—signed it, and Hamilton put it in his pocket-book.

The report reached St. Louis before the infidel returned home. Some time after, he was called to

one day preaching near the mouth of
in Taverner's meeting-house, to a lar
and, I suppose, was bearing heavy u
prevailing in that country. There
sitting in the congregation. Just
preacher and people became highly e
man rose to his feet, crying, "T
means you." Taverner shook his
the crazy man sat down; but, in a s
on his feet again, and cried out, "H
you, Tom Taverner." The appears
man, and his earnest manner, operat
of the preacher and his audience; a
for the preacher, a little dog in the
at him, began to bark. The eccer
laid hold of the dog, saying, "You
you tree the preacher?" and threw i
By this time Hamilton was entire
broke out in a loud laugh, and th
roar throughout the congregation.



truly a wise man, and turned many to righteousness; and, I believe, is now shining in the kingdom of God.

Mansfield was a new circuit, formed in a newly-settled country—land rich—mud deep—roads bad, and the country intercepted by many rapid streams; but Lemuel Lane was well qualified to travel just such a circuit. Endowed with a good degree of natural courage, and not at all deficient in moral courage, having a constitution like elastic steel, he could travel through a wilderness without compass or guide. He was an excellent swimmer, and, as far as I could judge from his actions, he dreaded no danger. In a short time he formed a full four week's circuit. His first quarterly meeting was in the town of Mansfield, then very small, consisting of about half a dozen log-houses. I held my quarterly meeting in the largest of these buildings, where they sold and drank whisky very freely. The prospect was discouraging enough, but I tried to preach. Lane exhorted right among the whisky-men. At night I preached again. Lane gave them a very rough talk, and called for mourners right in the bar-room—a number came up, and several appeared to be convicted. Sunday morning he held his love-feast, with closed doors. Many contended they had a right to come into the public house, but he kept the door himself. The angry people raged without—God worked within, and we had a refreshing time.

During the other three rounds, we had our usual prosperity throughout the district in general. I

people. Asa Shinn, Samuel P
and others, preached to great
Sabbath day—we had a gracious

The business of the conference
much ease and propriety. Altho
case came up and gave rise to
on the legality of his appeal,
decided the law question, and then
Soule was there, as Book Agent,
in the Ohio conference in rather
he left dissatisfied.

Here I parted with Samuel P
time—he was appointed presiding
sissippi conference. This was a
to both him and me, for he had b
class-leader, and counselor, in the
religious life. I looked after him
thinking, I shall see him no more
out, for he died, and now slumbers
of Washington, near Natchez, M

We had some good revivals, especially on the Zanesville circuit, under the labors of John Tivis. This good man still lives to bless the Church, and the world, with his evangelical preaching and pious example. He has consecrated his family and fortune to God. We had some good quarterly meetings, and profitable camp meetings. On Knox circuit, Henry Baker and Philip Green were true yoke-fellows—one a son of consolation, the other a son of thunder. At this time, my family expenses and my temporal circumstances were much embarrassed. I received but little quarterage, no estimate for fuel or table expenses, no allowance for children or house-rent. As a matter of course, I began to go deeply in debt, which alarmed me much, and I began to look out for some way by which to extricate myself. A good brother in the mercantile business proposed taking me in as a partner, on the following conditions: that I invest what capital I had in the firm, and employ a clerk. He would attend to all the business. I should only be called once in three months, to see the state of affairs and divide the profits equally. But I soon found he was insolvent, and not able to keep up his part, therefore we dissolved by mutual consent, he to take all the goods and assets, and pay all the debts of the firm honorably, and preserve my ministerial character. These afflictions tended to drive me nearer a throne of grace. I labored hard to improve my own mind and discharge my duty promptly as a presiding elder.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL CONFERENCE—1820.

At the close of the year, I attended conference at Cincinnati, in 1819. There was a vast amount of business transacted during the session. Our borders were greatly enlarged. We had commenced thinking about erecting a college for the benefit of the great west.

The Wyandott mission claimed much of our attention. We were also laboring hard to improve our young ministers by providing a course of study, and the vexed question of slavery came up. We had also to elect delegates to the General conference. Some of our prominent men had not traveled their four full calendar years, and were not eligible. The following brethren were elected: David Young, James Quinn, James B. Finley, John Collins, Marcus Lindsey, Jacob Young. Business over, the appointments were read, and I was sent to West Wheeling circuit; Thomas Ruckle, my colleague; William Swayze, my presiding elder.

Nothing special took place till our first quarterly meeting, which was held in St. Clairsville. Swayze was received as the Lord's messenger—the Spirit from on high was poured upon us.



Our second quarterly meeting was held in Myer's meeting-house. On Saturday, Swayze became embarrased; he thought the preachers were criticising. He stopped in about the middle of his sermon, and told us he could not preach. He closed the meeting in the best manner he could, and went to the house with a heavy heart.

In the evening, the Rev. J. Waterman preached an excellent sermon. Next morning, Swayze appeared still cast down. Love-feast over, we insisted on his preaching in the woods, although in the month of February. He refused several times, but the people would take no denial. They had come from a great distance to hear the celebrated revivalist. I suppose there were a thousand people on the ground. They had the fixtures all ready in a few minutes, and he mounted the stand with fear and trembling. His voice faltered, and he could scarcely give out the first hymn, and when he went to prayer, we were afraid he would stall and never get through. Waterman and M'Elroy, both talented men, were behind him, which made his cross still heavier. Right before him stood the famous dancing-master, Chapman, from old Connecticut. Swayze took his text and began to preach. We soon saw his eyes growing red, and the big veins on the sides of his neck began to swell. He threw back his head, looked up to heaven, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "God help the emaciated Swayze once more!" The people were shocked as if they had touched the

electric wire. In a few moments they began to fall from their seats like men slain in battle—among the number was the Yankee dancing-master, who fell as quick as if he had been shot through the heart. His friends caught him, held him up, and he was completely convulsed. M'Elroy saw him fall, and knowing what a notorious sinner he had been, he began to cry out, "Help! help! men of Israel, for there is a bull in the net." Swayze could be heard no more. By this time, at least one hundred were stretched on the cold ground, crying for mercy. M'Elroy took the meeting out of Swayze's hands, while Swayze stood weeping and shouting. "Now, brethren," said M'Elroy, "Chapman was one of the worst men in the country, and if he is sincere, he will bear me out in saying so. I hope the Lord will break his fiddle!"

The meeting continued till about twelve o'clock on Monday; there were more souls converted in that short time, than at any of our modern protracted meetings that are lengthened out for three weeks.

The presiding elder thought proper to change my colleague, Thomas Ruckle, for John Waterman. The spring of the year was now coming on, and I had to attend the General conference, to meet in Baltimore, May 1, 1820.

I left Barnesville on horseback, about the middle of April; had fine weather, good roads, and excellent company. On our way we fell in with Bishop Roberts. At this time they were turnpiking the



National Road across the Alleghany Mountains. The turnpikers, being nearly all Irishmen, were very rude, and annoyed travelers very much, demanding money, and if it was not given them, they would pull men off from their horses.

One day, we came in sight of a large company of workmen. Collins and myself were before. They made their demand for money—we talked kindly to them, joked a little, got them to laughing, and passed by safely. When Finley and Roberts came up, the pikers told them, as gentlemen had no toll to pay on that road, the law was, they should pay it to the workhands. Roberts told them there was no such law. "Well," said one of them, "those that just passed paid without saying a word." Roberts told them it was not so, that the men gave them nothing. "Well!" said one of them, "you are no gentlemen." The preachers rode on, and left them threatening.

We arrived safe in Baltimore in good time. I took up my lodgings with Mr. George Ernest, where I spent a pleasant month with him and his lovely family.

On the first of May, the conference opened at nine o'clock, with Bishop M'Kendree in the chair. Bishops George and Roberts near him. They made a very dignified appearance, being large, fine looking men. After the conference was opened, in the usual way, the first business was to choose a secretary, *pro tem.* This being done, the several delegates presented their certificates, and took their seats.



They then proceeded to elect a secretary by ballot, and, I think, Thomas L. Douglass was elected.

This was the second General conference I had now attended; consequently, I was very ignorant of the mode of conducting business. There were two days spent in adopting by-laws, and appointing committees. I soon discovered there was a great deal of talent in that body of ministers—collected from the north, the south, the east, and the west. Ezekiel Cooper, John Emory, James Ridgeway, Nathan Bangs, Samuel Merwin, George Pickering, Peter P. Sanford, S. George Roszel, Joshua Wells, Nelson Read, James O. Andrews, William Capers, and many others equally talented, whose names are not remembered.

The conference had not proceeded far in business when the presiding elder question came up, which had been laid over four years ago. This was warmly debated for many days. The resolution was to have the elders elected by the conference instead of the bishops. This debate was conducted with great skill and zeal, on both sides, but as the whole matter has been repeatedly before the public, I shall say but little upon it in this narrative—only to place Bishop M'Kendree's and Bishop Soule's course correctly before the public — they having, I think, been misrepresented. This resolution, after being amended a number of times, passed the General conference. M'Kendree being confined to his room was not present at the time. When he came in the next morning he appeared dissatisfied with the resolution, for he

thought it was an open violation of the Constitution of the Church. Joshua Soule, being elected bishop, declined being ordained; for he thought if the resolution passed into a law, it would be unconstitutional, and that in his administration he could not, with a good conscience, carry it out. Therefore he would not accept the office, making way for some brother that would carry it out without scruple.

And here let me give Joshua Soule justice. He never claimed to have a right to overrule the doings of the General conference, and herein his opponents misrepresented him. Although they had elected him, they had no right to make him serve. All he asked at their hands was to let him quietly retire. At the request of Bishop M'Kendree, the conference resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and the Bishop took the floor as a debater, and advanced such arguments as no one attempted to answer. At the close of Bishop M'Kendree's speech, a motion was made by some one voting in the majority, to reconsider the vote, by which the above resolution passed the General conference. This was powerfully resisted by some of the strongest men on the floor, and when they found it would prevail, they left the house and broke the quorum. It was a most trying hour for the conference. The next day the subject came up again, and several of the members who were in favor of a reconsideration, being absent when the vote was taken, it was a tie. The President gave the casting vote, and the motion was lost.

It was now fully ascertained that there was a clear majority opposed to the resolution, and they were determined not to be overruled by a minority, therefore they moved to suspend the resolution for four years. This raised such a tumult that the vote could not be taken. During the confused scene a brother took his pencil and paper, passed through the whole conference, receiving all the names that were in favor of the suspension, and while there were three or four on the floor speaking at the same time, he held up his paper, and cried with a loud voice, "Here are forty-seven names in favor of the suspension." This stilled the tumult, and the members all resumed their seats. The vote was then taken, and passed by a large majority. Bishop Soule tendered his resignation, which was accepted—the journals were read and the conference adjourned, *sine die*.

I wish to make a few remarks in relation to Bishop M'Kendree, placing him in a fairer attitude before the public—that if this journal ever should be published, the readers thereof may acquit the departed Bishop of tyranny and usurpation; for, to my certain knowledge, he was misunderstood and misrepresented. He was one of the last men in the world to assume any thing that did not belong to his office. This noble man of God was charged with exercising the veto power, which he never claimed and never exercised. I readily admit that he changed the opinion of the General conference; but the question is, how did he do it? I answer, by irresistible argument. By

the consent of the conference he came down from the chair, took the floor as if a member of their body, and in a speech of nearly an hour's length, convinced many members of the conference that the pending resolution was unconstitutional. Although the strongest advocates for the measure were seated around him, not one of them attempted to answer him, for they knew they could not. He carried his point not by assumption, but by the power of his convincing arguments.

After the conference closed, I started for the west, and rode all the way on horseback. My traveling companions were intelligent, good-natured, pious men; we had a pleasant trip. I closed my labors on West Wheeling circuit, and went to the annual conference which was held in Chillicothe, in 1820. Through the course of the past summer I had a great deal of temporal business on hand, of a very perplexing nature, and the prominent stand I had taken in the late General conference, rendered me odious in the eyes of the ultra Radicals, and they treated me a good deal as Alexander, the coppersmith, treated St. Paul. They tried to do me much injury, and the Lord rewarded them according to their deeds; but I never prayed for their downfall. During the summer I had some heavy debts to pay, and my means were not equal to the demands that were against me; but by the good providence of God I got safely through. I was returned again to the Muskingum district, where I spent two very pleasant years. The society had

greatly improved in Barnesville where I lived. John Davenport, John Gibson, William Philpot, and many others were my constant companions. I felt in my heart to live and die with that people—William Knox and John Waterman traveled the circuit; it was a happy year for Barnesville. A few preachers on the district tried to give me trouble, but their efforts were neutralized—for truth and justice was on my side; and I was well sustained by all intellectual and honest men that understood the controversy. We worked together in great harmony, and the Lord blessed our labors. We held a camp meeting in the vicinity. Though we were disturbed much, God was with us, and many souls were converted. We held another on Leatherwood forks of Well creek, which was more powerful than the one on Barnesville. Our third one was on the old camp-ground in Barlow township, near Marietta, where the Lord in a special manner poured out his Spirit. At our last quarterly meeting, we had a profitable time. I closed my labors with a fine increase, and I went to conference in fine spirits. Our conference was much agitated by Radical influence. I was returned again to the same district. By this time the Radicals had their plans matured, and had acquired considerable numerical strength. They were now trying to annoy us exceedingly. I passed the year as usual, holding quarterly meetings and camp meetings, and doing all within the limits of my power, to sustain the Wyandott mission at Upper Sandusky. By this time I had formed an intimate

acquaintance with several of the Wyandott chiefs, and understood the condition of the nation pretty well. There was a school in the mission, and I was employed by the missionary, J. B. Finley, to look out for a suitable school-teacher. I selected Lydia Barstow.

This year conference met in Marietta, Bishop M'Kendree and Bishop George both attended. We had a splendid conference. Henry B. Bascom was there in the zenith of his glory; Martin Ruter was enjoying his palmy days; the good Daniel Hitt was with us. About this time John Waterman had become the oracle of the conference. Finley was present with three Wyandott chiefs—Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, and John Hicks, with William Walker for an interpreter.

The conference opened under auspicious circumstances. Bishop M'Kendree was delighted above measure with the Indian chiefs, and they were equally pleased with him. All things were arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and we were moving on in great harmony, when, upon the fourth day, the fever broke out in Esquire Whitney's family, where the bishops and nine or ten of the preachers boarded. The preachers became alarmed and told me, the next morning, that I must get them other boarding-places, for the families were all sick where they were. We got through with the conference business as soon as possible, heard our appointments read, and took our departure, leaving many of our dear friends sick, and some of them dying.

One circumstance I wish to mention in relation to the Wyandott chiefs. About the third or fourth day of the conference, they all three appeared to become uneasy; Finley did not know the cause; Walker became silent and would not say any thing; Charles Elliott, who had just been appointed missionary, became much alarmed; even Bishop M'Kendree was at a loss to know what to do. We all sat in a profound silence for about half an hour. At length Between-the-Logs arose and broke silence. He said, "Brethren, we ourselves have full confidence in you, but some of our people have become uneasy; for certain white men tell them you keep a large book, and in it you charge us for all you are now doing; by and by, you will come and take away our land."

Bishop M'Kendree, as quick as thought, picked up his pen and wrote an article of agreement between the Ohio conference and the Wyandott Indians, in which he bound the conference to do many things for the Wyandott nation; for which we were to receive no pay. The Bishop then read the article to the chiefs, and then asked them how it would do. Between-the-Logs answered with a smile, "That will do, brother." The Bishop then signed it as the President of the conference, and then required all the chiefs to sign it. So the interview closed with mutual satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LANCASTER DISTRICT—1823-1825.

I WAS was appointed, this year, to the Lancaster district. I gathered up my family, and in a few days was safely settled in the town of Lancaster. I soon found I had a hard task to perform, having to follow Charles Waddle. With the majority of the people he was exceedingly popular; but his example was not good, and, in the opinion of the wise and prudent, he was a very suspicious character. During the previous year I had been appointed on a committee to examine certain charges preferred against him, and truth and righteousness compelled us to make a very unfavorable report; and as I was foreman of that committee, I had to incur the displeasure of Waddle and all his friends. The Rev. Charles Elliott was appointed to the Wyandott mission, and J. B. Finley superintendent. I was requested by the Bishop to assist them. My district was large and lay mostly in a sparsely populated country. Over and above my ordinary work I had Radicalism to contend with, together with the opposition of Waddle.

The Church was truly in a bad condition in the town of Lancaster. I sent Lydia Barstow off to the mission, and as soon as convenient followed, taking

with me Hannah Barnet, to assist in the domestic concerns of the mission family. I found brother Elliott on the spot in the midst of a glorious revival. Brother Finley not being present, Elliott took the supervision of the whole concern himself, calling on the Wyandott chiefs, and Isaac Walker—white man—his interpreter; Jonathan Pointer—colored man—another interpreter, and the Rev. John Stewart—colored man—his assistant for the time being.

At this time I feel it to be my duty to say something about the Rev. John Stewart. When I first knew this man he was living in Marietta. At one of our revivals in that country he joined the Church and became very pious, and considering the disadvantages under which he labored—being a colored man—he was remarkable for his fidelity and good sense. By some means, not fully known to me, he thought he had a call from God to preach to the Indians. After laboring long under those deep impressions, he left Marietta and started toward the north. Being led by the Spirit of God, as I understand it, he came to the Wyandott nation; but when he arrived there he could do nothing, for he could not speak their language, and they could not speak English. He spent a number of days there, as I suppose, a very unhappy man. The Indians became suspicious of him; thought he was an impostor, and I think they had some notion to kill him; but God raised him up a friend there. A good old Indian woman became convinced by a dream, or vision, that he was a good man, and the Great



Spirit had sent him there for the benefit of their nation, and she prevailed on the chiefs to do him no harm. At length he became acquainted with a man of his own color, Jonathan Pointer—before mentioned—who spoke the Wyandott language fluently, and by this man God opened to him an effectual door to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to that nation, and through his instrumentality the leading chiefs were brought to the knowledge of the truth and soundly converted to God. Other ministers soon came to his help; but he was the first instrument, in the hand of God, in that great work; and if we are to give honor to whom honor is due, he deserves the first honor.

I staid two days at the mission and helped to organize the school, which was large and encouraging, but almost in a state of starvation. The missionary's family and the school-teachers were almost destitute of bread, meat, or vegetables. I started back without delay to Lancaster, picking up provisions on the way and sending them back to the mission. When I came to the town of Delaware, I found them quite liberal. I staid two days; the Rev. C. Elliott was with me. We held a quarterly meeting, and brother Elliott made one of his happiest efforts on Saturday night. In his discourse he placed the mission and its present condition fairly before that numerous audience.

Elliott returned to Upper Sandusky, and I went on to Columbus. I found the Legislature in session, introduced myself to Governor Trimble, who was

the Speaker of the senate, laid the condition of the mission before him, and asked leave to hold a meeting in the legislative hall. I also saw Esq. Richardson, Speaker of the lower house, and asked the same favor of him. I then persuaded Nathan Emory, of precious memory, to preach a missionary sermon to both houses, in the legislative hall. I then told them what we were doing for the Wyandott nation, and what we intended to do, by the blessing of divine Providence, and made a fair statement of their present condition. We appointed the Speakers of the two houses collectors, and raised a large collection, nearly all in silver. We returned thanks to the audience, dismissed them, and retired. I went home, bought one hundred bushels of wheat, had it ground at "Ream's Mill," six miles below Lancaster, and sold the bran and shorts, to pay for flour-barrels. While these preparations were going on, I went down to Zanesville, and begged from door to door, till I obtained about ten barrels of flour, some meat, and other good things for the mission and school. By this time, the weather had become extremely cold, and, the ground being frozen, wagons run light. I got my friend, James Hampson, Esq., to take my flour, etc., to Upper Sandusky; for which, I think, I paid him twenty-five dollars, and had then twenty barrels of good flour stored up at Lancaster.

I accomplished more this winter than in any other two winters of my life. I had purchased a farm near Lancaster, which was very much out of repair.



During the season, I built a house, put the farm in good order, planted a large orchard, and performed two entire rounds on the district; besides devoting a considerable part of my time to the service of the mission. Spring of the year came on, and I sent on the twenty barrels to Sandusky. The roads had become exceedingly bad, and I had to pay the wagoner ninety-six dollars.

During this time, Finley had returned to the mission. Elliott spent a part of his time in seeking supplies for the mission. He was a faithful and successful missionary during the year; and this was just what I expected, when I advised Bishop M'Kendree to send him there; for I had known him from his youth up, and he had been faithful and prosperous in every thing he had been appointed to do by the Church. As a Christian, he stands pre-eminent; as a Gospel minister, considerably above par; as a man of science and literature, he has few equals in the Methodist Church; and, to crown the whole, he is a noble, high-minded, warm-hearted Irishman.

On my third round, a great and glorious revival broke out in Zanesville, another in Columbus, and others in various parts of the district. The last of the year, we were interrupted by sickness, it being one of the most unhealthy seasons I ever knew in Ohio. The fever began to rage the last of June. In July, my family were down with chills and fever. I could procure no help for love or money. The condition of my neighbors was no better than my own;

and, about the first of August, it appeared as if the whole town of Lancaster would die off. Soon, I had to nurse my sick family alone, cook their food, and give them their medicine. The doctor would come in the evening, tell me what to do, and then leave. There I would remain till about 4 o'clock in the morning; the fever would then abate, and my afflicted family would have a little rest, and myself a respite for a few hours.

In this way, I spent four dreadful weeks. At the end of that time, a female friend came to my assistance, by the name of Arai Turner. My neighbors were dying all around me; there were three or four funerals in a day. I would leave home on Friday, to attend my quarterly meeting, and, generally, return on Monday, by riding a long distance after dark. In this way, I closed my first year on Lancaster district; and, notwithstanding all my affliction, I left the district in a good condition, and went, with buoyant spirits, to conference, which sat this year in Urbana. Bishops M'Kendree and Roberts were both present, also, most of the members, and we had an interesting time. It had been a prosperous year throughout our bounds. Although it had been very sickly, the preachers were generally healthy, and, from their preaching and conversation, I judge, the most of them had been baptized with the Holy Ghost during the year.

We had to elect our delegates to the next General conference. The spirit of electioneering prevailed



to some extent, but it was overruled by the more enlightened part of the conference, so that no injury was done. I think they made a happy choice. At the close, I was reappointed to Lancaster district. There were eleven appointments: Hocking, Zarah Costin; Fairfield, William Stephens; Muskingum, Abner Goff; Granville, Charles Thorn; Knox, Daniel Limerick and John Pardo; Mansfield, Shadrach Ruark and Orin Gillmore; Wayne, Peter Stephens; Huron, Nathan Walker and John Walker; Delaware, Thomas M'Clarey; Zanesville circuit, Burrough Westlake; Zanesville station, John P. Durbin. They were all faithful and praiseworthy men.

My family were now growing up around me, and it was my duty to educate them, and I was determined to do it, at all events. My expenses, from other causes, had become greatly increased. My house stood on the great thoroughfare from the east to the west. As a matter of course, I had to keep a kind of Methodist tavern. As I was receiving but a small salary, my income would not cover my expenditures. My expenses were about four hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and one year I was on the district, my quarterage did not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars. There was no estimate, in those days, for fuel or table expenses, nor allowance for house-rent. At the close of the year, I found myself minus three hundred dollars.

The force of circumstances compelled me to turn my attention to some other business to support my

into working days. Generally on Friday, and return on Tu great deal in the night.

These incessant labors exha intellectual energies. My serm dry and dull; the arrangemen people soon began to complain They said I had given way to riches. All these things led t and hurtful lusts, piercing my many sorrows. I spent hours, groves, mourning like a dove an crane. But, still, there was muc district, through the instrumental

In the spring of 1824, I atte ence again in Baltimore. We h It is true the Radical struggle but it was plain to be seen, that Saul, they were growing weake elected two Bishops.

ary meeting was the most interesting one I ever attended. Dr. Hannah, William Capers, and Wilbur Fisk were the distinguished speakers on the platform.

But our own John Summerfield was superior to all I had ever seen or heard. His first sermon was at Fell's Point. I went early in order to secure a convenient seat. Before the preacher reached there, the house was crowded to overflowing, and the ground filled to the distance of ten steps all around the meeting-house. They were obliged to hoist him into the windows. I shall not attempt to describe either the man or the sermon, for I should certainly do injustice to both. I thought, while he was preaching, he looked more like an angel than a human being. I heard him again in Eutaw Church, and at the Dwight-Street missionary meeting. If it would not be going too far, we might say that God had poured grace and truth into his heart, and that he was wiser than the sons of men.

What was then called the suspended resolution, was brought before the conference again, and debated for several days, and again suspended for four years longer. I believe that Bishop George and Bishop Roberts had changed their views on the question of electing presiding elders by the conference. Elijah Hedding had been a strong advocate for the change before his election, but I think his mind was changed, for I am sure he never advocated the measure after he was ordained. The bishops now appeared to be of one mind on every part of the government of our Church.

The conference lasted about a month. A vast amount of business was transacted. Brotherly love prevailed throughout the entire body of ministers. The great M'Kendree was there, reduced to a mere skeleton—could do but little—Roberts took the lead, and presided with great dignity.

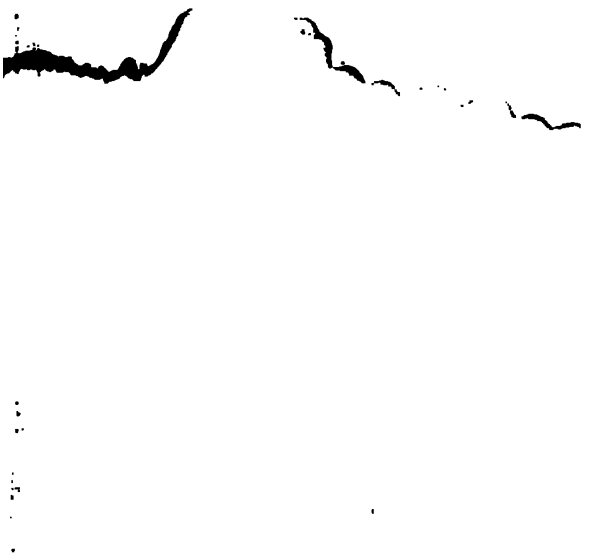
At the close of the conference I mounted my excellent horse—rode across the Mountains, to my home in the west. I had a busy and laborious time during the balance of the year, on Lancaster district. My quarterly meetings, to a great extent, had lost their interest. I had but few camp meetings, and this was a dark time in my ministerial career; but, by the blessing of God, I weathered the storm till conference, which sat in Columbus, when I was returned again to the same district.

I did not wish to come back, and had told the people of my charge that I did not expect to, and I believe many were glad, for they thought with *me*, that I was doing very little good on the district, but the Bishop would not consent, and said I must finish my four years.

I returned with a heavy heart. During my first round, I was greatly disappointed. The people—many of them—received me joyfully, and seemed satisfied with their presiding elder. Yet it was a year of hard struggle—pecuniary difficulties, and mental depression. Still, the desire of my aching heart was to fear God and get to heaven.

Now, here I have a word of advice to give to the

Church. If you wish your ministers to be faithful, happy, and useful, always give them a liberal support. Don't give grudgingly, like the miser—but like your heavenly Father—give bountifully; for, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Let every station and circuit be furnished with a good parsonage—well inclosed—with a good well and cistern—choice fruit-trees, and some pretty shade-trees. And, now, I have a word of advice to itinerant ministers: while I call to your recollection one of your solemn vows you made when you were admitted on trial—to give yourselves wholly to God and his work, which was more binding than any oath taken before a civil magistrate. When you made this solemn vow to almighty God, and the Church, then you had no mental reservations, but meant what you said, and said what you meant—and you intended to fulfill that vow, completely and entirely, while your heavenly Father gave you health and life. Let no circumstances or threatening prospects of poverty or want, for yourselves and families, turn you aside from the path of duty. Remember, you are God's messengers; therefore, rely implicitly on God, for your temporal support; for God is both a sun and a shield; he will give you grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them who walk uprightly. Never let your pious mind become divided between God and the world. Be a man of one business; and that God who fed Elijah, by the ministry of ravens, will feed and clothe you and your families.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

COLUMBUS AND PICKAWAY CIRCUITS — GENERAL CONFERENCE — 1828.

I ATTENDED conference, this year, which met at Hillsboro, 1826. We had a gloomy time, having to expel one of our most popular preachers, which threw a damper over the feelings of the whole conference. Having resigned my charge, the Rev. David Young took my place. He was no ordinary man. I must say of him as Henry B. Bascom once said of Barnabas M'Henry, that "he was a man by himself"—he lived at least fifty years before his time—had some early advantages—was reared in good society, and, we might say, the best that existed in our country, at that time. He was sent early to the best schools that could be found, and improved his privileges to great advantage. He was highly favored by nature, or nature's God. First, physically, he was tall and elegantly built—every limb and every part appeared about just what it ought to be. A better eye I never saw in any man's head. A very commanding countenance, with his lofty bearing, made a deep impression on all gentlemen and ladies of good taste, who enjoyed his acquaintance. His voice was clear and very musical. His powers of elocution were truly great.

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his aunts, "Aunt Rachel, I found religion at the camp meeting." As he had always been of a lively turn of mind, she thought he was joking. He replied, "Well, if you won't believe me I can't help it; but I know it for myself." Although only fourteen years of age, he appeared to die happy. His mother was very sick at the same time, and I thought it best to take her up stairs where she could be quiet and have better air. She thought her son would die soon, and as she did not expect to see him again, she took a final leave of him and gave him her last motherly instruction, sprinkling his dying face with many tears. He replied, "Mother, give yourself no more trouble about me, for when you get to heaven you will surely see me there." This was the heaviest stroke that ever befell me. This boy was the joy and delight of my heart. He was very large of his age. His whole system was equal to any thing I ever saw. He had a good intellect, and his natural courage was great. In truth I was proud of my son; he was my idol, and the Lord took him from the evil to come. I have never entirely recovered from the shock.

About the same time I thought I should have lost my wife; but the Lord had mercy upon us and raised her up again from the very gates of death. Truly an hour of great darkness passed over me at that time; but the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, heard my plaintive cry, drew me out of many waters, and set my feet in a large place.

I closed my year's labor on the circuit with little

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At this time, we elected delegates to the General conference of 1828: John Collins, David Young, James B. Finley, Greenbury R. Jones, Russel Bigelow, and Jacob Young were elected; we had a quiet and peaceful election, the electioneering spirit did not prevail as it had done four years before. Radicalism was dying away, and we were falling into the pleasant practice of primitive Methodism. Bishop M'Kendree was still feeble; George and Soule transacted most of the conference business.

I was appointed to Pickaway circuit. Benjamin Cooper was my colleague. As he died early, very little has been said of him as a Christian or minister. I will make a few passing remarks on his character.

He was the son of the well-known Joseph Cooper, one of the first settlers in Muskingum county, Ohio. He erected, on Jonathan's creek, the first mill in that part of the country, and opened his cabin door to receive Methodist preachers—there the first pioneers in Ohio found a home, and were comfortably entertained by the pious Joseph and his godly wife. Robert Manly, Asa Shinn, James Quinn, John Cullison, James Axley, and John Meek, were among those itinerant evangelists. I never can forget Joseph Cooper; he used to follow me from one appointment to another, and I don't know but he has heard me preach a hundred sermons. It would be hard to find a better man. His son Benjamin was much like his father, a man of deep-toned, heaven-born piety, with a good understanding and warm heart. He was a

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"What peaceful hours I



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manage it himself, he wisely and prudently divided it among his children, reserving ten thousand dollars in bank-stock and a comfortable home for himself and wife; he then bestowed all that he did not need for his own support—he lived long and died happy. A shrewd man once made this remark, "John Crouse is a far wiser man than Solomon, who got rich in this world only; John Crouse laid up riches in the kingdom of heaven also."

At the same time, I formed an intimate acquaintance with Dyer Allen, who lived in the town of Royalton, Fairfield county, Ohio; he, too, began the world poor, but before he was forty years old he had accumulated quite an estate. About this time he embraced religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He took the advice of Solomon, whatever his hand found to do he did with his might, but he was exceedingly careful that his hand should find nothing to do unless he could turn it to great advantage. He was a far-seeing man, of great decision of character; he laid his plans for accumulating property, and carried them out to the admiration of all wise men that knew him; he was truly an honest man, of uncommon industry and economy; he was a close calculator and collector, yet he was kind to the poor, and always ready to support the Church of God. His house, for many years, was a pleasant home for the Lord's ministers. He was an enlightened patriot, a pious Christian, and delighted in the prosperity of his country as well as the Church.

He was a special friend to education; and as a proof of this, he donated a farm to Delaware College, worth eighteen thousand dollars. A vast majority of the American people do not work enough, but some few work too much; our beloved friend Allen belonged to the latter class; in his last years he was a great sufferer, and lost his speech; but we hope he died in peace.

We had unusually large congregations, and lively class meetings, and considerable ingathering all around the circuit. I could often be at home with my family who lived in the bounds of my charge. By hard labor and economy, I had made my habitation comfortable, which, unfortunately, I sold at a very reduced price.

In the spring of the year, I had to leave my work, to attend the General conference, in Pittsburg. The road was exceedingly bad. Workmen were busily engaged in making a National turnpike from Zanesville to Wheeling. The journey was an unpleasant one to me. I had a large sum of money to carry in my saddle-bags, and the cashier was foolish enough to let it be known. I feared the rude Irishmen working on the pike might, by some means, find it out, and give me some trouble. But, by the good providence of God, I passed on safely, and discharged the important trust to the satisfaction of all the officers of the Lancaster Bank. I was sent to board with an old acquaintance, by the name of James Grey, who had been recently married to a Philadelphia lady. They

were showy people, and were great friends to General Jackson. Her daughter was a fine singer, played on the piano, sang Jackson songs, and, I believe, during the conference, made a number of proselytes to Jackson. They boarded seventeen preachers, and kept a splendid table, more suitable for British lords than poor Methodist preachers. Beside a great variety of meats and condiments, they furnished liquors, such as beer, ale, cider, wine, and even brandy. Some of the preachers seemed to enjoy it well, but it was very disagreeable to me.

We had an important and interesting time. The bishops were all present, and in good health, except M'Kendree. There were a number of strong men in attendance—John Emory, S. George Roszel, Wilbur Fisk, William Winans, William Capers, John Early, Nathan Bangs, and many others. The great Radical reform, as they called it, was still in progress, and it was the opinion of the most intellectual and pious members of the conference, that it had progressed as far as it could within the pale of the Church, and that the Reformers must either submit to the Discipline or retire and set up for themselves. In this particular, they acted like men. The first thing the conference attempted was, to ascertain how far Radicalism had affected the Church; and learn what portion of the ministry and membership were in favor of the change. In order to reach this point, a judicious committee, of seventeen members, was appointed, to whom was referred all the memorials,

petitions, etc., that had reference to the reform. After laboring, almost incessantly, ten days, they brought in their report. I speak advisedly, when I say, that it was the best I ever heard; and, I believe, brother Shinn thought so too; for, as soon as the report was read, he sprang to his feet, and moved its adoption, and that five thousand copies be printed for circulation. It appeared, as far as the laity were concerned, throughout the whole connection, that there were about thirty opposed to the change, to every one in favor of it. Among the preachers, a vast majority were opposed to such a reform. Shinn's two motions prevailed.

These questions being settled, we adjourned, and went to our dinners. While Shinn and myself were walking, arm in arm, to our boarding-house, he appeared absorbed in thought. At length he broke silence, by saying, "Well, the thing has resulted altogether different from my expectations. I thought the majority of the laity were in favor of it; for that reason, I was in favor of it. I have always thought that the majority ought to rule, inasmuch as the majority are opposed to it." He said he thought that, certainly, the majority of the traveling preachers were in favor of having the presiding elders elected by their conferences, instead of having them appointed by the bishops; but I find them opposed to the change, therefore, I am opposed to it; for it is nothing but a factious spirit which makes a minority wish to rule a majority. I then replied, we may now sup-

pose the painful struggle is at an end. I think he said, "I hope so." On our way, we met a number of both the clergy and laity, all in fine spirits, and delighted with the report which had been just read. Shinn appeared as happy as any of them. It is my opinion that he had entirely given up the controversy, and was determined to live and die in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he had been an eminent and useful minister for many years.

The afternoon session came on, and we soon discovered that we had on hand a vast amount of business, some of which was of a very disagreeable nature, which would excite much feeling, and elicit powerful argument. Some time, during the conference, the old suspended resolutions were called up, I think, by Daniel Ostrander, and a few feeble remarks were offered in their favor, when some brother remarked that they were now dead and buried, he hoped, to rise no more. At that, Ostrander took the floor again, and said, "Let not that brother deceive himself, for those resolutions will have a resurrection; they must and shall be resuscitated, every four years, till they are passed into a law." No one made any reply. I can not now recollect the order in which every thing came before the conference, but will notice them as they occur to my mind.

The first was an appeal by a brother Randall, from a decision of the New England conference, by which he was expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church for heterodoxy. It could be seen that many of the

strongest members took an interest in that appeal. Nathan Bangs and Lawrence M'Combs, were holding caucuses in a room adjoining my bed-room almost every day. John Emory and Wilbur Fisk appeared to be deeply interested; I perceived they had a secret among them, and I determined to find it out. As I knew M'Combs liked to tell every thing he knew, I began in a round-about way to draw it out of him. In a short time I was in the possession of the whole secret. It was simply this: Bishop Soule had preached a very popular sermon, on the perfect law of liberty, before the South Carolina conference, and at their request the sermon was published. These eastern critics thought it contained the same heterodoxy for which brother Randall was expelled, and if they could convict him before the General conference, they might convict Bishop Soule, also. I had been aware, for several years, that some of those great men were no friends to Bishop Soule; and I had no doubt that if they could gain the advantage they would remove him from his Episcopacy. Dr. Fisk delivered a speech which consumed three hours, one of the ablest I ever listened to, and it might all have been called a severe criticism on Soule's sermon. When he had closed his mammoth speech, John Emory arose and stood awhile like a man lost in thought, then remarked, "I don't know that the sermon contains heterodoxy, and I don't know but it does." I feared they would do mischief; accordingly I took the case to Bishop M'Kendree, alone. Although he did not say



there was any thing wrong in Bishop Soule's sermon, yet I think he did not altogether approve of it. The decision of the New England conference was confirmed, but after all the display of rhetoric, logic, theology, philosophy, and history, that entered into the composition of Wilbur Fisk's masterly speech, I was not convinced that he had convicted the appellant of heterodoxy, and when the vote was taken, I voted *alone* against the decision of the New England conference, for I could find all the doctrines that the appellant preached in Fletcher and Benson, with the exception of one article, and I thought he fell into *that* because he did not understand himself. I was fully satisfied in my own mind that brother Fisk felt little anxiety about the appeal, but was leveling his heavy artillery against Bishop Soule's sermon on the perfect law of liberty. I had read the sermon with a great deal of care, and I could see from the drift of Fisk's arguments that he had done the same—that he understood it well, and was laboring with all his ingenuity to show the General conference that the sermon contained heterodoxy. Bishop Soule understood him just as I did, for I took occasion to converse with the Bishop after the case was decided; and what satisfied me still further on that point, was that as soon as the appeal was over, there was a motion made by a member of the General conference to appoint a committee to examine the sermon written by Bishop Soule on the perfect law of liberty, to see and report to the conference, if it contained heterodoxy. During all

this time the Bishop sat in his chair and appeared to possess his soul in patience.

The next morning I met brother Fisk, coming to the conference-room He was as pleasant as the flowers of May, took me by the hand, laughing and said, "I am very sorry I could not convince you yesterday." I made this reply: "It is highly probable that you will be a bishop before long, and when your tongue is tied up in the chair, some sprightly young man may dress you off as you did the Bishop yesterday." He laughed pleasantly and said "if such a thing ever should take place, I will give you my word that I will defend myself." The committee reported on the subject, but could not find heterodoxy in the sermon—so the matter ended, and those brethren who were active in getting up the committee, were disappointed.

The next case that came before the conference, was the appeal of Dennis B. Dorsey. He had been charged, before the Baltimore conference, with inveighing against the Discipline of our Church, and of sowing discord in the societies — by circulating a periodical called Mutual Rights. Being found guilty, he was either silenced or expelled, I forget which. He did not attend General conference in person, but employed Asa Shinn and John Emory to defend his cause. George Roszel was appointed to defend the administration. Asa Shinn took the lead in the debate. He admitted that the appellant had circulated the Mutual Rights, but there was

nothing wrong in that. Although it might contain some things exceptional, yet upon the whole it was an excellent periodical. Shinn and Emory placed the laboring oar in the hand of Roszel. It devolved upon him now to show that the Mutual Rights was *hostile* to the best interests of the Church.

Roszel was ready for them—he had many of the numbers of that periodical before him, and the places marked that he wished to use. He commenced reading extracts, and read a long article written by Young Timothy against Bishop Hedding. He read on till he came to one that styled himself "Vindex," known to be the celebrated Henry B. Bascom. The author was sitting right before him, while he read. At length he came to a certain place where Vindex handled Roszel very severely, calling him, My Lord, Archbishop of Canterbury, who rides on the wings of the wind, and directs the storm—and tithes bishops at pleasure. Here Roszel made a full stop. "As for Vindex," he said "he is a *low-bred* man, and nothing can supply the want of good breeding. You may take a low-bred man, and make him a scholar, make him an eloquent orator; but his low breeding will always appear through life. I recollect once in my life, I was called to see a learned *pig*—he could spell my name, and the name of any man, and do many wonderful things. I began to think it was some supernatural being; but after they got through, it *grunted*, and I saw it was nothing but a *pig!*" At that moment, Bascom sprang to his feet, started to his boarding-

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deal of tenderness. "Young Timothy" took back all he had said derogatory to the character of the Bishop; and accordingly the Bishop was acquitted. I will now say that Bishop Hedding had done nothing wrong in the case alluded to by "Young Timothy," nor in any other case, for he was incapable of doing wrong. Bishop Hedding knew what was right and what was wrong as well as any man I ever knew, and his heart was as pure as his head was clear.

The next that came up was the Canada question. This was what I shall here call a vexed question. It gave the brethren in Canada and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States a vast amount of trouble, and was on hand for many years; but by the exercise of a high degree of Christian fortitude, and that charity that is long-suffering and kind, it was finally settled to the glory of God and the mutual satisfaction and benefit of the parties concerned. There is a friendly relation between the two Churches to this day. All the naughty questions being disposed of, we went on with our regular business. The Radicals saw clearly they must hold their peace or retire. When we were through, and the journals read and signed, we parted in great peace, not expecting ever to meet again at another General conference.

In a few days I was at work on my circuit. We held a camp meeting near Royalton. We had a good supply of ministerial help, who filled the pulpit and labored at the altar to great advantage. We had a time long to be remembered; many were awakened

and converted to God. We closed the meeting with a large accession to the Church. The next camp meeting was held near Kingston, and a numerous concourse of people attended from the beginning to the end. There were a large number of preachers on the ground; but we had a cold, barren time, and few conversions during the whole meeting. I now prepared for conference, which sat, this year, in Chillicothe, 1828. This was an eventful year in my history—some few bright spots, but many dark and gloomy ones. I left my circuit in good order, and made a good report to conference.



CHAPTER XXIX.

FAIRFIELD AND MARIETTA CIRCUITS—1828-9.

My next appointment was on Fairfield circuit; David Young presiding elder. The circuit was large and the numerical strength great. There were many substantial Methodists who resided within our bounds. The spirit of Radicalism ran high about this time. I soon found that brother Springer was the chief man among them, he being my colleague, and I expected some trouble, but determined to do the best within my power. As soon as convenient I met him in order to make a proper division of the work, and fix our plans for the year. He proposed, shortly afterward, to say nothing about the reform—but go on and faithfully do the work assigned us as true yokefellows in the Gospel. We parted, as I thought, with this understanding. Our congregations were large, our class meetings and prayer meetings well attended, lively, and profitable. All this time the Radical excitement was going on with great rapidity—I had seen symptoms of it in two or three congregations. Our presiding elder came on filled with the spirit of his Master. We had a good quarterly meeting.

In the beginning of the second quarter, to my utter astonishment, I found my colleague was trying

secretly to make proselytes. Some cunning men took undue pains to lead him out on the subject. They discovered that he was trying to lay a plan to form a Radical circuit on the same ground we then occupied. I was particularly acquainted with all that he was doing—I said nothing, but attended closely to my work. Toward the close of the quarter, when I suppose he thought his plans matured, he gave notice to the elder that he intended to withdraw from the Church at our next quarterly meeting. The elder accepted his resignation, and David Lewis stepped into his place. When brother Springer took his leave, he wept freely—he thought his honor bound him to go. They had turned out some of the leading men in Baltimore. Dr. Jennings was among them—others had left. Also some prominent men had withdrawn in Pittsburg. Among them was the Rev. Charles Avery. Others had left in Steubenville and many other places. We had a rousing quarterly meeting. The work went on with increasing interest, till the close of the year. Brother Springer and one Judge Richmond undertook to form a Radical circuit out of ours, but they gained but few members—I think not more than ten or a dozen on the whole round. Never, in my opinion, were two men more disappointed. Near the Muskingum river they had a little better success. They made a proselyte of an excellent old man by the name of M'Cracken, an able minister of forty years' standing; when he went, a number followed him. I do not suppose that Achil-



les, when he slew Hector, felt more triumphant, or that he gained a greater victory than Judge Richmond did, when he took Alexander M'Cracken into the Radical Church—but their triumph was of short duration. On my next round, at a place called Chilcoat's meeting-house, I was met by a messenger from Judge Hood, who requested me to come to Somerset, as soon as possible. I did so, and when I reached Hood's house, I found father M'Cracken, up stairs, walking the room by himself. After the common salutations were passed, we both seated ourselves. He told me he had sent for me to see if I could tell him what to do; "For," said he, "I have partly ruined myself; these people, called Radicals, are around me—a number have joined them, and I believe my name is among the rest; I never once thought of leaving the Methodist Church, but supposed they were just forming themselves into a society, to bring about a change in some of the rules in our Discipline, and still remain members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but, to my astonishment, I found in a few days, that they were enemies, and bitter persecutors. This I never can stand, for if my mother was alive, I would rather hear people speak against her, than to hear them speak evil of the Methodist Church. And now I want to know if you can tell me what to do—how I can get back into the Church." "O, yes," I replied, "I can tell you very easily: just go to quarterly meeting next Saturday, rise up and tell them what you have done, and that you are sorry for it,

and wish to come back." "But," said he, "do you think they will receive me?" "Most certainly," I replied, "and if you will go and make application, I will be your security." "Well," said he, "I'll try it." I told him I had an appointment in town, to-morrow, and would like to have him preach for me. He said he would, with all his heart. They began to whisper round town, that M'Cracken was at Judge Hood's, and that they had seen Young going down there, they believed, after him. Richmond thought we should be disappointed. The next day, however, he preached for us, which confirmed them in the belief that he was coming back to the Church of his choice. When he was asked, he told them he was. Judge Richmond had said he was one of the greatest men we had among us—equal to any of our bishops—but when he found he was retracing his steps, he replied, "Ah well, let him go! he is deeply in his dotage, any how—Young has taken the advantage of his weakness in his old age." The old gentleman got safe back into the fold—lived a long time, turned many to righteousness, and died in the triumphs of a living faith. Brother Lewis and myself paid very little more attention to the Radicals. We preached night and day, and attended closely to our regular work.

We held a camp meeting near Rushville. Bishop M'Kendree was there; he spent almost a week at my house before the meeting began. Although this was near the close of his useful life, when he arrived on the camp-ground, he appeared to possess all the vigor

of youth. He preached four or five excellent sermons during the meeting; and I thought they were as well arranged, and delivered with as much ease, energy, and success, as in his best days, when not more than forty-five years of age. This was the last interview I ever had with that man of God. When I begin to write about Bishop M'Kendree I know not where to stop. I have known many *good* and *great* men, but M'Kendree excelled them all. I am sorry to say his cotemporaries have not done him justice; though he was highly honored in life, posterity will know nothing about him. No one has ever written such a life of him as he deserved; and, I might say, in the language of Pope, "There is hardly a stone to tell where he lies."

At the close of our camp meeting we admitted about one hundred on probation, which closed my labors on Fairfield circuit. I had to give the parting hand to our beloved brother David Lewis, who was one of the best colleagues I ever traveled with.

Conference sat this year in Urbana—1829. My appointment was Marietta circuit. I had much difficulty in removing my family over a broken country, bad roads, and with a weakly wife. In good time we arrived safe in Point Harmar—stopped at the door of James Whitney, Esq., who having helped us over the Muskingum river, we drove to the house they had provided for us. Although it was not very comfortable, we resolved not to complain, but do our best in improving it with our own hands. I laid in a good

stock of provision, and went to work with my might. The circuit was large and lay upon rough ground. I found the societies low in religion—little attention was paid to class meetings. There were many complaints of members walking disorderly—there was considerable dram-drinking, etc. Rev. Leroy Swormstedt had been on the circuit the two years before. He was in his prime, and full of vigor. He had been favored with revivals in almost every congregation; but, since he had left there was a reaction, and every thing appeared rather in a bad condition. We turned out some, took in others, and, by the time our first quarterly meeting came on we thought we had our circuit pretty well regulated. Brother Hamilton was my colleague. He was a man of gentle spirit—he soothed the sorrows of the people—comforted their hearts, and led them on in the good and right way. If there was any reproof to be administered, and discipline to be attended to, I had to do it. David Young was our presiding elder. He was faithful and prompt to discharge all the duties connected with his office. He reminded me of the great itinerant evangelist, who traversed Asia Minor, during the early period of the Christian religion.

Our first quarterly meeting was good and pleasant, but no revival attended it—the second was much better. We had, by this time, a good work going on at Duck creek. We gathered in a goodly number of faithful souls, at old Thomas Porter's; we had, also, an increase in Barlow; another in Roxbury, which

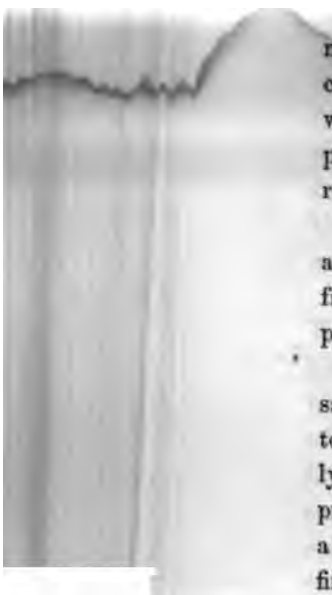
continued during the conference year. Brother Swormstedt, when he was traveling here, established a general class meeting in Marietta, which met every Monday evening. This meeting was productive of great good, both to Marietta and Point Harmar. We still kept them up. The entire membership on both sides of the river took a lively interest in them. A large number were converted at these meetings, first and last. I do not remember that we had one barren meeting throughout the year. Our altar was generally crowded with mourners, either seeking for justification by faith, or sanctification by the operation of the Holy Spirit; and, I believe, many obtained the blessing of perfect love, at these delightful and profitable class meetings. Our Presbyterian brethren enjoyed these meetings well, and were greatly profited by them, especially the pious Dudley Woodbridge, sen.; also, the Rev. Mr. Bingham, who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Marietta, at that time. He had a good mind and a benevolent heart; and, as far as I could judge, from his life and conversation, he possessed a catholic spirit, and breathed it in the pulpit—in his pastoral visits—and in his intercourse with the citizens in general. He occasionally attended and enjoyed those times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. One evening I called upon him to conduct the exercises. I presume some of the brethren thought he would be embarrassed. This thought was indicated by a pleasant smile that played on their countenances, but they

soon saw that he was at no loss at all. He thereby showed himself to be a man of God, thoroughly furnished into every good work. The pious John Crawford had just come to his zenith, in those palmy days for Marietta. I might say in truth, without undervaluing the labors of other ministers, either local or traveling, that he was the chief instrument in carrying on the work of God in that place; not only for the time alluded to, but for many years afterward. Our long-tried friend, James Whitney, Esq., took a very active part in every thing that concerned the Church, both in Marietta and Point Harmar. There were several good men there—Robert Crawford, Willis Hall, Daniel Pratsman, and James Dunn, all valuable men in the Church of Christ. It was truly good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Our third quarterly meeting was held in Waterford. We had a very good time. Our elder made some of his happiest efforts. The Rev. Joseph Carper was with us—these were the days of his strength and prosperity—the people were so much pleased with him, they petitioned the Bishop to send him there next year. There lived in Waterford, at this time, a very conspicuous family, by the name of Bowen—men of great energy and decision of character—two of them were physicians, the other two good business men—they had an amiable sister who was the ornament and bond of the family. We brought them all to the very threshold of the Church, but could not bring them in. When money was called for to sup-

port preachers — to send missionaries to foreign lands — to circulate Bibles, or to build churches, they were always ready to give liberally; and there they remain to the present day.

As the warm weather came on—my wife's health being poor—she thought she could no longer endure the toils of an itinerant life, and requested me to move her back to our little home in Virginia; I did so, and then returned to finish my year's labor, which was closed pleasantly. I was able to make a good report to conference, which met this year in Lancaster—1830—my old home.



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love, and his life and conversation corresponded with his preaching. He was one of the most venerable men I ever looked upon. Yet, notwithstanding his long and useful services, the Church has known little or nothing about him since his death.

There is a strange kind of partiality discoverable in writing the lives of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some men who have done but little, are lauded and extolled very high, while others who have lived long, and done much, are suffered to sink into oblivion. What will the next generation of Methodists know about William M'Kendree?

I left Lancaster with the intention of seeing my venerable friend—unfortunately I missed my road—became lost, and could not reach his house. He died, and I saw him no more. My consolation is, that he rests from his labors, and his works will follow him.

This year begins with an important period in my history. Before the conference closed, my eyes became highly inflamed—so much so that I could hardly read my Bible, or even walk the streets. I applied for relief to the celebrated Dr. M'Neal. He did his best to help me, while I had time to stay with him. I rode to Waterford, on the Muskingum, in great pain. Here I fell in with Dr. George Bowen, who made a different prescription. I pursued my journey till I reached the West Fork of Duck creek, Monroe county. Here I spent the Sabbath day—tried to preach—found my eyes were in a desperate condition, and I was very much alarmed. When I would look

at the Bible it would look like half a dozen Bibles; and when I would look at a man's face it had the appearance of several faces. When I would look at a white house it seemed like many houses. On my way to Wheeling, the weather became very cold for the season, and a strong east wind met me fully in the face, for two whole days, while I was traveling; but, by the good providence of God, I arrived at my own home, on Pleasant Point, near a large stone chapel, on Short creek, Ohio county, Virginia.

As the doctors had done me no good, I commenced practicing on myself. My wife and two sons were in rather bad circumstances. There was no parsonage on the circuit, and my own house was in a dilapidated condition. It had been rented for several years. The first thing that I had to do was to cure my eyes, by local and general depletion. By a rigid course, for about ten days, the inflammation became much reduced, and, I thought, the disease was removed. But the condition of my family compelled me to go to work too soon. In the course of three or four days, my eyes were worse than they ever had been, and it was the opinion of my friends that, in a short time, I would be entirely blind. I then put myself under the care of the best doctors I could find. By this time, I was shut off from the literary world, and could neither read nor write. From this disease, I have never fully recovered. But the Church of God stood in need of my labors, and, blind as I was, I took the circuit, which was small. I made my first

round in two weeks, and had very large congregations at every place. I soon heard the Macedonian cry from an adjacent circuit. I naturally inquired, what was the matter? The reply was, "Our preacher has left us." The preacher's name was Robert C. Hatten. He was appointed there, but, instead of going, he went to Steubenville and preached for the Radicals; although, for reasons best known to himself, he never joined them.

The circuit was left vacant. The presiding elder, and some of the distinguished members, requested me to connect the Ohio circuit with mine—West Liberty. They called a meeting of the officers of both circuits, who agreed to unite for the present year, and solicited me to travel the circuits together, and procure help, if I could. To this proposition I agreed, and went into the work. I was very little acquainted with the Pittsburg preachers at this time, and my only chance to get a good colleague was, to write back to the old Ohio conference. My mind soon fixed upon L. L. Hamline. I had met him, last year, at a camp meeting on Brush creek, Muskingum county. We spent four or five days together, to our mutual benefit. I heard him preach a number of sermons, which, I thought, were equal to any I ever heard; and he listened to me about as often. We had an extraordinary meeting. At this time, I became fully satisfied that Hamline was a Christian, and an able minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I believed he would suit well. Accordingly, I wrote on

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silent till I was done preaching. They soon began to whisper, "Who is that? Who is that?" Some said it was a Mr. Greatrake, a Baptist preacher, from Pittsburg, who had come down there to neutralize Alexander Campbell, they verily believed; only they thought he was too fine a looking man to be Greatrake. Others said it was Judge Smith, of that district. They concluded that they would certainly find out who he was when preaching was over; when, to their utter astonishment, the stranger remained to class meeting. My eyes were so bad that I did not recognize him at all. We had a noisy time in class. When I came round to him, he arose, and spoke like one who understood himself, and was filled with the Holy Spirit. Every eye was fixed upon him, and every ear open, to hear what he had to say. When I closed the meeting, I called upon him to pray. I then gave notice that there would be preaching at three o'clock, by Rev. Mr. Hamline. As soon as I passed out of the house, they gathered around me to know who he was, and all the particulars about him. I told them he was their preacher, and asked them how they thought he would do. He preached at three o'clock to a large assembly, I believe, to the entire satisfaction of all who heard him. I think, in the evening, he rode into the country, and held a prayer meeting. The next morning, he drew off a plan for himself. We formed the best regulations we could to supply the circuit. He took one part, and I the other. He went on, making his own appointments,

and preaching as he went. In a few days, he found his way to my humble dwelling. We prepared him a bed, chair, and table up stairs, where he spent many a happy hour during the conference year, and, I suppose, composed some as great sermons as ever had been preached in that part of the country. Before he had finished his second round, there was a general revival on the circuit. All classes of people flocked out to hear him—even seceder preachers.

My eyes continued to grow worse; and, when I could not go, he would do double work. Our first quarterly meeting wound up with good success. We reported a fine increase in the membership. The Radicals and Campbellites became silent. Brother Hamline went on preaching, visiting, and meeting class, as though he knew nothing of such people; at the same time, he took uncommon pains to preach the pure Gospel, as laid down in the New Testament. His sermons were theological, experimental, and practical; strengthened by sound logic, and ornamented with pure rhetoric.

Awhile after this, the Campbellites had a meeting in Wellsburg, and they were talking freely about their Church. One of the leading members rose to his feet and said, "We have no Church; Hamline has preached us out of existence, and yet he has never said any thing about us." A conversation took place between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hamline, at a funeral, near Bethany, which I think worth recording. One of our pious friends died in that

vicinity, Mr. H. was called upon to preach a funeral sermon, and Mr. Campbell was one of his hearers. After the sermon was over, they walked to the grave together; Mr. C. professed to be highly pleased and edified by the sermon. He observed to Mr. Hamline, "I believe the doctrine you preached to-day." The leading topic in the sermon was the absolute necessity of regeneration by the influence of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Hamline had great freedom of speech; while delivering his sermon he enlarged on the subject, carried it out by many arguments, and appropriate quotations from the Bible. When Mr. Campbell made the remark mentioned above, Mr. Hamline replied, "You surprise me, sir; for if I understand your doctrine, I was preaching against it." "It is very likely you misunderstood me," said Mr. Campbell, "for I am very often misunderstood, but I can assure you that I believe the doctrine you preached to-day."

Our second quarterly meeting came on in very cold and stormy weather. I was not able to attend, and the presiding elder did not come. Hamline and Zarah Costin held the quarterly meeting themselves. It was an interesting time, and a goodly number were converted. At that time I was in the doctor's hands, and under the influence of mercury. They sent me an account of the meeting, and my quarterage—I also received a long, gloomy letter from brother Hamline. A Radical preacher, by the name of Ragon, had passed through the circuit, and said some things de-

rogatory to the character of brother Hamline, but nobody believed them. He moved on his circuit like a strong man, rejoicing to run a race. I was sorely grieved, because I could not help him, but Drs. Smith and Drummond were trying to cure my eyes, and I submitted to their directions, for about six weeks, though I found they were doing me no good. After my sore mouth, from salivation, got well, I mounted my horse, took the circuit, and went to work in good earnest. It appeared to me that I never had such liberty in preaching in all my life as I had that spring. We were certainly united in heart. Nestor never loved Ulysses any better than I loved Hamline; and Ulysses was never more attentive to Nestor than Hamline was to me. We prayed, thought, read, and preached to the very best of our abilities. Sister Hamline visited us in the spring, and seemed very happy. The visit was rendered a great blessing to her, and to him, and through him to the circuit.

We had a great and good quarterly meeting at Tucker's station, near Briceland's cross-roads, between Steubenville and Pittsburg. This was among the oldest stations west of the Alleghany Mountains. Father Tucker was living here at the time that Adam Poe had the famous battle with the Wyandott chief, "Big-Foot." They were both brave men, and true patriots. "Big-Foot" was fighting in the defense of his nation, and Poe in the defense of his country. This was certainly a dreadful conflict. Both gave

full proof of their natural courage and dexterity. It had liked to have proved fatal to both. I apprehend the Wyandotts were a noble race of men. It is a great pity the world can not learn more of their nationality. I believe that the Poes descended from an excellent stock; we had full proof of this in the high-minded Daniel Poe, who died a martyr, in my opinion, in doing his part to evangelize Texas. A Christian soldier, he fell at his post; his manly form lies in a strange land, and his sweet-spirited missionary wife sleeps by his side. Their lovely children were left without father or mother, but were not forsaken and left to beg their bread.

Father Tucker resided here during a long, dangerous, and bloody war with the Indians; raised a very large family, but one of whom distinguished himself; I think his name was William. His father might have said of him, as old Priam said of Hector, that William was the wisest and best of all his sons. He became pious when he was very young, and before he was twenty years of age commenced preaching the Gospel. Although born and reared on the frontiers, by close and constant application, he acquired a pretty good English education. He bore a very active and successful part, in trying to civilize and Christianize the people in the country where he resided. His zeal increased with his years; and while he was yet a young man, he volunteered as a missionary to go to Kentucky; he well knew the danger to which he would be exposed—for the Indian

war was raging at the time in its most dreadful forms—but a desire to save souls elevated him above the fear of death. While he was going down the Ohio river, the boat in which he descended was attacked by a large company of Indians, and as he was well acquainted with the mode of Indian warfare, he took the supervision of all the boats in the company, and had them all lashed together with ropes. Taking his stand in the middle boat, that the whole company might hear the word of command, he ordered the women and children to keep close to the bottom of the boats, lest the Indians might shoot them, and directed the men to arm themselves with axes and bars of iron, etc., so that if the Indians attempted to come on board they might mash their fingers and hands. In this way they crippled many of their warriors, and defended themselves for a long time. At length, the cunning Indians found out where the commander stood, and in a canoe, got round to the end of the boat where the steering-oar works, and shot him through the hole. He saw that he had received his death wound. He advised them all to get into one boat, leave their property, and try to save their lives. Having given them the best direction he could, he kneeled down, made his last prayer, and expired. They made their escape from the Indians, and landed at Limestone, where they buried their beloved minister. I have stood and looked at his grave with mingled feeling. I will here say, that I received this minute information through an

uncle of mine, who owned one of the boats, and was an eye-witness of the whole scene.

After quarterly meeting closed, my eyes became more inflamed—so much so, that I was almost blind, and I could do but little on the circuit during the remainder of the year; and, as my colleague had to do all the work, I gave him the charge altogether. I put myself under the care of Dr. Andrews, of Steubenville. He shut me up in a dark room for six weeks, starved me down to a mere skeleton, kept balls of ice on my eyes five hours out of twenty-four. Dr. Andrews having a call to go to New York, put me under the care of Dr. Spears, of Pittsburg.

As conference met in Pittsburg this year—1831—I did not leave Steubenville till it was time to start for conference. Brother Hamline was left by himself on the circuit. He held a camp meeting on Castleman's run, with but little ministerial help. There had been many camp meetings on the same ground before, but this was thought to be the best that they had ever enjoyed in the place. He finished his work on this delightful field of labor, left the circuit in good order, passed by my house on his way home, and left my quarterage and some of his own money. I am inclined to believe, that this was the happiest year in the whole life of Rev. L. L. Hamline. He left many spiritual children behind him; and, though twenty-five years have passed away since he left that country, still very many pious persons retain a grateful recollection of the man, his eminent abilities, ardent

zeal, and of his successful labors as a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.

According to arrangement, I left Steubenville for Pittsburg, called on Dr. Spears, and presented him a letter from Dr. Andrews. He said that Dr. Andrews was right with regard to the disease; and that he had pursued a correct course in his treatment; but, to my great surprise, he changed the course entirely. Instead of cold applications, he had recourse to lunar caustic; instead of confining me to a dark room, he recommended me to walk the streets freely; instead of starving me, he bade me live generously.

This prescription satisfied me that one of the learned doctors did not understand the case; and, I think now, that they were *both* in the dark, for neither of them did me any good.

I attended conference, where I met with many of my old friends. Bishop Hedding was our president. Quite a number of my former associates were present, among whom was Rev. H. B. Bascom, who appeared in an excellent spirit. Mr. Bascom had taken a long and active part in what was called the Radical controversy; and, I suppose, he expected that charges would be preferred against him at this conference. At an early period of the session, he sought an interview with Bishop Hedding. He informed him that he was forever done with the controversy; and, if the Church would overlook what had passed, he would cheerfully submit to our Discipline; but if the conference was disposed to push the matter strenuously,

he would not vouch for the consequences. The Bishop called a council of old men, to deliberate on the subject. After a long discussion and interchange of thought, they agreed to accept Bascom's proposition. At this time, we elected our delegates to the General conference, which was to sit, the next May, in Philadelphia.

I was reappointed to the Ohio circuit; but, before I left Pittsburg, I had an interview with Bishop Hedding. I informed him that I did not believe I was able to do effective work, and, in all probability, never would be again; and, as I had worn myself out in the Ohio conference, I was not willing to be a burden to the Pittsburg conference. He gave me to understand that he would transfer me back to the Ohio conference. The presiding elder and the preacher in charge knew nothing of the arrangement between me and the Bishop. There were two young men appointed to the circuit with me. I found that, when I reached home, there was some grumbling about having so many men on the circuit. I found, then, that my popularity depended on my strength and activity to do the work of a Methodist preacher. Many who received me, last year, as the Lord's messenger, now gave a cold shoulder. I now received news from the Ohio conference, that I was transferred and superannuated.

After the conference was over, I got on a steamboat and went home. I now expected to be a blind man the remainder of my days, and I tried to recon-

cile my mind to my circumstances. This was the darkest spot in my entire history; but hope, the last thing that forsakes the human heart, revived again in mine, and I concluded to make one more effort to recover my sight. Employing a man to lead my horse, I rode about ten miles, to see another doctor; but, to my mortification, I found him under the influence of ardent spirits. I waited patiently for several days, when he became duly sober. We then sat down in a room alone, and I requested him to make a thorough examination of my eyes. He looked at my eye-balls a long time, and asked many questions. As he had been reared a Quaker, he talked the Quaker language. He began, by saying, "Jacob, thy physicians have mistaken thy disease, from first to last, and their practice has been wrong. They have been depleting when they ought to have been repleting. Thou art an old man, and thou hast studied very hard, and used thine eyes a great deal; and thou hast often been very low spirited. All these things have affected thy nervous system; and the pair of nerves that support the muscles, immediately around the eye-balls, have given way, and can no longer discharge their functions. The fluid that ought to be carried off lodges there, and causes the inflammation. Thy physicians have been blistering, cupping, salivating, and starving thee, and all have had a tendency to make the disease worse." He seemed to express great doubt whether he could do any thing to relieve me; but, he said, at all events, he would try. He

prepared a wash for my eyes, gave me some medicines to take inwardly, and a white powder, to be dissolved in dew, or rain water. He told me to go home and live generously, drink no slops, but good tea and coffee, sweetened with loaf-sugar; eat good, well-cured ham and beef-steak, well-cooked, but be upon my guard not to eat too much at one time, but often; take as much exercise as I could well endure; go out and work with my boys on the farm; and come back and see him in about ten days. Before the ten days were out, I could see across a ten-acre field pretty clearly. I followed his prescription very closely for about two months. My eyes grew decidedly better, and I went to work regularly on my farm, week after week, through a long and tedious winter. When the spring came on, I put in a large crop, took an active part in attending it; and, I think, during the year, preached more than any one I was acquainted with in that part of the conference. By this time, I had entirely recovered my health, although my sight was very much impaired. I was strong and active. During the summer, I cleared about five hundred dollars.



CHAPTER XXXI.

SOMERSET AND ATHENS CIRCUITS—1833-4.

I ATTENDED the Ohio conference, which met in Dayton. I requested the conference to change my relation, and asked the Bishop to send me to Somerset circuit, contrary, I suppose, to the advice of brother Swormstedt. I knew that the circuit was in a critical condition; but, still, I wanted to go there. I arrived at my appointment in good time, and met my colleague, Rev. Joseph Carper, in Somerset, who treated me with great kindness, gave me the plan of the circuit, and told me what to do. He looked as large as life. I had, for many years, in that part of the country, been elder Young; now, I was junior preacher; Swormstedt my presiding elder, and Carper my senior—boys that I had nourished and brought up, for many years. They both treated me with great urbanity of manners, and appeared as willing to obey me as they were when I had charge of the district. Carper attracted attention wherever he went to preach, and the Lord gave him uncommon liberty in all his efforts. The circuit appeared to wake up, like a man who had been in a deep sleep. We had a strong officiary, which is always a great advantage.

Our first quarterly meeting was held in Somerset.



As the congregations were unusually large, we occupied both the Church and the court-house. At the meeting, Carper preached several sermons, which I remember to this day. Our elder was in fine spirits. There was a goodly number professed to be converted. On my first round after this, I found the friends wide awake, and strong indications of a glorious revival. We went on preaching, holding prayer meetings, leading classes, turning out bad members, and taking in good ones—as we supposed. We soon began to appoint protracted meetings. Carper appointed one in Thornville. Some of the officiary opposed it, said they were not ready yet. But Carper was not to be turned aside for trifles. He went on with his meeting. At our first coming together, it seemed the windows of heaven were opened. The meeting lasted four or five days, and resulted in the accession of about fifty to the Church, forty-five having professed to experience religion. The revival spirit went on like fire in dry stubble.

In a few weeks after this, we held another, at a place called Clay Lick. Here the Lord made known his power to save sinners. Now, while the heavens were propitious, we thought it a good time to introduce the temperance reform. The men of the world, in that part of the country, had taken a firm stand against the cause of temperance. They were a good deal like the ancient Ephesians, who had their wealth by making silver shrines of the goddess Diana. The Baptist Church and United Brethren



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Methodist lady, standin
courage, laid hold of
"Brother Young, stop



Carper was operating in the other part of the house, with very good success. We fell in with a very respectable-looking old gentleman who was actively engaged in whisky-making. He being a man of sense, and standing, Carper sat down to reason with him, hearing questions and answering them, for nearly two hours. By this time a number had left, the remainder had taken their seats, and were quite still. At this moment, the old whisky-maker rose up, cried out at the top of his voice, "Uriah Hull, don't you want a copper tea-kettle?" Uriah answered, "Yes!" "Well," said the old gentleman, "I am going to cut up my still, and sell the copper to my neighbors to make tea-kettles, and I am going to join the temperance society!" He soon found applicants enough to take all the copper he had to spare. He joined the society, went home, and, I suppose, never made any more whisky.

The next morning, we renewed our religious exercises, which continued for several days; and I think there were more than a hundred conversions—not all at that time, for the revival continued for many weeks.

A short time after our second quarterly meeting commenced in Rushville. The elder—Rev. L. Swormstedt—came on in fine health, and appeared to be filled with the spirit of his mission. The meeting opened under the most propitious circumstances. The Spirit from on high was poured upon us—many sinners were crying aloud for mercy. The shouts

of victory were heard in our congregations night and day. Swormstedt and Carper made a very strong team, and were well harnessed for the battle. They worked shoulder to shoulder through the whole course of the meeting, and the great Captain of the Lord's hosts honored their labors with more than one hundred conversions. Our next protracted meeting was in the town of Somerset. This was equal, if not superior, to any protracted meeting held on the circuit during the year. There were not as many conversions as at some other meetings, but they were of a higher class, and capable of doing more good, such as John Beckworth, John Ritchie, Samuel Burket, the Whitmores, and many others, who have stood like pillars in the temple of God, from that day to the present. About this time the cholera broke out among us. A gentleman, who lived near the town of Salem, having been on a journey for several weeks, returned home very sick, and sent for Dr. M'Clure, of Somerset, but did not think it was the cholera, as that fatal disease had never been in that part of the country. The Doctor staid with him till he ascertained that he had the cholera, and was in a dying state. He expired in a few hours after the Doctor left him. The Doctor took the cholera on the road, and died before he got home, although he had only six miles to ride. A neighbor was called in to shave the dead man; he also took the disease, and died in a few hours. A clergyman was called upon to preach a funeral sermon. He discharged his



duty, and died before he reached home. The patient, his doctor, his barber, his clergyman, were all dead before the sun went down the next day.

This spread the alarm throughout the country. During this panic, we appointed a protracted meeting in Rehoboth. A strong young man came into the neighborhood, and died with the cholera the very day our meeting began. At the close of the eleven o'clock services, Carper was taken very sick; he went up to town and took his bed; and, as the day was very warm, he requested them to set his bed in the middle of the room, that he might breathe the fresh air; two persons sat by him on each side, keeping off the flies and fanning him. The news soon spread that Carper had the cholera; the people would come to the door and look in, and walk off as though they had seen an enemy. Word went up to Somerset, that Carper had the cholera, and was dying. The next morning it was reported in class meeting as a fact. Mrs. Carper being present, was much alarmed; she mounted a horse, rode as fast as possible to Rehoboth, and when she came in sight of the house where her husband had been sick, and saw the table and chairs standing out before the door, she was near fainting, and had like to have fallen from her horse. When she went into the house, she found her husband had gone to the preachers' stand in the woods, and was preaching at the top of his voice, making the grove to ring again. Her joyful surprise may be readily imagined.

This was our last protracted meeting for the present year.

We held our fourth quarterly meeting in Somerset, and endeavored to leave the circuit in good order. By this time my health and eye-sight were greatly improved. Our conference was to meet this year in Cincinnati. The cholera was raging most frightfully. Brother Carper declined attending the conference, and the friends tried to prevail on me not to go, but I knew it was necessary that somebody should go—and I went, trusting in God. Falling in with Bishop Roberts on the way, I heard him preach two excellent sermons; we endeavored to edify each other by talking about the prosperity of the Church throughout the United States, while God gave us hearts to rejoice with them that did rejoice, and gave us eyes to weep with those that wept. We had great cause of weeping and lamentation—about one hundred thousand of our fellow-citizens had fallen victims to the cholera this year.

Before we reached the city the cholera had subsided, and the health of the inhabitants was pretty good. Bishop Roberts was our president. We had a pleasant conference. The members told me that my youth was renewed like that of the eagle's. I boarded with my beloved friend Thomas A. Morris, and his beloved Abigail. She and other pious sisters of that charge, loaded me with presents—in money and clothing—so much so that I could hardly crowd them into my port-bags.



I was appointed to Athens circuit this year. It was not the place of my choice, for I desired to go back to Somerset, and the people expected me to return. Another reason why I did not wish to go to Athens—I had learned that the town was in a perfect turmoil; two of the most distinguished members of the place having had a dreadful out-fall. I had attended a camp meeting about there the preceding summer, with a view to settle the difficulty, but it grew worse in my hands, and I was glad to go away. But, as the Bishop requested me to go, I took up my cross in the name of the Lord. I was encouraged, for he had given me brother Hamline for my colleague. By the time I moved my family, Hamline was on the spot, ready to go to work. He made out two plans of the circuit, one for himself and the other for me. Our parsonage was very small and uncomfortable. Brother Hamline had to board with me all the time he was in town. My wife procured an excellent girl to do the work, and they waited upon him as though he had been a prince. He exercised a great deal of patience, and every thing went on delightfully. My two sons, who were going to college, had time to prepare the wood and coal, which made our little home quite comfortable, considering all the circumstances. We found the circuit in great confusion, by reason of the contention referred to; and what rendered the matter worse, the leading members all around the circuit, took sides with the parties, and were pretty equally divided. The preacher who pre-



ceded us, had done his best to restore peace and harmony to the circuit, but he left things in a far worse condition than he found them. We tried, between ourselves, to understand this case—its origin—ramifications, and bearings. Here my colleague used his legal knowledge to great advantage. Our first intention was to reconcile the contending parties—to prevent, if possible, any expulsion from the Church. One of those brethren with whom the difficulty originated, appeared quite placid and yielding—but the other was wrathy. His wife had been expelled the year before, as he thought wrongfully, and he would not be reconciled unless she could be restored; and this could not be done—for she had appealed to the quarterly conference, and the decision was confirmed. Mr. Hamline labored for several weeks to make peace; but, finally, regarding it a hopeless case, threw it aside, and would have no more to do with it; leaving me to manage it the best way I could.

He went on preaching and the Lord owned his labors. Many of the people thought that never man spake like this man. It appeared to me that he had laid the foundation for one of the most extensive revivals I had been acquainted with; and, if his health had not failed, I believe he would have done more for that circuit, than ever had been done in any preceding year. He was taken sick at our second quarterly meeting, with the scarlet fever, and was confined to his bed, about eight miles below Athens, on the Hocking river. The attack was violent, and



his life was despaired of for several days. I was on the other side of the circuit, and having heard that he was dying, I went home immediately with the intention of bringing him to my house. As the roads were almost impassable, I procured a strong carriage, two very good horses, and three or four strong young men, and set out on my enterprise. We found him in very unpleasant circumstances — several of the family sick, with the same fever, were lying in the same room with him, and the house was all in confusion. When brother Hamline saw me he wept. I asked him if he could go to Athens. He answered, "Oh, yes, yes!" He arose up in his bed—called the family—paid them for the trouble he had made them, and told me I would have to take him up and lay him into the carriage; for, he said he was as helpless as an infant. I had two feather-beds in the carriage—pillows—and plenty of bedding to keep him warm. The young men took him up, and carried him to the door. When he saw the carriage with the preparations made to receive him, he leaped into it, with very little assistance. We drove on about four miles. I told him if he was tired we would rest awhile. He replied, in quite a strong voice, "Drive on—drive on."

We took him to the parsonage safely, and called in two doctors, who managed his case well; so that, in about a week, he could walk the room; and, in two or three weeks, was able to ride on horseback to his own home, in Zanesville—he returned to the circuit

no more that conference year. Brother Swormstedt gave us an excellent young man, by the name of Cyrus Brooks, who was one of the best preachers I had known, of his age—a first-rate pastor, and a faithful friend.

We had revivals nearly all round the circuit, with the exception of the town of Athens. We closed our labors much to our own satisfaction, and the comfort and edification of our people. They shed many tears when we were leaving them.

We attended conference, in 1834, in Circleville; at which place I met with a great many crosses, and felt myself badly treated. The Ohio University, in Athens, was shaking like a reed in the wind; and I saw very clearly, that, by a little religious policy, we could put that University under the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And, I was satisfied *then*, and am *now*, that the Methodist Episcopal Church could not move along, and do her whole duty, to advantage, without a university under her own control. The people, generally, in that region, seemed anxious for us to have charge of it. We could easily perceive that Athens College would answer our purpose, just as well as if it belonged to us, and save the enormous expense of putting up one of our own. My first intention was to engage a professor of high standing in the faculty. I submitted a proposition, requesting Bishop Soule, who presided, to appoint Joseph M. Trimble, professor of mathematics in that institution. It met with strong oppo-



sition from the oldest and strongest men on the conference-floor. Now came on the tug of war. Collins, Finley, and Christie, led off in the debate—which lasted the best part of the day. I had them to contend with single-handed. It was plain to be seen, at the close of the argument, that we had gained our point. The previous question being called for, the main question had now to be put. Before the Bishop put the main question, he took the liberty to say it made no difference which way we voted, for he would not make the appointment. I told him, that he alone had the power to make the appointment, and if he would not do it, it was useless to say any thing more on the subject. And so we let it drop.

I left the conference-room and took a walk in the grove, in order to let off the steam—for it had become pretty high by this time. As I walked slowly along, I continued thinking—Pope—Pope! I saw, that day, that Methodist bishops had full power enough, and, it might be, a little too much. It seemed nearly akin to the veto power placed in the hands of the President of these United States.

At this conference a number of the preachers wished me to be placed on the district. They petitioned the Bishop to that effect, but he would not comply with their wishes. It would have been gratifying to me to have had that appointment, at that time, for my sons were then going to college in Athens—and by the time our four years would have expired, they could both have graduated. I was,

however, reappointed to Athens circiut, where I had another hard year's labor; and with all my toil and long-suffering, had to expel a number who were concerned in the unhappy quarrel alluded to last year. I received more abuse than ever before.

After all, we had a prosperous year. Several things took place very interesting to me. I became acquainted with a fine English lady by the name of Louisa Court-All. Nature had dealt bountifully with her; and her physical, mental, and moral powers were finely developed by education. She was one of the most pious ladies I ever knew; but notwithstanding her good sense she was ultra in almost every thing she undertook, which seriously injured her usefulness and happiness.

Another lady by the name of Sarah Norris, was very pious, a good English scholar, and a talented and useful member of our Church. Since those days she has had a rough and thorny way to travel. I hope both these ladies will reach the kingdom of heaven. How true is that saying of our Savior, "In the world, ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." This was a memorable year. I was associated with a great many excellent men who were self-taught, and after my own heart—such as Hon. Calvary Morris, John Minton, Acil Cooley, Simeon Cooley, Jacob Humphrey, Daniel Stewart, sen., William Harper, Frederick Abbot, John White, Stephen Pilcher, E. H. Pilcher, and Justin Reynolds. All these men sustained me in the administration of the Discipline—



and were my wise counselors, while their pious example, wholesome instruction, and timely admonitions were rendered a great blessing to me. Our Christian fellowship commenced at an early period of our lives, has been matured on earth, and I trust will be enjoyed in heaven. Cyrus Brooks was again my colleague, and a better one I never had. He did his full share of all the work, and in the pulpit a double share; for he could preach as much in one sermon as I could in two.

Athens has always been a very interesting place to me, and I will here take the liberty to say a few things in relation to the University located there.

First, then, those noble and high-minded men, denominated the Ohio Company, donated two entire townships of land to support a university in what is now called Athens, Athens county. Many of them were Revolutionary officers—the love of country was enthroned in their hearts. They were philosophers in the proper sense of the word, for they were lovers of wisdom. As a proof of this, they set apart one section in every township, for the use of common schools, and another section in every township, to support ministers of the Gospel. These were far-seeing and clear-sighted men—they knew that Ohio would one day be a great country. The Tuppens, Putnams, Gilmans, and Buckinghams, have often reminded me of two intelligent travelers, who crossed the Alleghany Mountains, perhaps about the time that I was born. When they came to the top of

Laurel Hill, they looked down upon the broad-spread valley of the Monongahela, stopped their horses; and so vivid were their imaginations, that they almost thought that they could hear the footsteps of future generations, just in their rear, coming on to possess these goodly lands. Many superficial observers have thought, and said, that the Ohio Company made a very poor selection; but scientific men do not view things like ignorant men. The streams of water, timber, shrubbery, high hills and rivers, all gave strong indications, to thoughtful men, that there was a vast amount of mineral wealth deposited under this rough surface, for the benefit of future ages—and we have lived to see their anticipations more than realized. Think of the salt, coal, and iron, taken from these hills and valleys in every part of the purchase of the Ohio Company. This country is now, and will be a very rich one, and wealthy countries always will be densely populated, and thickly-settled countries always will have a great many children that ought to be educated. Southern Ohio will more than compete with Scioto, and the Miami valleys. The gift of these college lands, was a noble deed—but I am sorry that they have not been better managed.

When I first visited Athens—what is now called the College Green, was then covered with lofty trees, and the surrounding country almost in a state of nature. There were a few log-cabins, inhabited by hunters, but, even in that early day, I met with a few men of enterprise and industry, who were doing well



for themselves, the country, and their families. I was at that time charmed with the scenery that surrounded the place, and thought it might one day vie with ancient Athens. I left the place, was absent twelve years, and when I was returning, I expected to see the place greatly improved—at least a flourishing village, and a well-arranged academy under the supervision of a good principal, and well-selected teachers; but in this I was somewhat disappointed. They had a school there that they called a college—kept in a kind of antiquated building. The walls and hall looked more like a prison than a college. The Hon. Thomas Ewing was then going to school there. He said to me, "It is a place where a young man can study successfully — but it is a poor place to gain instruction." But I suppose the men who had charge of the school were doing the best they could, and I must tread lightly on the ashes of the dead.

The first serious blunder, made by the trustees of the institution, was giving leases on the college lands. It will be recollected that, at that time, the price of lands was very low, and they gave leases ninety-nine years, renewable forever—not considering, that when the country became settled, the land would increase in value. Now this contract made between the trustees and the lessees, will always prevent a revaluation of the college lands—for the Ohio Legislature has no power to disannul private contracts. All I have now to say is, that they might nearly as well have given their lands away; for the men who now occupy them

pay but little more rent than the taxes on other lands. Had these lands been subject to revaluation, there would have been a large revenue, rising annually, enough to support a good faculty and make all the necessary repairs on the buildings. As it is, the institution is always embarrassed.

The next mistake the trustees made, was to put the institution under sectarian government; but public opinion would not sustain them in this measure. They had a long and unsuccessful war with the public mind, but had to yield at last. During all this time they were doing some good. They then attempted to place it under the patronage of the three leading denominations, the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, but they were very unfortunate in selecting professors. The institution moved on heavily—like Pharaoh's chariot. At length, it became so deeply involved in debt, they were obliged to suspend operations. It is now resuscitated, and, to all appearance, doing well.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COLUMBUS DISTRICT—1835-1839.

THE annual conference met this year—1835—in Springfield, Ohio; Bishop Andrew, president—Bishop Soule assisted him; they both paid me unusual attention. I carried up a good report from Athens circuit. This was an interesting conference. We elected our delegates to the next General conference. There was more electioneering than I had ever seen before. I was elected, for the fifth time. It is truly gratifying to a man to know that he has the affections and confidence of the men with whom he has long been associated.

I was appointed to the Columbus district. Augustus Eddy was my predecessor—an excellent man, a pious Christian, a good preacher, and one who stands deservedly high as a presiding elder. He knew his duty well, and was prompt to do it. My appointment proved to be an eventful period in my history. I found the district large and pleasant, and a good state of feeling at almost every appointment. They had had revivals in most of the circuits for several years, and the good work was still in progress; the congregations were large, class and prayer meetings well attended, but very little attention had been paid to

Sabbath schools, or to the missionary cause, and as far as I could discern, no attention to the good cause of education by our own Church. I went into my new field of labor in good health, with a fine flow of spirits. My first round of quarterly meetings was pleasant, but there were no great revivals. The district was well supplied with good preachers. The Rev. E. W. Sehon was on Columbus station last year, and was returned again this year. He had considerable trouble, and was severely censured by some. It became my duty to examine his administration. This was done according to the best of my abilities. I never could see where he had done any thing contrary to the Bible, or the Methodist Discipline.

Brother Sehon was truly an eloquent man, possessed of an ardent mind and a benevolent heart, and destined by divine Providence to shine as a star of no ordinary magnitude; but in my opinion, he missed his way when he joined the Southern Church. He labored with zeal and success through the winter, but in the spring his health failed, and we had to put brother Hamline in his place.

Brother Goff was on Worthington circuit, who labored with his usual zeal and success. Although he had a heavy cross to bear in consequence of the improper conduct of his colleague, I will say of Abner Goff as I once heard Bishop Asbury say of James Quinn, "Few men among us have worn better than he." James B. Austin and William



Morrow were on Delaware circuit. They were a strong team, and worked well together. Austin kept the circuit in good order, and Morrow was a great revivalist. Harvey Camp and John W. White were on Marion circuit. They were good men; they tried to honor God, and God honored them by blessing their labors. White is rather an extraordinary man—his sweet eloquence gives him the advantage of most other preachers. His zeal, industry, and perseverance, have made him an ornament to the Christian ministry.

Brother Richard Doughty was not able to stand the labors on Richwood circuit. I removed him to Franklinton, to labor with John C. Havens, and put Samuel Batey in his place. We had a prosperous year on London circuit, under the labors of Philip Nation and William Westlake. Brother Nation was not what was called a great preacher, but a very useful one, and as good a natural singer as I ever knew; he has been successful on all the circuits he ever traveled—his slender constitution soon completed his labors, and he passed to his rest. Samuel Hamilton and E. Webster were on Pickaway circuit. They had a prosperous year, and closed their labors with a good camp meeting near Kingston. L. L. Hamline was there; on Monday it rained, and the congregation was compelled to resort to the meeting-house. Hamline and Hamilton went into the church; Hamline preached, and after the sermon they commenced a prayer meeting, which continued till near

sunrise, the next morning, without intermission. We can not give any thing like a correct idea of the number converted during that glorious night. Granville circuit: Joseph Carper and Uriah Heath; they had a successful year. This year, brother Heath commenced his itinerant career; he soon gave clear indications that he was no ordinary man. He has now spent eighteen years in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church; during all this time, his zeal and efficiency, theological knowledge, industry, and success, have been gradually increasing. He has taken a very active part in the cause of Sunday schools, domestic and foreign missions, common schools, seminaries, and colleges, and has been the means of erecting many excellent churches.

The missionary spirit was revived during my first round on the district. We preached missionary sermons, and delivered lectures in almost every charge. The people came up to the help of the Lord with almost one accord. Also, the Sunday schools were resuscitated all round the district. For several years—previous to my coming on to this district—I had been looking out for a suitable place to establish a Methodist female seminary. The people were making strong and continued efforts to get up and keep up high schools and colleges for the education of their sons, but no effort at all for the education of their daughters, and when I would converse with them upon the subject they gave me no satisfaction; they appeared to think the minds of their daughters



were not worth cultivating—that a liberal education spoiled a female; and some of the old Methodist ladies told me that they never knew an educated woman that was a good house-keeper. If women can read the Bible and write their names, that is education enough for them.

At this time, I knew of no female school, or female seminary, patronized by the Methodists in particular, in the great western valley. I spent much of my time in reading, thinking, and conversing with men of understanding on this subject. When I came to the town of Worthington, divine Providence opened my way. There I found a community, whose views were congenial with my own on the subject of female education. I suggested my views to the citizens in a public meeting, and every gentleman of any standing concurred with me. Here I fell in with a lady from York state—just such a one as I had been looking for a number of years. She was pious, intellectual, and learned—so we resolved to make the experiment. This gave rise to the Worthington Female Seminary. As the history of this institution has often been laid before the public, I will not spread it on the pages of this autobiography. It cost me great labor of body and mind, and a considerable sum of money, to come out of the coffers of a poor man. Yet I am thankful that the thought ever entered my mind to establish a female seminary in the town of Worthington. It has been flourishing for many years. Very many of our first young ladies

have been educated there. It has been doing good in various ways.

The Oakland Seminary, the Female College in Cincinnati, the Female College in Delaware, and even the Ohio Wesleyan University, owe their origin to the Worthington Female Seminary. Great things often result from small beginnings. The happy influence that this institution has exerted throughout the west, has been truly great. I claim but a small pittance of this honor for myself. Miss Sarepta Marsh, whose real worth is but little known in the world, Uriah Heath, and William Bishop, were the active and successful agents in completing this useful institution. We are bound to give honor to whom honor is due. They deserve to be remembered with gratitude by all who have been benefited by the Worthington Female Seminary.

General conference met this year, 1836, in Cincinnati. Bishops Roberts, Hedding, Soule, and Andrew were all present. Bishop Roberts' health was declining very fast. He tendered his resignation to the conference, but they were not willing to release him, but required no more labor of him than he could perform with ease and comfort to himself. Bishops Soule and Hedding were both in feeble health. It was thought best to strengthen the Episcopacy, and, accordingly, they elected two more bishops—Beverly Waugh and Thomas A. Morris. On hearing the journals read, we found the work of God was in a state of prosperity throughout the bounds of the



Methodist Episcopal Church. The Radicals had gone to themselves, formed a society, and were doing their own work in their own way, and we were at peace among ourselves.

About this time, the abolitionists were agitating the slave question. The spirit of opposition to slavery ran very high in the eastern and northern conferences, and had, to some extent, disturbed the peace and quietness of the Church in those parts. This waked up a spirit of opposition in the southern and south-western conferences. Although I never approved of the course pursued by the abolitionists, yet I think the southern and south-western conferences were the more ultra of the two parties. We had an interesting time, and I was greatly benefited by attending this conference. Our Episcopacy was composed of pious, talented, and sober men. The majority of the members of conference were discreet, pious, and dignified men.

Our annual conference met in Chillicothe. In making my report to conference, I informed them of our intention to establish a female seminary, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the town of Worthington, and also our prospect of success. The conference very kindly entertained the proposition.

I was returned again to the same district. The Bishop gave us a good supply—mostly the same active, zealous men we had last year.

I commenced my second year's labor on Columbus

district under favorable circumstances. We had a fine supply of good preachers. Isaac C. Hunter, on Pickaway circuit, was a man of mind and great decision of character. We had revivals, more or less, on every part of that circuit, this year, with the exception of the city of Columbus. The Rev. Nathan Emory, of precious memory, who led a long and useful itinerant life, traveled the Delaware circuit this year. Here his labors, as a traveling preacher, ended. He took a superannuated relation at the next conference, and retired. He lingered for several years, and closed his life in the triumphs of faith.

The Rev. William Nast was appointed to the German mission on this district. He met with considerable opposition from the Lutherans, but labored with great zeal and industry. Though he did not succeed according to his own expectations, yet he laid the foundations for much good in that part of the country. His labors were like bread cast upon the waters, which appears after many days.

I still had my eye fixed on the female seminary. The preachers approved of the design, but none seemed ready to take an active part, except Uriah Heath, Wm. Herr, Jas. Gilruth, Jos. Waterman, and the never-to-be-forgotten Samuel Lewis. As soon as the subject had been sufficiently discussed, we called a public meeting, which met at Miss Marsh's schoolroom. This meeting was exceedingly large, and before it we laid our whole plan. Every one appeared to approve of the enterprise, and manifested the



same by words, actions, and looks. We appointed agents to solicit subscriptions to erect suitable buildings, and they were very successful in raising money. Some time during the summer, we called a meeting of the donors, in the town of Worthington. Joseph Waterman gave us a lengthy address on the importance of general education. His address was followed by a number of short, pointed speeches. The meeting resulted in the happiest consequences. The donors appointed a committee to select a suitable site for the buildings. There were present at the meeting a great many happy men, who met one another with warm greetings.

It was a long time before the committee could agree on the site. Finally we purchased a pretty little house, standing on an elevated spot, in the town of Worthington, which had belonged to Berkley Comstock. There were about four acres of beautiful land covered with fruit-trees, and one of the most enticing situations my eyes ever beheld. Some of the donors bound themselves to pay quite large sums of money. We had taken Miss Marsh's school, which was in a flourishing condition, under our patronage. For a while we went on with great unanimity. As soon as the public saw the enterprise was popular, other towns and vicinities put in their claims—Blendon and Delaware particularly. This distracted the public mind and produced a great deal of confusion. I told them the conference had not adopted the school, neither had we obtained a charter; and if they would do bet-

ter for us than Worthington, we should give the best place the preference. Before conference the lamented, pious, and talented Samuel Lewis paid us a visit, and made one of the best speeches on education I believe I ever heard. This gave us a fresh impetus, and we were encouraged to persevere.

The conference met this year in Xenia. Being assisted by Miss Marsh, L. L. Hamline, William Herr, and Uriah Heath, we laid the whole scheme before the conference, showing the beauty and eligibility of the town of Worthington for a female seminary, and the amount of funds we had received by subscriptions, etc. The conference adopted the seminary as far as they could in its infant state, and appointed a committee to obtain a charter.

I was returned again to Columbus district, and, to my surprise, I met opposition to our seminary from unexpected quarters; but we resolved never to faint or be discouraged till we had accomplished our object. I can not tell how other brethren felt who were engaged in this good cause; but I felt as old Nehemiah, that I was doing a great work and could not come down at the call of any man. I determined to build the house, or cause it to be built, if I had to hold the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other.

We kept our school going, which increased in popularity. At length we got our materials together, obtained a charter, and organized and appointed trustees according to law. After many months of hard labor, we got the seminary buildings completed so far

as answered our purpose for the present. In process of time we had all the claims against us liquidated, and gained a complete triumph over all our difficulties. We do not grudge the time or money we have spent on this institution; for we have more than realized our most sanguine expectations. I regard this seminary as the mother of all female seminaries under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio, and we ought to love and treat her as a mother.

This proved to be an eventful period in my history in many respects. I had toiled hard and suffered much for many years to procure a suitable home for my family. And this year I had accomplished it far more than I had ever looked for. I became the rightful owner of one of the prettiest farms in Perry county. The localities, with the privileges, were just such as I wished them to be. I moved my family on to the premises, where I intended to spend the remainder of our days. Alas!

"How vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

In an hour all my flattering prospects were blighted.

The very day that I procured my deed my wife was paralyzed, and after four months of extreme suffering she took her flight to that world where the inhabitants shall not say they are sick. I was left to lament my irreparable loss, and get along with my motherless family in the best manner I could. The preachers

and people all appeared to sympathize with me and bear me up.

I closed my ministerial labors much to my own comfort, and, as far as I know, to the satisfaction of the district.

Our conference met this year in Columbus. I was reappointed to the same district. We had again an excellent supply of ministers—Columbus station, Joseph A. Waterman. As an intellectual man he had few superiors any where, and though self-taught he was a man of great acquirements. He had a feeble constitution and suffered great afflictions, which soon terminated his useful life.

Robert S. Kimber was an excellent man, who always appeared to disadvantage among strangers; but if he only had time to form an acquaintance, could make every body love him, and many admire him. I will give one proof of what I say. I once invited him to help me hold a protracted meeting in the town of London. He arrived in the place on Friday, and it seemed that no one wished to hear him preach. On Saturday they whispered in my ear not to set that man up to preach to the large congregation. However, he took the pulpit and preached, and the people went home well satisfied. At night he preached again, and they were delighted above measure. On Sunday almost every one was inquiring, "Will brother Kimber preach to-day?" He staid about a week and did nearly all the preaching. He had a great work on Richwood circuit. His life was short but useful.



Andrew Murphy traveled Worthington circuit this year as junior preacher. He was a man of strong mind and a successful preacher. We had a fine revival in Plainfield township, mostly through his instrumentality.

The next year, in Columbus station, we had William Herr, a useful and active man, who, considering the condition in which he found the station, did well.

I will here say, once for all, that during my last two years on Columbus district I was associated with a number of excellent ministers, and they all treated me as a father, and I delight to honor them all as sons in the Gospel. These were two of the most pleasant years of my itinerancy; many sinners were awakened, and hundreds of mourners converted to God. The Lord's children were built up and edified in their most holy faith. The Sunday schools prospered in our hands; hundreds of happy children were under an intellectual, moral, and religious training in these nurseries of virtue. All the preachers within the bounds of the district took a very active and successful part in the cause of missions; and when I listened to their missionary sermons and saw the large collections brought in, I thought to myself, these are the chosen instruments by whom God intends to convert the world. The good cause of education had also been progressing the last two years. I never expect to be associated with a better body of men, and I look back with renewed satisfaction on that delightful field of labor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GENERAL CONFERENCE—1840.

THIS year our conference sat in Cincinnati. The Rev. John Ferree was appointed my successor. At this time they elected their delegates to the next General conference, which was to meet in Baltimore in 1840. I was elected the sixth time. When our appointments were read I found I was sent to form a new circuit in my old age. They gave me two little fragments to begin with; one was taken from Circleville, and the other from Worthington—only about three hundred members on the whole ground. I believe I thought like a sage, though I felt like a man. It appeared like a hard appointment, but I went on determined to make it an easy one. Brother David Lewis was my colleague, and a very pleasant yokefellow he was. We organized our little circuit, and, working night and day, we endeavored to keep our souls alive to God and our minds illuminated by reading the holy Scriptures. The revival in several places began soon. Our good presiding elder came on at our first quarterly meeting, filled with the spirit of his station. The Lord blessed his labors in a very extraordinary manner, and much good was done among us. The work went on with increasing inter-

est through the winter months, and many were added to the Church of such as shall be saved, I hope and trust, eternally in heaven.

In the spring I left to attend the General conference, and traveled to the city of Baltimore in company with G. Hamilton, R. O. Spencer, and W. Herr.

I had so often attended General conference that I was acquainted with all the members, except some younger ones. Bishop Roberts was our senior bishop. This was the last General conference which that great and good man ever attended. Bishop Soule's health was not good. Bishop Hedding was failing fast. Bishops Waugh and Morris were young men, blessed with strong and healthy bodies, and with vigorous and active minds: they appeared well prepared to fill the stations to which the Church had called them.

This conference was composed of strong men—equal, if not superior, to any that I had attended before. From the manner in which they transacted the business of the conference, I should think the most of them were holy men. They appeared to see and feel alike on every point concerning the good of the Church, except the vexed question of slavery. On this subject the north and the south were antagonists. The policy of the bishops was, to keep slavery out of the conference, if possible, at this time; for the abolitionists had said and written a great many severe things on slavery, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the south. The southern preachers thought they had been misrepresented, and, to some

extent, slandered; and they were disposed to repel some of the arguments and assertions of the northern brethren. Neither bishops nor conservative men could keep it out. We were sure the debate would be long and weighty. There were men of the first order of talent, on both sides, such as Capers, Pierce, Winans, Payne, N. Bangs, Holdich, Peck, and O. Scott. There was a large body of conservative members, who used their influence to preserve peace in our beloved Church.

We succeeded well for awhile, and should have been successful till the close, had it not have been for one unfortunate circumstance. The bishops had transferred the Rev. Silas Comfort, from New York state, to the Missouri conference, into St. Louis station, as preacher in charge. An unhappy dispute had taken place between a gentleman and lady, of high standing, in the St. Louis charge. Charges were preferred against the brother, and a colored man was the principal witness in the case. On his testimony the brother was convicted and expelled. This produced great excitement in the Church, in that city; for, in none of the slaveholding states, do they admit colored persons to testify against white persons, in either civil or ecclesiastical courts. Although there is no law in the Discipline for this practice, yet it was a long-established custom, which had acquired all the force of law, in the estimation of both preachers and people, not only in Missouri, but in all the southern conferences.



The expelled brother took an appeal to the annual conference. They condemned the administration of brother Comfort, and restored the expelled brother to membership again, and by so doing passed a censure upon brother Comfort. Though they inflicted no punishment on the appellant, yet he thought he was injured, and took an appeal to the next General conference.

When this came up Bishop Roberts was in the chair; and, being a wise man, he foresaw the evil, though he did not try to hide himself, yet he endeavored to save the conference from a great deal of trouble. The Bishop presented to the conference his opinion, that brother Comfort had no right to an appeal. He stated his opinion very clearly, and showed his reasons in a most masterly manner. I thought the reasons were strong enough to produce conviction in the most obtuse intellect, but an appeal was taken, and the conference decided against the chair. This was a dreadful hour to me, for I saw the tug of war had now come—our strong men were armed for the combat. The Rev. Andrew Monroe took the floor to defend the administration of the Missouri conference; and George Peck to defend the administration of Silas Comfort. It was soon seen that brother Peck was altogether too strong a man for brother Monroe.

This debate lasted a number of days, and produced a very unpleasant excitement throughout the societies in the city of Baltimore, among the colored members

in particular. I do not know that any one of them had ever been called upon to testify against a white person in a Church trial, but they could not bear the idea of being interdicted by the General conference. Brother Few led off in defense of the Missouri conference, and O. Scott in defense of the appellant—two very strong men, and experienced and able debaters. Mr. Few dealt largely in Latin, Greek, ancient and modern Church history. He was, also, a legal man, and appeared to be well skilled in ecclesiastical and civil law; yet, it put him to all he knew to answer the arguments of Orange Scott. We could see that he often felt the keen edge of Scott's logic. Many other brethren took an active part in these protracted debates. I am sorry to say that they often lost the command of their temper. Although I was no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, neither did I profess to be a far-seeing man, yet I was sure the southern, northern, and middle conferences could not hold together much longer. Bishop Soule occupied the ground of a mediator—giving the clearest evidence of the strength of his mind, and the goodness of his heart. He was greatly assisted by the Rev. Dr. Newton; and, with the aid of those great and good men, we finished this death-like struggle in a way that reflected honor on the wisdom and goodness of the conference. The debates being closed, the vote was taken, and Comfort was sustained.

As we have already noticed, Dr. Newton was present. He was truly a great man. I had the



pleasure to hear him preach often. Although his sermons were not ornamented like Blair's sermons, or Massillon's—yet he was among the best practical preachers I ever heard. He preached once to us in the conference-room, from the prayer of Moses to the children of Israel, "That God might make them a thousand times so many more as they were." The great point in the sermon was—Robert Newton's prayer for the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States of America. This capped the climax of all that we heard from his sanctified lips. He was equally as good on the platform as in the pulpit. His strong and clear speeches gave a fresh impetus to our missionary operations. His wise sayings and pious counsel, shed a glowing luster over the whole body—both bishops and delegates. His person was large and well proportioned—his countenance fine, and his head as good as I ever saw on any man.

He fulfilled his mission to the American Methodists a little better than any one who preceded him. But the painful hour at length arrived, when he must take his departure to his own country. It was truly a melting time, and many tears were shed. Some of the preachers proposed that he should take his stand in front of the pulpit, and the members of the conference should be formed into procession, the bishops taking the lead, and the members following, that every one might have the privilege of shaking his hand. He looked pleased and gratified, but replied, "Ah, brethren, that would take too much of your

precious time. I will shake hands with you all in my heart." He made his gentlemanly bow, and walked off, and we saw his face no more.

I am thankful to my heavenly Father that I ever saw and heard Robert Newton. By his request, Bishop Soule was elected to attend as our delegate to the British conference.

Our bishops acquitted themselves like men of God, and preserved order through the whole term of this exciting conference; considering the circumstances, we traveled through all our business in peace and harmony. This conference was rendered a lasting blessing to the city of Baltimore. There were many able ministers in that body, and they had great liberty in declaring the counsel of God, and the word had free course, and was glorified. The business being over, and, I believe, well done, the journals were read, and we prepared to take our leave of the Monumental City.

On our return, our company was entertaining. Among them was the celebrated General Van Rensselaer, and two of his daughters, on their way to visit General Harrison, who was then candidate for the Presidency. They had been companions in arms, in the dark, bloody days of the Indian war in the great west. He was an excellent old gentleman, who had his mind well stored with anecdotes, which he related to great advantage, and to the entertainment of our company.

This voyage brought to my recollection, very

vividly, thoughts that had long slumbered in my mind, as we passed over the stamping-ground of the famous Indian chief, Logan. It is generally known that Logan was both great and good; and that he was a fast friend to white men—so much so, that when the Indian warriors would pass his wigwam, they would point, and say, "There lives Logan, friend to white man!" He went to war with the whites very reluctantly, and, I suppose, never would have done it, had it not been for the cruel conduct of Colonel Cressup, who murdered his wives and children, I think at the mouth of Captina, on the Ohio river, but some say at the mouth of Yellow creek. Permit me here to say, that I love the name and memory of Logan; but as I have not room to say much more of this great man, I will relate an anecdote, and leave him.

At an early day, two white men were exploring this country with a view to settle their families there. The day being warm, they became weary and thirsty; they had the good fortune to come to an excellent spring, and, as they had no vessel to lift the water, they bowed themselves to quench their thirst. They saw in the clear stream the shadow of an Indian standing at a distance, with his gun in hand, and his cap and plume on his head. They were alarmed, snatched their guns, and hid behind two trees. Logan made signs to them that he was the famous Logan. He made signs to them not to shoot, stepped toward them, and held out his hand as a

token of friendship. They saw that Logan had them in his power, but was not disposed to kill them. This inspired confidence in that Indian chief. I relate this as a true specimen of the general character of Logan.

After we left Harrisburg, we resolved to have preaching on the boat. Hamline preached once, and gave notice for preaching the next evening at seven o'clock; but the captain and crew gave strong indications that our services would not be acceptable. It was late on Saturday evening when we arrived in Hollidaysburg. We spent the Sabbath there. We preached in the forenoon, afternoon, and at night. Hamline, Ames, and Tomlinson made some of their happiest efforts. On Monday morning I preached. We then started on the cars for Pittsburg; this route led through a romantic and interesting country, and this was my first trip on the railroad. By means of a stationary engine on the top of the mountain, the cars were brought from the foot of the mountain to the summit, and went down on the other side the same way—we passed through one tunnel, which was all strange and new to me. On Monday afternoon we arrived safe in the city of Pittsburg. I renewed my acquaintance with some friends, whom I had known in early life—among them was Mrs. Anna Lee, who was then a widow. When I first knew her, she was Miss Anna Kent.

I reached Columbus by way of Wheeling. When I reached my circuit, they had a protracted meeting

in progress, in the town of Pickerington. I found my colleague, brother Lewis, well, and in the midst of a glorious revival. Worthington Seminary still claimed much of my attention through the summer, and I found that I was overcharged with business. My subscriptions for the Seminary, and the turnpike passing through my farm, in Somerset, were far too large for my abilities. My family expenses at that time were very great, and my wife being dead, the circuit only allowed me the salary of a single man; yet, notwithstanding all these embarrassments, we had a prosperous summer. We began the year with a membership of three hundred, and closed with nearly one thousand.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUSHVILLE, NEW RICHMOND, AND NORTH BEND CIRCUITS—1840-1844.

I ATTENDED conference this year—1840—in Zanesville. Bishop Hedding was our president; Bishop Soule assisted him. The conference had become very large. A vast amount of business was to be transacted, which proved too hard for Bishop Hedding in his feeble state of health.

We had an interesting session, and the conference closed in good time. I was reappointed to the same circuit; John Ferree was my presiding elder, and T. A. G. Phillips was my colleague. He was a man after my own heart—he had an opinion of his own, and echoed the opinions of no man, bishops, presiding elder, or colleague; whatever his hand found to do, was done with his might. He liked to have his own way and carry out his own views; but if you convinced him by an argument that he was wrong, he would yield as soon as any man I ever knew. He was a man of good acquirements, a practical and experimental preacher, his zeal and industry commendable. We were true yoke-fellows in the Gospel harness. The revival continued in Pickerington; between two and three hundred professed to be con-



verted. That year, a revival commenced in Reynoldsburg, Groveport, Hopewell, Walnut Hills, and Lithopolis.

One day, as I was passing through Pickerington, I saw one of the young converts coming out of a corn-field; I first inquired after his health; the second inquiry was, "How does the revival go on." He answered, "O! very well; only they have nearly all left off praying in secret." I asked him, "How do you know that?" "Why," said he, "I hear them every day in the fields, and in the woods, praying so loud that every body might hear them."

At our second quarterly meeting, they prayed, sung, and shouted so loud, that our presiding elder became dissatisfied, and said that I ought to regulate them, for they were fanatical, and would bring reproach upon the Church. I told him, "I wish to be excused;" that if he wished that work to be done, he would have to do it himself. On Sunday morning we had our love-feast, and before we were half through, the presiding elder made as much noise as any man in the house. I heard no more complaint about noise during the whole year.

I forgot to tell that, last year, we had a camp meeting on the circuit which resulted in great good—the quarterly meeting conference concluded to have another this year in the same place. And as there was a great complaint last year for want of accommodations, there was a proposition to the quarterly conference to keep a boarding-tent. This met with much

opposition from some of the oldest members of the circuit. The vote was taken and carried in the affirmative; and William H. Rary was authorized to keep a respectable boarding-tent; he took special pains to prepare for the accommodation of gentlemen and ladies, but such was the malignity of the wicked that before the meeting commenced, they came in the night, tore down his tent, and burned part of it up. But Rary was not a man to be conquered—he repaired his tent and governed it through the whole course of the meeting in a way that did honor to himself and the Church. Although we had a stormy time, yet it wound up gloriously.

In the beginning of this conference year I went to Pittsburg, and married Mrs. Anna Lee, and conducted her to the new parsonage in Groveport. My colleague and his family lived with us in the same house—the circuit not being able to procure another building. As the preachers loved one another, so did their wives. Although we were rather scarce of room, we lived together very agreeably.

This was a year of hard toil and labor, for over and above all my ministerial duties, on the circuit, I had much to do for our schools. Worthington and Blendon, looked for my attention beside the Sabbath schools—I also met with some things of an unpleasant nature; but was enabled, through grace, to sustain myself. The year closed under the smiles of Heaven, the glory of God, and the prosperity of the circuit.



Our conference met this year in Urbana. The spirit of education ran high throughout our bounds. We felt a laudable zeal to have all the people educated in our growing state, both male and female. We were now convinced that we could no longer sustain Augusta College. The Kentucky conference having withdrawn her patronage, the whole burden now devolved upon the Ohio conference. The institution being in a slave state, our people felt no great zeal in keeping it up, and we were now on the look-out for a suitable site for a college within our bounds.

At this conference the citizens of Delaware sent up a deputation to offer us the well-known Mansion House, connected with the famous White Sulphur Springs, in the town of Delaware, on the condition that the conference would erect such an institution of learning as this great and flourishing country demanded. This property had been purchased, by the citizens of Delaware, for ten thousand dollars. The conference entertained this proposition willingly, and sent on a committee immediately to examine the site, and report the result of their examination before our session closed.

Dr. Elliott was the foreman of the committee, and he read the report; he said the site was every way suitable—just such a one as the Church and country stood in need of. He gave us a description of the ground, the beautiful Sulphur Springs, and the environs of the place—he closed his report by say-

ing that God had never made another place just like it.

The conference then appointed a board of commissioners to close the contract between the citizens of Delaware, and the Ohio and North Ohio conferences. They met accordingly, called the citizens together, and told them the conference had accepted their offer. Dr. Elliott was the foreman of this board, and he told the citizens what the conference intended to do; and I would like to record it here as near as possible, in his own words: "Gentlemen, the conference have accepted your offer, and will bind themselves to erect an institution of learning—and one of no ordinary grade—a college of a high order. Yes, gentlemen, we will bring New Haven here, even something greater than New Haven." This produced loud laughter, and a great many hearty amens. We closed the contract, and purchased another parcel of ground of Mr. Powel, which we thought necessary to make the college grounds complete.

This contract was made in September, 1841. It was a new epoch in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the great western valley; and in fact, throughout these United States. Methodism has, for many years, occupied a high ground in this country, but this institution of learning gave her a still higher elevation. It is, in some respects, like the kingdom of heaven, which is compared to leaven hid in three measures of meal. We all know that leaven can not operate in frozen dough—neither can it operate when the pro-



portion of meal is too great for the quantity of leaven; but the great excellency of Methodism is—that she has a time for every thing, and does every thing punctually at the time. Useful learning could not be diffused, while the masses of the people were like frozen dough. The early pioneers of Methodism had prepared the hearts and minds of the people for these eventful days; and now the Church is extending her sanctified learning throughout the whole United States. Evangelical preaching had warmed the hearts of the people which were some time like frozen dough, and now the leaven of religion and learning is operating gloriously. These are happy days for Methodism, notwithstanding the opinion of croakers, and false prophets, to the contrary. Every intellectual and honest man who attended our last General conference, at Indianapolis, and listened to the debates, will sustain me in this opinion.

According to my limited abilities and circumstances, I have done all within my power for this institution. I was present and took an active part in its origin, and have lived to witness its rise and progress, often with fearful anxiety. I was one of the trustees when the board was first organized, and I am sincere when I say that I was never associated with a more reliable body of men. It is true that some of the board grew weary and became discouraged at the most trying crisis and retired, but the majority was steady to their purpose; they resolved never to abandon the enterprise till they had accomplished their

laudable design. Thomas Orr, Wilder Joy, Patrick G. Good, James Godman, Adam N. Riddle, Samuel Williams, John H. Power, Adam Poe, Leonard B. Gurley, David Young, Daniel Brush, and others, ought to be remembered with gratitude; they were all lovers of learning and religion. I engaged in this enterprise with an eye single to the glory of God, and with a pure intention to do good to the present and following generations; and whatever my hand found to do in this great work, I did with my might. Though frequently the whole concern appeared to me like a forlorn hope, yet I was never discouraged. I continued to co-operate with the board till my health and strength failed. This institution is greatly indebted to Frederick Merrick and Uriah Heath. They are the men that raised the money. Their labor, industry, zeal, and success has no parallel in my recollection.

The College is now well endowed; the grounds are highly improved; the College Chapel is the best I ever saw; the library will compare well with any in the country, when we consider the age of the institution; the library building is a fine house; the College is now blessed with an able board of trustees; the faculty is a little superior to any one I have been acquainted with. They generally have between five and six hundred students there under intellectual, moral, and religious training, and they are going out every year to spread science, literature, morality, and our holy religion throughout the lands of North America.



This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. I look back with pleasure on the years I have spent in helping to build up this institution. It casts a melancholy gloom over my mind when I think I shall see that lovely spot no more; but this is dispersed by the thought that I shall soon go to the city that lieth foursquare.

I was appointed this year to Rushville circuit, and moved my family from Groveport to the parsonage in Rushville. The Rev. Robert O. Spencer was my presiding elder. He is well known, and his praise is in all the Churches—a man of good abilities, a pious Christian, an able minister of the New Testament, and an excellent Church officer. Andrew Carroll was my colleague. He is truly eloquent, and mighty in the Scriptures. We understood each other, and worked together to advantage.

I had many peculiar advantages on the circuit, and one of the greatest was the society, counsel, and example of a superannuated preacher, who lived in Rushville, by the name of Henry F. Fernandes. He was one of the salt of the earth, and a burning and shining light in his day. His amiable wife, also, is to to be remembered among the first of her sex.

We had in our charge another worn-out preacher—Jacob Hooper. He was a wise counselor, a strong preacher, and, the best of all, an honest man. We had a strong and sanctified officiary, at the head of whom was the far-famed Jacob Gaine. We had been preceded by Martin Kellogg; and I must do him justice

by saying he left the circuit in good order. We went to work with our might. There was a revival influence in all our congregations. The Lord was with us at all our quarterly meetings—an excellent revival in Rushville, also at Marsh's Chapel, Thornville, and Crossenville.

We were sorry to find the temperance cause was on the decline. Some of our members had got to drinking drams. We found it necessary to remodel the society, and to adopt the Washingtonian pledge in place of the old one. We met with strong opposition at our first meeting—many liked the old pledge the best. Their argument was, the Washingtonians were ultra. We debated the subject for several hours, and when we presented the Washingtonian pledge it was adopted, and eighty-four persons came forward and signed the pledge. Those in the opposition said that we had seriously injured the cause of temperance by this movement; that there was a society in this place of six hundred members, and out of them we had got but eighty-four, and the balance—five hundred and sixteen—would, in all probability, fall back into their former practice. We continued to hold our meetings, appointed agents to receive members, who were on the alert all the time, and were always ready to attend to all who applied for membership, and when the year closed there were fourteen hundred who had signed the Washingtonian pledge, and the cause of temperance has triumphed in all that region ever since.

We closed our labors on this circuit with a most



glorious camp meeting. Brother Carroll received a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. C. Brooks, T. A. G. Phillips, and W. P. Strickland came to our help. Our conference sat this year in Hamilton and Rossville, on the Great Miami, 1842.

Bishop Morris appointed me to the London circuit. After the close of the conference I went down to Cincinnati, found my wife and daughter sick with chills and fever, made the best arrangement in my power for my afflicted family, and went on to my circuit, which was about seventy miles distant. My heart was heavy, but I remembered Lot's wife and dare not look behind. Zechariah Connell was my presiding elder, and William Sutton my colleague. I suppose they thought I could take care of myself, and they would say little to me. The work of the Lord soon began to revive in the town of London and other places. At our first quarterly meeting Z. Connell received a heavenly baptism, and was like a flaming herald the balance of the year. Brother Sutton was a very reliable man. We had several excellent preachers living on the circuit—brother Steele, brother China, brother Ebenezer Webster, and brother Jacob Martin—though much afflicted and unable to do effective work, his example and counsel was very useful. My coming on to the circuit was of great advantage to me, and I hope I was no disadvantage to it. I formed friendships that will be as lasting as eternity. James Foster, Stephen Moore, Isaac Moore, and Joseph Warner, and Sally Warner will never be forgot-

ten by me. She was a mother in Israel, and one of the best friends I have met with in the house of my pilgrimage. I delivered my valedictory all round the circuit, and many tears were shed both by the preacher and the people.

At this conference, they elected their delegates to the famous General conference, that was to meet in New York in 1844. We had rather a barren time. I did not hear of one soul being converted during the session. I was appointed to New Richmond circuit, which was within a few miles of my family. Michael Marlay was my presiding elder. He was an excellent man, had a correct view of moral justice in all its bearings and ramifications, treated the preachers on the district with great urbanity and brotherly kindness, and was a good theologian; and his example, publicly and privately, was worthy of imitation. W. H. Lawder was my colleague, who was the preacher in charge. He was a good preacher, and a pleasant colleague.

We had as fine a body of local preachers on this circuit as I ever met with. Benjamin Lakin was then living in our midst, and these were some of his last days. He shone like a star of the first magnitude, and was truly a primitive Gospel minister. He commenced his itinerant career, in early life, in the state of Kentucky. In that part where he lived, the people dwelt in log-cabins, and their costume was that of the backwoodsmen and hunters. He lived and dressed like his neighbors; and used to go to meeting dressed in his hunting-shirt and moccasins.



When he was called upon to exhort, such was his thundering eloquence, that he astonished the congregations wherever he went. He entered the traveling connection while he was a young man, and traveled very extensively. He bore the toils and privations connected with an itinerant life for more than thirty years, and literally wore himself out. He took a superannuated relation to the conference. He possessed his soul in great patience. Having no family of his own, he lived with his brother's children. Sometimes, his dividend would not be over twelve dollars in a year. He was ready to preach on all occasions, when his bodily strength would admit of it, was useful and acceptable till the last of his life, and died in the prospect of a blissful immortality.

Andrew M'Lain, John M'Lain, William Nicholson, brother Daily, brother Shellcross, and brother Calhoun were all useful local preachers on that circuit. The numerical strength was very great, numbering upward of fourteen hundred members. We had a year of success, and left the circuit in prosperity.

Our conference met, this year, in Marietta. Bishop Waugh was our president; and Bishop Soule assisted him. The conference was very large, and nearly all the members seemed, in some degree, excited. We found it necessary, at an early hour, to attempt to define our position, and to know how we stood with regard to the plan of division. In order to ascertain this fact to our satisfaction, Rev. George W. Walker, William P. Strickland, and myself drew up a pream-

ble and resolutions, approving of what the General conference did in relation to Bishop Andrew, and, also, the general course which our own delegation pursued throughout the whole course of the General conference in New York.

When the resolutions were read, it appeared to electrify Edmund W. Sehon and Dr. Latta. The venerable William Burke became clamorous. We could not speak to the resolutions. Both of the bishops appeared to throw all their influence against them. After the first shock was over, the conference became quiet. There were so many speakers anxious to get the floor, I resumed my seat. The question was debated with great warmth for several hours, when the vote was called for. The bishops appeared to be alarmed. Brother John F. Wright made a motion to refer the report to a committee of nine. I was appointed chairman of the committee. This was a plan to stave it off, that we might have more time for reflection.

The preamble and resolutions met with great opposition in the committee, but were finally reported back to the conference, by a vote of seven to two. It was taken up again in the conference, and both the preamble and resolutions passed triumphantly. The southern brethren saw that we were men of decision, and that we had understandingly defined our position in relation to slavery, and that we were determined to keep it. By the blessing of a merciful Providence, we occupy the same ground to this day. I was never

a rabid abolitionist, yet I am antislavery, to all intents and purposes; and, like the great founder of Methodism, Rev. John Wesley, I regard slavery as the sum of all villainies.

This was a tedious conference, but we closed up our business in the best manner we could, and took our departure to our several fields of labor. I was appointed to North Bend circuit, which lay near Cincinnati. Our presiding elder was Zechariah Connell; Joseph A. Reeder was my colleague. He was sorely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and could do but little. We found the circuit in a low condition. We went to work as usual, but had very little help from local preachers on the circuit. Bishop Morris, Bishop Hamline, Dr. Elliott, and brother Mitchell assisted all they could, conveniently. They gave a new impetus to the Lord's work within our bounds.

This circuit lay on what might be called placid ground. North Bend was one of the oldest towns in Ohio, and was the residence of the celebrated General Harrison. His residence was called a "log-cabin;" and it *was* one, and a very pretty one, too. The scenery and shrubbery around that place were truly lovely. Mrs. Harrison was an honor to her husband, her father and mother, to her children, and to the Church of Christ. I have spent many happy hours in looking at the resting-place of the noble General Harrison. I often visited the home of his amiable widow, and of the pious, intelligent young widow of his son Benjamin. I was always received cordially.

Cleve Symmes was the father-in-law of Harrison. He had lived within about two miles of Harrison's, in a little town now called after his given name. I found here some fine families—brother Samuel Brown, Mr. Rittenhouse, his brother-in-law, sister Hall, sister Rittenhouse, brother Biddle and family, brother Green and family, brother Matson and family, brother Moore and family, brother Woolley, and many others, whom I do not now recollect, who were really and truly the excellent of the earth, and all lived on our circuit. I had many things to contend with that were hard to control. Methodism had once flourished extensively in this country, but was now on the decline. Some of the villages the preachers had abandoned altogether, and many of the Church members had become worldly-minded, and prone to find fault with their ministers, and had very little fellowship among themselves; many families were like the Jews and Samaritans, having no dealings together. Yet, notwithstanding, we had some revival on different parts of the circuit, particularly in the town of Cheviot, Clevetown and Rittenhouse-hill.

We closed our labors on this circuit with a camp meeting—some little good was done. My family still lived in Cincinnati. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." E. Thomson, John T. Mitchell, L. Swormstedt, T. A. Morris, L. L. Hamline, and C. Elliott, took a particular interest in my welfare, and in that of my family, and were a great advantage to us.



CHAPTER XXXV.

MARIETTA DISTRICT—1845-1848.

THE conference met this year, 1845, in Cincinnati; Bishop Hamline, President. Many of the preachers had dreaded going there—thought there were lions in the way. Bishop Soule had declared his intention to go to the Southern Church, but had not formally left the Methodist Episcopal Church as yet. He was expected to attend the conference. Hamline was a young Bishop, and Soule an old, experienced superintendent. He was long-headed, and we trembled for the safety of the conference. A number of the ministers were under southern influence and intended to go South; some said Bishop Soule would take the chair; others thought he would not dare to do it; some thought Hamline would not suffer it to be done; but others were of the opinion that he would yield to Bishop Soule. The morning arrived, when it was expected he would take his seat as President of the Ohio conference. The preachers collected early in the yard, but would not enter the house till they knew whether he would take the chair or not. If he did, they determined to retire and break the quorum, so that the conference could not do business.

About the time that the Bishop made his appear-

ance, Finley walked up, and urged all the preachers to go into the conference-room. They objected, and said Bishop Soule was going to preside. Finley told them he would not preside. The reply was, "Yes, he will—he has just gone into the house. Hamline will give way to him—and there is no one that will have courage enough to oppose him." Sure enough he took the chair with great boldness, looked round with much dignity, as he used to do, upon the conference. After prayers there was a preamble and resolution read, setting forth the illegality of his presiding in the conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after having declared his intention to unite with another Church—and respectfully requesting him to leave the chair. Some brother, I suppose under the Bishop's influence, brought up a small item of business, wishing it to be acted upon before the vote was taken—supposing that if he put the question and then pronounced the vote, that would establish his authority to preside. Finley was wide awake; Young sprang to his feet, and entered his solemn protest against one item being acted upon, till the vote was taken upon the foregoing resolutions. Bishop Hamline arose, and called David Young to the chair—David would not obey him. He then called Jacob Young. Many cried out, "That would not be in order." Hamline then called brother Quinn to the chair. Brother Burke commenced a big speech, and four or five other speakers were on the floor. Brother Quinn could not preserve order.



Hamline came walking back toward the chair crying, "Order! order!" upon the top of his voice. Poor old brother Quinn got up out of the chair, quick enough. The Bishop then remarked that we were all out of order. He requested brother Burke to take his seat, and we all became calm. He then addressed us in a very clear and lucid manner, on the position the two Churches now occupied. "Now," said he, "none of these remarks have any reference to Bishop Soule." Thereupon he commenced again by saying, "The following remarks have particular reference to Bishop Soule, and Bishop Soule alone." He showed in a few words the position Bishop Soule then occupied, and resumed his seat. The vote was then taken on the resolutions, and by an almost unanimous vote he was requested to leave the chair. Bishop Soule remained in his seat a few minutes, then quietly retired, and we saw him no more during our session. During the conference Dr. Latta made a long speech, and was responded to by brother Moody — much learned dust involved the combatants—both claimed truth—but I will not say the truth claimed them.

This was an important and interesting conference—there was a vast amount of business done in a short time, and as far as came under my observation, done according to the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I was appointed to Marietta district.

I located my family in the town of Athens. I then went on to my district, and whatsoever my hand found to do, did it with my might.

My first quarterly meeting was held in Marietta. Brother E. V. Bing and Jos. T. Lewis were stationed in that place. They were preaching like evangelists. The Church was prospering. We had a good time—the mourners' bench was crowded every night during the meeting, and a goodly number were converted.

These men were good ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lewis was a very superior young man. As a pulpit orator, I never knew his superior, for one of his age. But by a mysterious Providence he was called away in his youth. His early death was universally lamented by friends, and the Church sustained a great loss.

From Marietta I went on to Barlow circuit, found it in a prosperous state. Arza Brown and John W. Fowble were their preachers; they stood high in the confidence and affections of the people with whom they labored.

From this place I went to Coolville circuit. Andrew Murphy and Richard Pitzer traveled there. Murphy was not a man of the first order of talents, but was an excellent, every-day, practical preacher. Pitzer was a young man who had just entered the ministry; he had taken some pains to improve his mind, and had considerable native talent. His zeal reminded me of Dr. Coke's definition of zeal—love kindled into a flame. He was a pleasant companion wherever he went.

From this place I went to Pomeroy; found the circuit a little below zero. Joseph Brown traveled



there. He was moving along with his usual speed. From thence I went to Chester circuit, and found it in a pretty bad condition. Orville Shelton and Charles H. Warren were there. They were somewhat discouraged — both good, experimental, and practical preachers. They held on their heavenly way, and the Lord blessed their labors. From Letart Falls I went on to Athens circuit. Brother J. C. Bontecou, and brother Isaac Dillon were traveling there. Brother Bontecou was a man of fine preaching talents—but was not successful that year. Brother Dillon was a very promising young man—a good scholar, and a very good preacher, for one of his age.

From Athens I went on to M'Arthurstown circuit, and found it in a state of great prosperity. James M'Cutchen and Andrew Dixon traveled there. M'Cutchen was a sprightly preacher, talented and useful—brother Dixon a patient, long-suffering, and good man. From here I went on to Mount Pleasant, and found the circuit prospering, but no preacher on it. The Rev. John C. Havens had been sent there, but was taken sick, and did not go on. I had to look for some one to supply his place, and another to fill the vacancy, for the Bishop had sent but one preacher there, and it needed the labor of two men. I procured a young man by the name of Wesley Tibbets, and gave him the charge, and another young man by the name of Charles H. Lawton, to be his colleague. They went right into the work, and the Lord hon[illegible] them publicly and privately.

I found Tibbets to be a strong man. I will give one specimen that will serve for the whole. He appointed a protracted meeting at one of his preaching-places—he held it thirty days—preached one sermon every day, and held prayer meeting at night—he had no preacher to help him, but his meeting resulted in the conversion of fifty or sixty souls. Lawton was a pleasant young man and a very acceptable preacher. This was the best year that Mount Pleasant ever enjoyed.

From this circuit I went to Logan circuit, and found it flourishing like a green olive-tree, in a well-watered garden, under the faithful labors of James B. Austin, who was truly a faithful minister—he was successful wherever he went.

From Logan I went to Deavertown circuit, and found it prospering, with J. T. Holliday alone. I soon found a young man by the name of Wilson to help him. Holliday was known to be an excellent man, and generally useful to the people of his charge. Wilson had some talent, and was generally useful.

From this place I rode to Amesville, and found brother Metcalf laboring alone.

I had now finished my first round of quarterly meetings on Marietta district. My strength had been increased. I felt that I was in my right place. All the circuits and stations appeared to smile upon me. The people and preachers received me kin ly wherever I went. In this manner I spent the first year on that delightful district. Our quarterly and pro-



tracted meetings were seasons of gracious revival throughout our bounds. It is true that some things transpired, occasionally, that marred our peace, but they were soon over, and it flowed on again as a river. Those joyful days will never be forgotten by me, in time or in eternity.

I commenced my second round early in the winter—found the good work increasing in Marietta and Harmar. Brother Joseph T. Lewis was engaged in delivering a course of lectures on civil and ecclesiastical history: those lectures were well received, and brought together large congregations. The Lord's work was still reviving in Barlow. Brother Brown's health was very poor—he was faint, yet pursuing. Every thing was flaming on Coolville. The preachers worked in harmony, and God blessed them. Chester circuit had changed for the better. Pomeroy was much the same. M'Arthurstown was still prospering, and the Lord was doing wonders on Mount Pleasant. They had there an unusual increase within the last three months. There was no material change on Logan—dull times in Athens and Amesville—Deavertown still prospering. I returned home—sat down in my own little habitation, and reviewed my second round of quarterly meetings with great delight.

I commenced my third round in the name of the Lord of hosts. My soul was happy. Every thing went on smooth and easy all around the district. The preachers were mostly in good health—working hard and pretty successfully; and proved the truth of the

saying of David, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I closed the third round in good health, and happy in my own mind.

This year I attended conference at Piqua. Bishop Morris was our president. We had a very agreeable conference, and were able to make a good report of all the preachers, showing a considerable increase on the district. I was reappointed to the Marietta district. Uriah Heath was sent to Marietta, to the acceptance of the people; Daniel D. Mather was sent to Barlow. They were excellent preachers. They worked together like two brothers, and the Lord blessed their labors. Abraham Cartlitch was in Amesville, a good and useful man; Deavertown, James Gurley—he had excellent preaching talents. Levi Munsell was a very good man and made good improvement as a preacher. Logan, this year, had John Dillon and John C. Havens. Brother Dillon was a man of strong mind, well improved by education. His legal knowledge was a great advantage to him. He was a good man and a good preacher. Brother Havens was a pious man, with a great gift to pray and exhort, and was one of the sweet singers of Israel. At M'Arthurstown, Andrew Dixon, a pattern of patience and brotherly kindness. At Athens station was Ezra Boring. He had enjoyed considerable literary and scientific advantages, was a man of piety, with preaching abilities about par, and a sociable and companionable spirit. He had a prosperous year in the station.



This was another prosperous year on the district, but not quite equal to last year. My health and strength held out well through the year.

Conference met this year—1847—in Columbus; Bishop Janes was our president. Our conference was large, had a vast amount of business to do, and the cabinet had to work night and day. At this time our delegates were elected to the General conference, to be held in Pittsburg in 1848: James B. Finley, John F. Wright, Joseph M. Trimble, Charles Elliott, John Stewart, Jacob Young, Joseph S. Tomlinson, G. W. Walker, and W. Herr.

Our conference held its session in the Presbyterian church, and was treated with great Christian kindness. We had comfortable places for all our members—had many visitors, among whom was the far-famed Dr. Bond, and our much-lamented Henry Pitman, Mr. John Armstrong, and others equally as respectable, which made our conference highly interesting to me. As we had to raise a large amount of money for various purposes, the preachers were so drained that some of them had to borrow to get home.

This conference was rendered a lasting blessing to the city of Columbus, especially the pulpit labors of the Lord's ministers. Truly the word had free course and was glorified.

Here I will insert an explanatory note. I think it is called for at this time. When I was quite a young man I became deeply convinced of the impropriety of chewing or smoking tobacco. First, it has a bad

influence on health, and I believe that many shorten their lives by this pernicious practice, and they die as the fool dieth; for their hands were not bound with fetters, neither was their feet made fast in the stocks. It is, secondly, injurious to decency and cleanliness. Thirdly. It has a bad influence on manners.

I wish now to relate a circumstance to sustain a part of what I have said on the subject. The Presbyterians politely offered us the First Presbyterian church in the city, and the house was put in the best order possible—fine carpets, pews well cushioned, etc. Although our preachers are all gentlemen, or ought to be, the use of this nauseous weed had so blunted their sense of propriety that I apprehend they both chewed and smoked tobacco in that fine house; for when the sexton came to clean the house he found quids of tobacco and half-burnt segars under the seats; so that if they did not smoke in the house, they must have been pretty near the door.

I was reappointed to the same district; went home and moved my family from Athens to Harmar, at the mouth of the Muskingum, opposite Marietta, where I held my first quarterly meeting. The station was not divided. The Rev. William Young was their preacher this year. His work was hard and laborious, but still we had a good increase in the membership. My work was hard through the cold winter, and in the spring I had to leave for the General conference. This was the seventh that I had attended. I went under a heavy burden, feeling an awful responsibility resting

upon me, knowing the best interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church were now in jeopardy, and her future prosperity depended much on the doings of this conference. It will be remembered that this was the first time we had met in this capacity after the unhappy division. The Methodist Church and the Southern Church took a lively interest in all our doings, and it was not to be wondered at, for the prosperity of both Churches was closely connected in the doings of this General conference. We had some very talented men there, and the strength of the Southern Church—Bishop Soule, Dr. Early, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Lee, Dr. Bascom, and Dr. Parsons.

Dr. Dixon was present from the British conference. He appeared to be a man of deep-toned, heaven-born piety—acquitted himself with dignity and propriety, both in the pulpit and on the floor of the conference. His sermons were of a high order. He was prompt on all occasions in answering important questions, and to give important information, when called upon, with a clear head and a warm heart. I will give one specimen of his ability to answer questions satisfactorily, and that will illustrate his general course. The Rev. James Porter, of the New England conference, asked him how the names of colored persons were entered on class-papers, and whether they were recorded with white people or by themselves. The Doctor replied, "If that brother had been as well acquainted with old England as he ought to have been, he never would have asked that question, for there are very few col-

ored people belonging to the Methodists in old England. In the course of my life I have seen *one*. I was once called upon to meet a class, and while I was passing through the class-room there rose up before me a fine-looking colored man. I asked him where he was from. He answered that he was from America. I asked him how he came here. He replied, 'I run away.' 'What! run away from your master?' 'Yes, I did.' 'Well, don't you think that was wrong?' 'No, sir, the wrong was on the other side.' So the conversation ended."

The Doctor told the conference he had no sympathy with slavery; but it was evident he sympathized deeply with the good men in the Southern Church, who were involved in that great national evil. I believe he regarded it as a misfortune more than a crime; but in this I may be mistaken. I shall not attempt to give a history of what was done at this General conference, for two obvious reasons. First, I have not the ability to do the subject justice. Secondly, it has been already done by those that were well qualified to do it. Suffice it to say, we traveled through the whole multiplied business in a little more than one short month, and, in my humble opinion, doing some things right and others wrong. But wherever they erred, it was in the head, not in the heart; for I speak advisedly when I say, that I never saw a purer body of men assembled in General conference or any other. The bishops looked and acted like apostolic men divinely inspired.

That was the last time the venerable Hedding ever presided on such an occasion. Although gone to heaven, he is not forgotten upon earth. Though he left but few books behind him, his name and his character are inscribed on the memory and in the hearts of the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many generations will pass away before Bishop Hedding will be forgotten.

Conference being over, I left the city of Pittsburg on a beautiful boat called the Brilliant. Several of our brethren were our company. I was soon landed at my own habitation in Point Harmar. I was a happy man; the vast unbounded prospect lay before me, and there was neither shadow, doubt, or darkness resting upon it. I expected to preach God's holy word a few years longer and then go where I should see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that was very far off, where all our strife and toils would be over.

I performed two entire rounds on the district, after my return from the General conference; nothing, however, very peculiar took place. Our meetings were interesting, but not equal to those of the two preceding years. I closed my business, and went to conference, which met in Newark. Bishop Hamline was our president. I was able to make a favorable report of the district. The preachers reported a good increase in nearly all the circuits and stations. Newark was in the midst of a revival at this time.

Our conference opened under very propitious cir-

cumstances—every thing was prospering within our bounds. Our literary institutions were all flourishing, with the exception of the Ohio Wesleyan University; and that was greatly embarrassed for want of funds. The professors had exhausted their means, and the board had no funds to reimburse them. I advocated a proposition to use some of the permanent funds, rather than let the institution be suspended. The Bishop opposed me with all his energy, said we had better suspend the institution forever, than lay hands on the permanent funds. I was persuaded that I was right, and he was wrong; for I was well satisfied in my own mind, that if it was once suspended it was about ruin to the institution. The result proved that I was right in the matter. The debt has long since been paid off, and the college is well endowed, and its real value not less than two hundred thousand dollars—had it been suspended at that time, it would have long since been defunct. I have always been decidedly opposed to trustees using permanent funds for current expenses; but, like many other good rules, it has its exceptions.

Our Sunday schools had done extremely well this year. The missionary spirit ran high, as was manifest by the collections that were made. The good cause of temperance was rapidly on the advance. The restoration of Wesley's rule, on ardent spirits, gave a fresh impetus to the temperance movement. Strong men were engaged in the cause, and were putting forth their best efforts.



We had a very agreeable session. At the close, I was reappointed to Marietta district. Ezra Boring was sent to the station, and William H. Sutherland to Harmar. These brethren had been stationed in Athens one year apiece—Boring first, and Sutherland following him. They were good men and good preachers—a little like Saul and Jonathan, very pleasant and lovely in life.

There was not much change in the district. James Given was sent to Barlow. He was a graduate of Marietta College, and from what I heard, ought to have had the first honors. His education, good sense, piety, and talents, will always be a recommendation for him. T. D. Crow was sent to Athens station, a man of piety and very good sense, who, like a Spanish mill dollar, grew brighter from use. This was a year of some prosperity on the district. All things moved on in the ordinary course. One thing might be said, a large majority of our members were strongly attached to Methodist doctrine and discipline.

The time was now approaching when I must take my leave of this beloved district. I had so long wandered in this hilly country, that the high hills and deep ravines had become pleasant to me. After an absence of two or three months, they were like an old acquaintance, and I was glad to see them again. I was sent into this country in 1804, and I am here in 1848—forty-four years seems like a few days. "O, swift winged time, how rapid is thy flight!" I was sorry to part with them; peace and

harmony prevailed in all our circuits and stations. I bade them a long, and, as I expected, a last farewell, mounted my horse, and rode away to conference, dropped a few tears, but dried them soon. I had so long been accustomed to parting with near and dear friends, that the cross had become light.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

ZANESVILLE DISTRICT—1849-1852.

We met this year in Dayton; Bishop Waugh was our president. The Governor of our state had appointed a day of fasting; and as several of our members had died, it was thought best to blend the sermon for fast-day and the funeral sermon into one. I was appointed to preach the sermon, and brother Finley followed in exhortation—many tears were shed.

The conference passed through her ordinary business in the common way, and I was appointed to Zanesville district. My first quarterly meeting was in Newark. Boring was in the Western charge, and J. Dillon in the Eastern. We found the Church in a prosperous condition, especially in the Western charge.

The quarterly meeting at the Eastern charge was not quite so interesting, but passed off pretty well. I went from there on to Irville circuit; brothers Lybrand and Longman were their preachers—two dignified, sober-minded, exemplary men, and pretty good Methodist preachers.

Soon after I started for Zanesville, and, arriving safely, found Rev. Asbury Lowrey and Rev. Granville

Moody in the two stations. Our quarterly meetings were lively and profitable, especially in Seventh-Street. A. Lowrey is a man governed by very correct principles, a good theologian, a fine scholar, a superior preacher, very companionable, and a faithful, confiding friend. Brother Moody is a man of superior talents, well skilled in human nature, a good theologian, first-rate historian, and, withal, an eloquent orator. Although a little eccentric in his movements, he generally comes out about right.

From here I crossed over the Muskingum to Putnam; found brother B. W. Spahr in charge of the station—a man of talents and reading; and, if he is faithful to God, will prove a useful minister of the New Testament.

The next appointment was Rehoboth circuit, which was prospering, under the labors of E. V. Bing, before mentioned, and Joseph Creighton. The last-named brother is an eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures, and is well calculated to be a useful Methodist preacher. There were three preachers here. The other was George Brush. Nature had done much for this young man, and he had received a fine education. If he continues to be pious and humble, he will make a useful minister in the Church.

When the preachers came on from conference, they found the circuit in a languid state, more so than I had known it for many years. An attempt had been made, by some of the influential men in the southern part of the county, to remove the seat of justice from

Somerset to Lexington. This met with strong opposition, and created feelings bordering on a civil war. The two contending parties took their position, each determined not to yield. The members of the Methodist Church took part in this unhappy controversy, and had become very hostile one to another, which had a withering influence on the prosperity of the Church. This dispute had come to maturity at the commencement of this conference year.

But God, who always takes care of his own Church, in his own due time, sent the right kind of men to that circuit at this critical period. Bing was an excellent disciplinarian, Creighton a man of eloquence, and Brush a learned man. They soon gained the attention of the whole region, and, by the breath of faithful prayer, powerful preaching, and holy living, cooled the glowing coals of strife. The revival commenced at our first quarterly meeting, and went on, without intermission, through the entire conference year. Rushville circuit I found in a bad condition, owing to financial difficulties in which some of the brethren had become involved. Brothers Webster and Fitch were here.

From thence I went on to Hebron circuit. Brother Chase and brother Pitzer were traveling that circuit. Brother Chase was a good preacher, and an excellent man. His labors were blessed in almost every place where he was stationed. We had a fine quarterly meeting. There was a revival in progress.

From hence I went to Granville circuit. The Rev.

A. Alexander and Samuel Bright were here. Alexander is a good man, an able minister, and an excellent administrator of Discipline. Brother Bright was a young man, of good abilities, studious, zealous, and industrious.

On Asbury circuit, we had A. M. Lorrain and Sanford Haines, both worthy men and good preachers, but they had no special revival through the year.

On Roseville circuit, we had Stephen M. Merrill. Brother Merrill was a man of rather extraordinary preaching abilities, sober, truthful, and pious. We had a good year on that circuit.

My second round commenced in Newark. A good work was in progress, and many souls were converted during our quarterly meeting. I then went on to Irville. The ice was broken, the brethren were looking up, and were expecting an extensive revival, in which they were not disappointed. In Zanesville, a glorious work was in progress in the Seventh-Street charge. The prospects were brightening in Putnam, in Rehoboth still more powerfully, Rushville was improving, and a great and good work was going on in Hebron.

The third round was much like the second. Peace and harmony prevailed in almost every part of the work; the preachers were working hard, and God was blessing them and the people.

Nothing very extraordinary took place on the fourth round, and we closed with a camp meeting. It was a pleasant year to my own soul, and a profit-



able one to the district. The preachers reported an increase of eighteen hundred members. I shall long review, with great delight, the labors, peace, and joy of this year of my eventful life.

The conference was to meet in Chillicothe. It was an unpleasant time to me. My mind was greatly embarrassed, and I had not the spirit of preaching. At this conference, there was a great discussion on the subject of pews and promiscuous sittings in our congregations. I had no part in introducing this controversy, and wished to have nothing to do with it; but I was involuntarily thrown into the arena, which caused me to have many sleepless nights, and great anxiety for the result. The battle was long and hard. The bishops conducted the business of the conference with great propriety, and protected all the speakers, on both sides of the debate, in a manly and gentlemanly manner. The pew-men were plainly beaten by hard arguments and soft words. This debate being over, the conference resumed a better state of feeling, and the business went on with harmony.

The German work had grown rapidly on our hands, which, together with the English, made a very unwieldy conference. Our beloved Bishops Morris and Janes were likely to break down under the burden. They had to sit nearly all day in conference, and to meet the cabinet at night. They dispatched business rapidly, and in the right spirit and manner. Good bishops are a great acquisition to a Church.

The time arrived when we were to receive our ap-

pointments, or disappointments, as the case might be. The rolls were read, and we left the conference-room. I was reappointed to the Zanesville district. There were some small alterations. Stephen Frampton was put on the Deavertown circuit. He was an excellent young man and a good preacher.

Upon the whole, this was another pleasant and prosperous year, but was not quite equal to the last. My health began to fail in December, by sleeping in a cold, damp room, without much covering on the bed. I took a desperate cold, and have never entirely recovered. This was a very cold winter. My cold was frequently renewed, and fell on my lungs, which produced a disagreeable hoarseness. Since that time, I have never been able to labor at the mourners' bench. This was the first year that I began to feel that I was an old man. My strength failed, and, for the want of a plentiful flow of animal spirits, clear indications were given me that my ministerial labors were approximating to a final close.

Our conference met, this year, in Springfield; Bishop Morris was our president. At an early day, the pew question and promiscuous sitting came up again. The advocates for these measures came prepared for another strong debate, and were gratified, to their heart's content. They were glad to close the argument; for they were men of sense, and saw that they were worsted in the debate. The conference stood firmly opposed to pews, or promiscuous sittings, in any of our churches.



This was the eighth time that I had been elected to General conference. I am frank to confess, that it was highly gratifying to me to have the confidence and affection of these godly men.

I was reappointed to the Zanesville district, and entered my field of labor as soon as I could possibly reach it. Unfortunately for me I fell from my horse, by which I came very near losing my life. I was confined a number of days before I was able to travel to my appointment. My health was very feeble. There were some few changes on the district. Joseph M. Trimble was at Seventh-Street charge, Zanesville. I might say many things in favor of this excellent man, who is a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian, and an able minister.

On Irville circuit was George W. West, the son of one of my early colleagues, the Rev. John West, who, for prudence and sound wisdom, equaled any colleague I ever had. His son George was very much like his father.

On Roseville circuit was the pious, zealous, and useful Samuel Harvey. The preachers were well, and the good work went on with increasing energy—my health was greatly improved during this round. Although the weather was exceeding cold, we had some powerful quarterly meetings. The winter passed off, and spring came pleasantly. The time had come for us to make ready for our General conference in Boston. My health was not restored—my eyes at times very dim. I felt strongly inclined to stay at

home, and not go to the conference—and had it not been for the counsel and influence of my excellent friends, I should not have gone. After a journey of some peril, we reached Boston, the city of wonders, by way of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Bishop Janes proved himself to be not only a gentleman, but a friend in this strange city. He did not leave us till we were safely conducted to our boarding-house.

Our host and hostess was our aged brother and sister Marsh. They received us kindly. They were sanctified Christians, and would compare well with any old couple I ever had seen. In early life they were very active, had accumulated a fine fortune and were now enjoying it—we spent our time agreeably.

Boston is a very inviting place. It was laid off with much taste. There was at first a great want of regularity in the streets and alleys, but notwithstanding this defect, it was the handsomest city I ever saw. The first thing that struck my attention, was its cleanness—not a single hog or cow was to be seen all the time I was there, and very few dogs. The horse-stables were cleaner than some dwellings in towns I have visited. Boston Common can not be excelled in beauty. There is more taste displayed in the environs, than in the city itself.

The General conference held its session in Bromfield-Street church, a very commodious edifice, handsomely finished—pulpit and altar were beautifully ornamented.



On the first day of May, 1852, Bishop Waugh opened the conference by reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer. The conference was then called to order, and the bishops took their seats—all fine-looking men. A sad change had taken place in our Episcopacy since the preceding General conference. Bishop Hedding was not there with his dignified countenance—full of wisdom and of the Holy Ghost; Bishop Hamline, one of the ornaments of our Episcopacy, was not present. The bishops appeared like children who had lost their father.

This conference made an imposing appearance—there was certainly a great amount of talent and vital piety on that floor. After the preliminary arrangements were made, it fell to my lot to be placed on the Episcopal committee. The first two or three days passed off pleasantly. We felt a great responsibility resting upon us. The grave countenances of those men of God showed they were thinking and acting with an eye to the glory of God—though they had different views on many subjects which came before them, they were laboring for the good of the whole Church.

The committee on the Episcopacy made their report. One item in that report set forth the necessity of strengthening the Episcopacy by electing three more bishops. Bishop Hedding had deceased, Bishop Hamline had resigned, which left only three, and the committee thought they were not able to do the work—their field of labor having become very

large, and in that large field a vast amount of labor was to be done. The conferences had become numerous, and some of them unwieldy. Foreign and domestic missions had been multiplied, and every one of them demanded the attention of the bishops. All the institutions of learning, with the Sabbath schools, were under their supervision. In view of all these interesting and important facts, the committee recommended three additional bishops. There was a motion made to strike out three, and put in five—one for Africa, and one for California. The one for Africa not to be a general superintendent, but confine his labors to the Liberian mission. This amendment was finally rejected—and the conference amended the report by adding four, instead of three, and accordingly, Scott, Simpson, Baker, and Ames were elected, ordained, and set apart for this high and holy office.

I thought then, and I think now, that the conference made a wise and happy choice; and my prayer is that these godly men may live long, turn thousands to righteousness, and in the kingdom of glory shine like stars forever and ever.

Much time was spent in electing book agents, editors, etc. The conference proceeded with great caution, and I believe made an excellent selection to fill these offices. There was a great deal of business done, and the most of it, we trust, met with the divine approbation. After spending one pleasant month, our conference closed, in great harmony.

We took the cars for Albany. We had formed some



agreeable acquaintances, and found some relations in the city of Boston. The Bostonians excel all the people I ever knew for true Christian politeness. We became so much attached to our sociable, and respectable friends, that we were sorry to part with them. How solemn was the morning when we left our boarding-house, and took leave of our friends at the depot, expecting to meet them no more, till in that world where adieus and farewells are unknown.

We met with some little trouble at Albany, but all was made right the next day. From Albany we went on to Schenectady—from there to Mr. Ford's, where we met our beloved friends, Bishop Hamline and his wife — sorry to find our dear brother still sorely afflicted. He had forwarded his resignation to the conference at Boston; and, with reluctance, they had accepted it. He took his place among the elders, in the old Ohio conference.

Before I dismiss the General conference, at Boston, I wish to submit a few remarks in allusion to one of the cases of appeal which were brought before that body. I refer to the appeal of Rev. J. S. Inskip from a judgment of the Ohio conference. I think that the course the Ohio conference pursued, in opposition to pewing our churches, or promiscuous sittings in our congregations, was not understood by the General conference in Boston, or if understood, misrepresented, by speeches and arguments offered on the floor of the General conference. It was often clearly indicated, that the Ohio conference had interfered

with the bishops' prerogative in appointing preachers to circuits and stations, especially and particularly to Union Chapel, in Cincinnati. Now this charge I deny, in the most positive terms; and would further say, that the Ohio conference ever has been, and is now, and I hope ever will be, firm Methodist Episcopalians. They think the appointing power is now in the right hands, and they wish it to remain there. But while the Ohio conference cheerfully submits to the bishops' appointing power, it promptly and willingly obeys the laws enacted, and the advice given, by the General conference. The General conference had commanded all the annual conferences to use their influence to prevent churches being built with pews—and to try to make those free that were built with pews—and at the same time told the conference, that there was no exception to the rule, "Let the men and women sit apart." This command—or if you please, advice, had been reiterated every four years; and the Ohio conference from her first organization had cheerfully, with glad hearts and willing minds, obeyed the dictates of the General conference in these particulars as well as in every thing else; and we have always kept our seats free, and the men and women sitting apart in accordance with primitive Methodism.

Brother Hamline spoke of his resignation with pleasure—for he said he could not fill the office of a bishop, in the present condition of his health, and he did not wish to embarrass the Episcopacy. His soul



was happy. We spent a day or two very pleasantly, and to our mutual benefit.

From this place we went on to Rochester, from thence to Parma Center, tarried a few days with our beloved brother in the flesh, Rev. John P. Kent, a reliable and valuable friend, with whom I had taken sweet counsel in days of other years. It is probable that when I left his house I parted with him for the last time.

From this place we went on to Buffalo City; here I left my wife with some of her relatives. She wished to take the overland route to Cleveland, to visit her friends, while I took passage on a steamboat. From Cleveland I took the cars for Columbus, and from thence went on to my field of labor. I found the district, in general, in a state of prosperity. Some things had taken place during my absence rather annoying — but we ought to bear particular adversities patiently, when we enjoy general prosperity. I held two rounds of quarterly meetings after my return from Boston. I was preparing to take final leave of traveling of districts. I felt myself failing in both body and mind, and resolved if I took another appointment it should be a circuit, where the responsibility would not be so great. I had spent twenty-five years of my long life a presiding elder; and, during these years, I have seen Zion going forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

GROVEPORT, PICKERINGTON, CHESTER, AND REHOBOTH CIRCUITS—1852-1856.

Our conference met this year, 1852, in Zanesville. Bishop Janes was our president at this conference. This was the first time we had met after being divided from the Cincinnati conference. The General conference had complied with our request, fixed our boundaries, and had given us a very meek and pleasant conference. We still retained the ancient name of the Ohio conference.

The conference opened at the appointed time, Bishop Janes in the chair. The business was conducted in the usual way. We had a very interesting missionary meeting—collection large; and from the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Missionary Society, all our missions, domestic and foreign, were in a flourishing condition. This was the first time that I really felt I was an old man. I felt that I could no longer do efficient work. I took my leave of the Bishop and his counsel, with whom I had been so happily associated for many years. I did not expect ever to be engaged in stationing preachers again. This I regard as the most important work I was ever called to perform. It called forth my best



thoughts, and employed much of my time between twenty and thirty years, not only at the session of the conferences, but throughout the whole year—endeavoring to make myself fully and perfectly acquainted with the condition and wants of all the circuits and stations in the district; and at the same time cultivating an intimate acquaintance with all the preachers within the bounds of my charge, that I might know how to put every man in his proper place, where he could do the most good upon the whole.

I was this year appointed to Groveport. I was blessed with an excellent colleague, the Rev. Lovett Taft. He was a young preacher but a very good one, and his praise was in all the Churches round the circuit. We went to work with might and main to get things in a better condition. The first thing we had to do in Groveport was to provide ourselves a place to preach in. We begged money wherever we could get a dollar, took some out of our own pockets, and in a short time had a tolerably comfortable place for public worship. We then went to work as peace-makers, and in a few months the circuit began to look up. Our first quarterly meeting was rather dull and uninteresting. We persevered, and it was not long before God gave us a gracious revival in a place called the "Barrens." I believe upward of a hundred professed to experience religion during the revival.

There was another revival at Reynier's meeting-house, and a very extensive revival followed in Groveport. We admitted on probation upward of three

hundred on the circuit this year. Brother Taft and myself worked together in great harmony. He was, in many respects, a very superior young man. He was an experimental Christian, of practical piety, and appeared to understand human nature better than most good men do at fifty years of age. His social qualities are of no common order, his business tact is extraordinary, and he is, withal, an excellent preacher. Although our prospect was dull in the beginning, yet, on the whole, we had a prosperous year.

I left the circuit early in August and settled my family in a small town on the Ohio river, in Meigs county. Having put them in comfortable circumstances, I went to conference, which sat, this year, 1853, in Lancaster, Fairfield county, Ohio. Bishop Morris was our president.

This was rather a dull conference. The people appeared to take very little interest in our public meetings. I preached my semi-centenary sermon to a crowded audience. I had great freedom of speech, the congregation was very attentive, and all went off pleasantly. There was a request sent in for my return to Groveport, but I declined going, and the Bishop did not urge me.

I was appointed to Pickerington circuit; brother Heath was my presiding elder, and Richard Pitzer my colleague. The people received me as the Lord's messenger, with one or two exceptions.

This was a pleasant and profitable year to my own soul. I spent part of my time with my youngest son,



trying to improve his temporal and spiritual condition, and had the happiness to know that my labor was not in vain. The only serious drawback on my happiness was being absent from my family; but I knew they were comfortable and among kind friends.

I closed my labors on this circuit much to my own satisfaction, and, as far as I could judge, to the benefit of the circuit. In the last of July, I returned home and found my little habitation very comfortable. While walking in the garden, and then along the banks of the Ohio river, I was reminded of what Milton said of Adam and Eve in paradise. I spent a month at home much to my own comfort. I then started, in company with my wife, to the conference, which sat this year—1854—in Portsmouth. Bishop Scott was our president.

We had a delightful conference. The pulpit labors of the preachers were much blessed. I was appointed, this year, to Chester circuit, including Letart Falls, where my family reside. Ezra Boring was my presiding elder, and the Rev. Charles H. Warren my colleague. We commenced our labors in a few days after conference adjourned. I was the junior preacher, but enjoyed it as well as when I was the elder of my colleague.

We found the circuit rather low in religion, and could not see much good done or change for the better during the first quarter. We met with a severe loss in the death of our aged mother-in-law, eighty-eight years of age—a mother in Israel, and who had

been to her daughter as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

And we had some success throughout the year. At Kimes' school-house we did but little. At Ollum's school-house we had a delightful year. At Buffington's Island we had some prosperity, and some adversity, but just about held our own. At Lauk's Chapel we had a very good year. There were many good members in that society. Sister Lauk, brother Haywood, and brother Middlesworth will never be forgotten. We had a pleasant year in the Great Bend. Our third quarterly meeting was held there, but it was not very successful. In Racine, we had some prosperity, but not equal to our expectations. We found the congregation divided on the subject of singing. Notwithstanding my colleague and myself labored incessantly from house to house, we could not reconcile them.

At what was called Buffington's meeting-house, we had a good revival. About forty united with the Church. We had pleasant times at Letart Falls, and East Letart, but not a great deal of good was accomplished. This was not a very prosperous year on Chester circuit, but it was a pleasant one. We spent a great deal of time in making pastoral visits among our people, which was rendered a blessing to both preachers and people. I closed my year's labors here under an approving conscience; and, as far as I can judge from my religious feelings, God approved my labors of love; and, if I may rely upon the testi-



mony of friends, I had the confidence and affection of the people of the circuit almost entirely. May God bless them, and send them pastors after his own heart!

I attended conference, which met this year in Athens—1855. On my way to conference, I passed by a place called Waterman's Hill, where, in days of other years, stood an old log meeting-house, called Bethel, where I had been in the habit of preaching and holding quarterly meetings for the last forty years, and with as much success as any other meeting-house I ever occupied. I found the old house entirely moved away, and a beautiful new church edifice standing in its place. On the Lord's day, I dedicated that fine building to the worship of almighty God. It was a high day on Waterman's Hill. God's ministers were clothed with salvation, and the saints shouted aloud for joy. When I saw the smiling face of Jacob Humphrey, and heard his well-known voice, it brought to my recollection those prosperous years when God was turning the captivity of Zion as the streams of the south.

On Monday, I rode to the house of my old friend, Daniel Stewart, Esq., under whose hospitable roof I have spent many a happy night, and from whose hand I had received many a dollar, when I stood in great need of money. I first lodged with this good man in 1804, preached, and organized a Church in his house. He was then in the vigor of manhood, and was one of the most active and enterprising men in Ohio.

He is now wayworn and feeble, and can not go from his sofa to his table without the aid of two persons, one under each arm. May God preserve him, and give him a place in the first resurrection!

From this place, I rode to Athens, in order once more to meet the annual conference, which met, at the appointed hour, at the Methodist church—Bishop Morris in the chair. We had a full attendance, and the conference opened under auspicious circumstances.

There was a good deal of extra business done at this conference. We elected our delegates to meet in General conference, at Indianapolis, in 1856. Zechariah Connell, Joseph M. Trimble, James Jamison, Solomon Howard, Uriah Heath, and Jacob Young were elected.

After a short and pleasant session, conference closed, and the appointments were read. I was appointed, this year, to Rehoboth circuit. I started for my field of labor, thinking it probable that this would be my last appointment. On my journey through a hilly country, on horseback, I became very much exhausted, and feared I would not be able to reach my circuit, or do the work of an effective man after I got there. But, by a merciful Providence, that had sustained me almost eighty years, I arrived safely in Lexington, the principal town in my circuit.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1856—CLOSE OF ITINERANT LABORS.

DURING my first round, my strength greatly increased. The congregations were large, the meetings lively, and, to all appearance, profitable. On my second round, my prospects were still brighter, and there was a prospect of a revival in almost every preaching-place. But, on my third round, my eyes became so much inflamed that I could not see to travel in the plain highway. I got a pilot to go with me several times, and resolved, in my own mind, that I would not give up the circuit. My colleague, Cyrus Felton, though talented, was quite a young man, and not very capable of giving advice to a man in my situation, and I could find no man on the circuit that was willing to give me advice. This was to me a dark and trying time. I had given myself wholly to God and his work, and intended to live and die at my post; and, as I had no human counselor, I went to the Wise for instruction, and continued in prayer till I was firmly persuaded that the same wise and holy Being who had counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry, and who, by his providence, led me into the great Methodist itinerancy, had now released

me, so that I could retire with a good conscience. The quarterly meeting came on, and I tendered my resignation. The elder accepted the same, and employed another man to fill my place. I left my field of labor with a heart resigned to the will of God. As I was traveling along, in search of a shelter to screen my naked head, I compared myself to some of Alexander's old Macedonian soldiers, who had worn themselves out under arms, were covered with scars, and were retiring to seek a resting-place, where they might lie down and die in peace.

I passed a stormy and troublesome winter. At times, I was almost blind; and I spent the most of what little money I had in trying to get my eyes cured, but found no relief. I had a little cottage standing on the banks of the Ohio river, but it was under rent, and we could not go into it. I spent the winter as best I might, in watching, praying, and preaching God's holy word. God blessed me abundantly out of the treasures of his grace, and I often felt like quitting this world of woe and flying away to heaven. I had plenty of warm clothing, and plenty to eat, and that which was good.

Toward the spring, I started on toward the Ohio river. I stopped in Lancaster, and found brothers Jamison and Clayton in the midst of a glorious revival. I took part in the exercises, and received a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. From Lancaster, I went on to Athens, and found an excellent revival in progress in that place. There I spent several



days, much to my own benefit, and, perhaps, with no disadvantage to the congregation.

When I left Athens for Pomeroy, I came near being cast away; but that Providence which had always watched over me, and numbered the very hairs of my head, delivered me, even in that day; and, in company with my wife, we arrived safely in Pomeroy, where we were kindly received, and courteously entertained, by our son-in-law and daughter, Hiram H. and Ann Eliza Swallow. During the six weeks I spent here, I preached every Sabbath day, and the good people of the place rewarded me very liberally.

The time of General conference approaching, we journeyed by way of Cincinnati to Indianapolis, and found excellent lodgings with Miss Stephens, whose kindness to me and my wife will never be forgotten.

The General conference met on the first day of May, according to appointment. Bishop Waugh being the senior Bishop, took the chair as a matter of course. He opened the conference by reading the holy Scriptures, singing a hymn, and then addressed a throne of grace in fervent prayer—he was followed in prayer by two other brethren.

This General conference made a highly respectable appearance. There was a suitable number of old men in the body whose gray heads gave it a sober and dignified aspect; but a large majority of the members were young men who had not passed the meridian of life; but they were like young Timothy,

who was ordained first bishop of Ephesus, and had fully known the holy Scriptures from his youth.

Two or three of the first days of our session was spent in preliminaries, such as appointing committees, and arranging important business that was to come before the conference. This being done they went to work, systematically, like men who understood what lay before them—who felt their responsibility to God, his Church, and the people at large; for the whole United States took a lively interest in the doings of this conference.

Many matters, of vast importance, had to come before this able body of men; but the vexed question of slavery was the all-absorbing topic; and, though it was not a holy thing, as Aaron's rod, yet it was likely to swallow all the rest. There was a number of appeals taken from the decision of the annual conferences, some of them having reference to charges of a most disgraceful character; but I must do the conference the justice to say, that it traveled through the whole of them in such a manner that reflected honor upon itself, and the several annual conferences that were represented in that enlightened body. I hesitate not to give it as my opinion, that the members of this conference possessed as much native talent and useful learning, and, perhaps, vital piety, as any General conference I ever attended.

After having spent a long time in committees, with much thought and many prayers being offered up to almighty God, the question of slavery was taken up.

The committee on that subject made an able and judicious report. The subject was debated for many days. Many of the speeches on that occasion would have done honor to Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, in their best days. When the debate first commenced, they talked about antislavery and pro-slavery men; but we found, to our great comfort, that there were no pro-slavery men among us—no, not one; we only differed in regard to the proper time and the most excellent way, to remove this great evil from the Methodist Episcopal Church. A spirit of piety and love of the Church prevailed over every other feeling, throughout the whole conference. Finally, a decision was made, and such a one as appeared to satisfy all parties concerned; and, in my humble opinion, it was a righteous and benevolent decision. And, if Matthew Hale had been alive, and present, and Chief Justice Marshall by his side, they could have done no better.

Other items of business that came before the conference were disposed of in a satisfactory manner; and, after a long and harmonious session, the conference elected their officers, agents, and editors, for the next four years—read up their journals, and adjourned, *sine die*. The members stepped on to the cars, and into their carriages; and, in a short time, were on their way to their several homes—never all to meet again in another General conference. In nine General conferences I have endeavored faithfully to serve my brethren; and, I hereby return

them my sincere thanks for the honor of a seat in that body, so repeatedly conferred upon me—assured, as I am, that I have received that honor for the last time.

I spent the summer in traveling and preaching God's holy word, and visiting from house to house: sometimes catechising children, and sometimes instructing their parents. I attended several quarterly meetings, in which I took an active part—attended one camp meeting, which was a good one. There we witnessed the outpouring of the Spirit of God on the congregation, as I have seen it in other days, and in other countries.

Soon after this camp meeting I went to the annual conference, which met this year in Newark, Ohio. This was a pleasant conference to me, and I trust to many others, but the want of eye-sight and my bodily infirmities, compelled me to ask a change in my relation to the conference. During the last fifty years of my life, I had found it necessary to do many hard things, and take up many a heavy cross, which sometimes felt like tearing the flesh from my bones; but this was the hardest task I ever performed. The thought of no longer being a traveling preacher was like death to all my enjoyments. My habits had been confirmed by fifty-four years' constant exercise, and I had always esteemed my labor, as minister, as my best reward; but I was convinced the time had come when I could no longer do the work of an effective Methodist preacher. Although I felt like a man, I



reasoned like a Christian. I arose and spoke tremblingly, like Ephraim of old, but I know not that I exalted myself in Israel. The conference granted my request, and I retired, as soon as convenient, to my humble cottage, where I intend to glorify God by suffering his will, which I had been endeavoring to do, actively, for more than sixty years. Just before I got my house put in order I was struck with the palsy, and have been laboring under this disease for upward of two months; and, here I sit, to-day, by the fire-side—a paralytic—eighty years of age, and nearly half blind—yet am I happier than the kings of the earth.

CONCLUSION.

At the request of many of my friends, whose friendship I highly appreciate, and whose judgment I greatly respect, I have written a short and imperfect narrative of my long and laborious life. Though I am a man of small abilities and limited acquirements, yet the force of circumstances, thrown around me by a wise and merciful Providence, has rendered my life, to some extent, an eventful one. My connection with the itinerant ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, I regard as the most important and interesting of any part of my narrative. They were truly a noble company of men of God, thoroughly furnished unto every good work. I know not that I shall ever look upon their like again. I am much indebted to these holy men. They were the honored instruments of my conversion to God. When I speak of these men, I speak the things that I do know, and say things that I understand. I was early associated with them, and took a very active part in their labors and sufferings, poverty and persecutions, and shared, to some extent, in that glory and honor which the Holy Ghost shed upon them so abundantly. The great central intention of these primitive men was to do good of every possible sort,



and, as far as possible, to all mankind—both to their souls and their bodies—especially to the fallen souls of the sons and daughters of men. It appeared from their manner of life and conversation that they had given themselves wholly to God and his work; for many of them had but little book knowledge when they entered the ministry; yet by diligent study they soon acquired a large fund of the best kind of learning, and, like well-instructed scribes, they could bring out of their treasury things new and old to edify and instruct their congregations. One thing that gave them the advantage of other men was, that they lived by rule—having a time for every thing that belonged to their office, and doing every thing at the proper time. They almost invariably arose at four o'clock, and devoted the time from four to eight in their secret retirement. They spent a greater part of these four hours on their knees—praying, reading, and meditating alternately. They then conducted the family devotion, after breakfast catechised the children, and conversed freely with the family on the spiritual condition of their souls, then took an affectionate leave of the family, commending them to God in a short prayer. They then rode to their appointment, and were sure to be there in good time. They calculated on doing a vast amount of ministerial work, and neither expected or desired much money. Their fields of labor, circuits, districts, and conferences covered large tracts of territory, and, by the blessing of God, they cultivated those fields well.

Francis Asbury set the example of piety, benevolence, regularity, industry, and economy, and the choice ones of all the annual conferences followed his example. When I first knew him he received, for his services as general superintendent, sixteen dollars per quarter, which amounted to sixty-four dollars per annum; and, what will surprise the men of this generation, he lived well upon that small salary. Some will say, "But he received a great many presents." But I will reply—and I know I say the truth—that he gave away more than he received in presents; for he was one of those rare men that knew it was more blessed to give than receive. He observed the most rigid economy in every thing that related to spending money. Although he never loved money for its own sake, yet he knew its value as well as any other man I ever knew. His costume presented an example worthy of imitation, of neatness, plainness, and economy. Even his horse, saddle and saddle-bags, and bridle showed his close attention to good economy. While he was able he traveled on horseback, and when he was compelled to go upon wheels his carriage was of the plainest and cheapest kind. He used to tell us in conference that he never had time to marry a wife, buy a farm, or build a house, and I never knew him to take a long or a short journey for his own accommodation. He had, like St. Paul, counted all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. He presented his manly form and giant mind as a sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto



God. Yes, verily, he laid his all upon the altar of consecration, and never took it off again till God took him home to heaven. Although for many years he had no colleague—Dr. Coke being absent in Europe—yet he visited almost every district in the connection once in a year, and passed through many of our circuits, preaching and visiting from house to house as he went along; so that we heard no one complaining that they had never seen a bishop.

The presiding elders desired no larger salaries than the youngest and weakest circuit-riders. They were truly a band of brothers: they knew how to bear each others' burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. They had laid the whole of their time, talents, and strength under contribution to extend the Redeemer's kingdom unto all the nations of the earth. These good men had their day—have passed away and gone to their reward; but, during their short stay upon earth, they laid the foundation for great good in the east, west, north, and south.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, the great western revival commenced in the vicinity of Nashville, middle Tennessee, under the pious labors of John Page, John M'Gee, and Thomas Wilkinson. They were Methodist preachers. William M'Gee, Mr. Hodges, and father M'Grada, were Presbyterian preachers. In my opinion this was the greatest revival ever known in these United States, or in any part of North America. It far exceeded the revival in New England under George Whitefield. The congre-

gations soon became so large that they could not assemble in the meeting-houses. They continued sometimes for ten or twelve days at some of these meetings, and several hundred professed to experience salvation by the remission of sins. It soon spread a hallowed influence over many parts of the state of Tennessee and south-western Virginia, as far as Abingdon, Russel, Tazewell, and Wythe court-houses. Then it spread through the interior of Kentucky, which gave rise to the well-known Caneridge meeting. At the same time it took a southern direction and spread over the Carolinas and Georgia, then through the interior of old Virginia, till it reached the eastern states of Maryland and Delaware. In the days of Dr. Chandler, of Delaware, Nicholas Sneethen, of Maryland, Steth Mead, of Virginia, William M'Kendree, of Kentucky, John Adam Granadd, of Tennessee, it appeared that the world would be converted through the instrumentality of camp meetings. Dr. Chandler frequently reported the success of his camp meetings, and, to the best of my recollection, he reported thirteen hundred conversions at one meeting! The influence of this revival was felt, more or less, throughout all the states for upward of twenty years.

At the present time, the Methodist Episcopal Church is doing a great and good work in her Sabbath schools, much better than she was ever doing before. She is making strong and successful exertions to civilize and Christianize the heathen world. She is doing a noble part in the diffusion of literature



and science; and if true to herself, she is destined to act a prominent part in bringing this fallen world to the feet of Christ. She has many schools, seminaries, and colleges all in a flourishing condition — her pulpits, generally, are filled with men of piety, of respectable talents, and acquirements, so that I may safely say that she is still like a green olive-tree, in the garden of God. But at the same time, it is thought by some of our wise ones, and old men, that Methodist preachers are not just such men as their predecessors were, in the beginning of the nineteenth century—that they manifest some disposition to curtail their labors, and increase their salaries. I will not vouch for the correctness of this opinion, but there are many facts standing out fully before the public, that give evidence that the opinion is too well founded; one fact is, circuits are made very small, and though they do little preaching, except on the Sabbath days, yet there are great complaints in regard to pastoral visits. Many of our old people say, these visits are like those of angels, few and far between.

Now the great argument in favor of reducing the districts and circuits, was to give the preachers an opportunity to make more pastoral visits—but it is thought that they do not visit near as much now as they did in former days, when there were from twenty-five to thirty preaching-places on a circuit, and the preacher was accustomed to preach as many sermons every round, meet twenty or thirty classes, and hold some prayer meetings, and then visit ten or

fifteen families every round, and over and above all this take in, or turn out members every day, and then reprove, advise with all long-suffering and doctrine. This was the way the fathers in the ministry lived, and this is the example they set to the generations that were to follow them. The presiding elder's district contained nearly half the territory there is now in the bounds of some of the annual conferences. Yet he elder traveled through the whole work four times in a year—not only holding quarterly meetings, but often preaching in the evening, and holding other meetings. I do not say, neither do I think, that it is necessary for the present generation of preachers to do as much work as their predecessors did; for there are many more of them, now, in proportion to the people, than there were in those days; neither are they able to do the same amount of hard work, for they have not the same kind of elastic bodies. But these important facts the bishops and their counsel have taken into consideration, and have apportioned the work accordingly; and if a man is not able to do the work efficiently that is required on any station, circuit, or district, he ought to retire, and not ask for a superannuated relation, till he is worn out in the itinerant work. I am very well aware of two or three things, though I thus speak—first, that there are a great many croakers, in the present day, that wish the Methodist Church to go down and rise no more; and try to gratify themselves by saying she *is* going down. But I know that she is *not* going down, but rising.



Secondly, many of our people are disposed to find fault with God's ministers, when they are not faulty. But though the Church is not going down yet, there are strong indications that she is in extreme danger; and in that very day that itinerant preachers begin to love pleasure, ease and idleness, the Church will sink in their hands; and I am sorry to say there is a strong tendency in that direction.

And we are in danger from another quarter. There are suspicions among our liberal laymen that some of the itinerant preachers begin to love money unduly; and should that ever be ascertained as a fact, the laity will lose confidence in the ministry—and that loss of confidence will be ruinous both to the people and the preachers.

We sometimes hear preachers complain that they can not live on their allowance—but still many of them live well at home, dress well, and have a surplus left to buy land. Even the bishops themselves are not out of danger; although they have been hitherto self-sacrificing and laborious men, yet they are not infallible.

But I hope and pray that none of these evils may come upon our beloved Zion. It may be thought by many that it ill becomes a man in my standing thus to speak of bishops and ministers. My apology is this—that I have had a long standing among Methodist preachers, and I have gone out and in before them, while they have treated me with great respect and reverence—and the present generation of bishops

and preachers have grown up since I have been an old man.

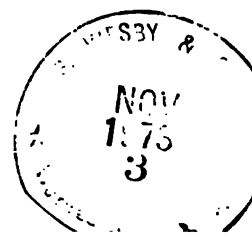
And now, my brethren, I am passing away—and it is probable you will see my face, and hear my voice, no more—and I leave you this solemn caution, because I love you better than any other body of men upon earth.

THE END








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